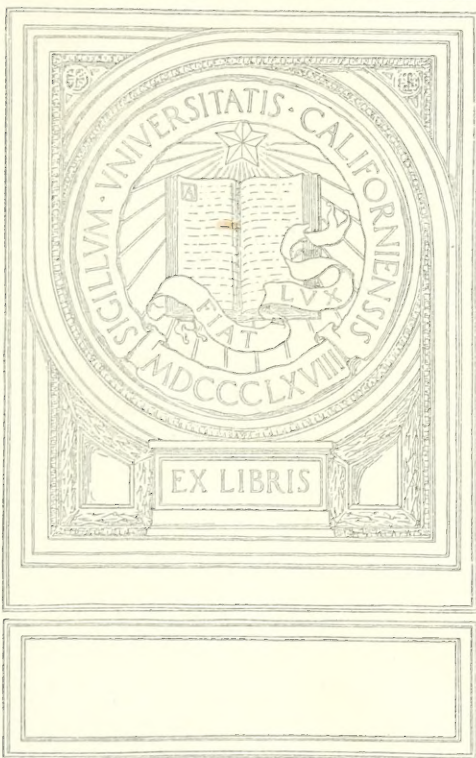


UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



A TOUR IN EUROPE

BY
DENTON J. SNIDER

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A TOUR IN EUROPE.

From St. Louis to London.

New York, Dec. 25th, 1877.

Breaking loose from friends in St. Louis and passing a day with my old father and my two sisters in Cincinnati, and stopping a few hours to call on some Shakespearians in Philadelphia, I have now reached this city, to be on hand for to-morrow's steamer. Enough of the Western Continent for the present; I am going back to my original home for an ancestral dip. My people for many generations have been on the march westward, and have never turned back; I am the first one of my stock to do so, as far as I know. You, my philosophic friend, give me a forecast of what the thing means.

The journey has to begin now; I can hardly brook another hour's delay. I felt the time ripe for it quite a while since; but I had to wind up that book on Shakespeare, and print it, before I could set out in peace. I now leave behind me one bit of work duly finished, and begin another very different—the Lord knows what. So I stand this evening on the brink of the Ocean, looking out upon its indefinite expanse. It would be idle to try to give you any ready-made plan of my journey. I only know that I am going to Rome; nothing on this side of Providence can divert me from that purpose. Think of it—Rome, the center of history, religion, art. What shall I be able to make of it, and it of me? Heathenize, catholicize, or diabolize me?—for it has certainly shown all these powers.

But as regards possible inner mutations, I cannot prognosticate. I feel, however, though in a very vague way, that this trip is or ought to be one of life's nodes. I have come to the end of something, and now I am beginning something else. What is it? I cannot tell. Perhaps some potent delusion beckons me over the water, in order to make of me another comedy. At any rate I intend to send you and three or four other friends the record. So you see I am in a contemplative mood as most people are at the beginning of such a journey; but contemplation, shadowy enough of itself, thins out into

infinite space, when I try to peer across the sea beyond what is just yonder. Over the billows settles down a dense fog, in which, my philosophic friend, you have often been before. To-night I shall have to leave you in it, after conjuring it up in response to my mood, with the hope of having it lift little by little hereafter, as I journey toward the sunrise.

On Deck, Dec. 26th, 1877.

This morning the good steamer *Bothnia*, of the Cunard Line, for Liverpool, started out of New York harbor, having on board not more than fifty passengers. I was not absent, though I confess somewhat absent-minded, thinking of those left behind. In a short time land disappears, and we enter the domain of old Neptune, whose acquaintance I now make for the first time in his own palace. Thus far he has treated us exceedingly well, manifesting a divine serenity which breaks into favoring smiles wherever our boat ploughs into his placid face and starts it to rippling. A personal feeling I am already getting to have with the hoary old sea-god, and if he continues so propitious, a hecatomb of bullocks should be his portion, as in Homer's time, particularly if I can ever tread the soil of Hellas.

At Sea, Dec. 26th, 1877 to Jan. 5th.

I am going to write a letter to you every day on ship-board, and then send the whole batch from London, if Neptune permits and the deity who presides over the storms of the stomach does not rumble too much in his domains. So the herald Mercury may drop several messages in your lap at once from over the sea. For my own part I am resolved to practice the virtue of silence during this voyage. I have recently talked too much; I was disgusted with myself both at Chicago and Jacksonville for my excessive garrulity. The result is a *Katzenjammer* of the tongue infecting the brain. Such is my resolve now; so I shall be a quiet spectator of old ocean and of my fellow passengers.

Going out of New York we had a smooth, beautiful sea; everybody on board was gazing on the variety of scenery which even at this time of year gives such a charm to the wonderful harbor. It grew slightly nebulous, but the mild weather was a recompense. I sat with my feet against the railing and merely gazed into the billowy distance, without being able to think at all. It is strange how this indefinite expanse makes the mind indefinite, how this immensity stretches our thoughts about it into such extreme tenuity, that they lose all distinctness and defy expression in language. So you must not expect

me to tell you what I think of the ocean, at least not now; for I do not think at all, though I have looked all day. This is my first real acquaintance with it; who can be blamed for being a little timid and reticent at the introduction to this monster?

There is quite a good miscellaneous library on board, so that some old companions are with me after all; and I shall not be slow to have a short talk with them after I can turn away from the sea.

Dec. 27th.

Still an unruffled mirror with cool but not cold weather. I felt a little qualmish this morning, rose early and went to walk on the deck. The exercise in the fresh air soon drove away every sensation of sickness. But I had another reward, the view of a sunrise at sea. Three objects took part in the spectacle: the sun, the clouds and the waves. The innumerable little strips of gauze seemed to threaten the luminary with obscuration before he rose; they hung over his path in a manner which the fancy compared to a large pack of hounds chasing down their game. But no sooner had the bright face appeared above the edge of the water than they took to flight, stretching their long bodies in a race down the sky, and from the sun to me a golden path was made over the surface of the wavelets.

This evening we are in the Gulf stream; the result is, a very balmy atmosphere with a good stiff breeze. Life is here a perpetual promenade. I have been curious to notice what of all the poetry and prose that I have read about the sea, would come back to me now, as the fittest description of it. I could hardly believe my own soul when it whispered the *Odyssey*, the oldest sea poem. All the images which it employs return, and the types which Homer has created seem to be absolutely permanent. I live among his watery shapes, and salute them as old acquaintances. First the sea-god himself, hoary Poseidon, becomes a necessity; this immense mass of movable undulating water upon whose back we ride is a living thing and a divinity. I can hardly look upon the sea in any other way than as an animated object, the huge body has life in it, it has spirit too. Then the forms of water which people this world — Tritons, Nereids, Nymphs — you can see them all, have indeed need of them all. But especially Proteus, ever-changing but the one in all change, gets to be a real deity in this aqueous world.

Dec. 29th.

This is now the fourth day at sea; the weather persists in being amiable. If such continues, I shall not behold Neptune in a pet, and I almost wish for a touch of his wrath. Having seen him in good humor now for so long a time, it would be pleasant to have a little change.

Already by my exclusiveness I have built up a kind of wall about myself; I have not been unfriendly, still I have not been communicative. I walk the deck alone, till my solitary habits have been remarked, and people avoid me, not wishing to disturb me. Everybody is getting acquainted and is taking the measure of the rest. There is a good deal of chattering at the table and elsewhere. Two or three men have shown their souls in complete undress before the whole company by their prattle. I often am impelled to exclaim inwardly: Let not thy tongue lay bare thy Holy of Holies to profane view! I feel like turning away from a person who persists in stripping his soul stark naked in public. It is worse than bodily nudity. Disgusting the thing becomes when are displayed the running sores of the soul, as the beggar revels in showing his paralyzed limbs and physical deformities.

You can imagine with what delight I often turn away from the inside of this ship and of man to the outside world here, seeking some communi-

cation from the elusive tricky spirits playing peek-a-boo with me and with themselves in these waters.

Dec. 31st.

Do you know that I became aware of working unconsciously at a problem to-day? I have been trying to form the sea, which falls so naturally, for me at least, into the marine shapes of Greek Mythology. Otherwise the whole remains boundless, chaotic, idealess. Of course Homer formed it for me living a thousand miles distant from the Ocean. The old poet forces us to be plastic, when we once catch his spirit, and to work after him; he makes us statuaries of the Gods, impelling us to form them out of the water as the only formable material before us. Phidias is said to have caught his artistic inspiration from Homer, creating after him the Greek Pantheon and putting it into marble. That divinely creative spirit with the power of imparting itself or some of itself to others, may well be deemed the chief boon of the old Greek bard.

Such has been my inner occupation this entire day, the last of the year, as I am borne along out of the new back into the old world. You are deft in psychic interpretation; tell me, is this some long-lapsed ancestral trait rising up from the submerged world of the past within me, at the view of its primordial source, the sea?

Really, then, this voyage is making me acquainted with myself.

Jan. 1st, 1878.

Behold a change! Neptune has answered my prayers, let me believe; the tall waves are putting on their white caps and have started to rock the ship in a lullaby which makes the timbers creak in a chorus with the winds. Half a gale, says an old tar. Enough, I cried to the sea-god; I do not ask for a full gale now; wait till my sea-legs grow a little.

The much-expected has arrived somewhat unexpectedly and with a considerable splash of energy. This morning I rose with a decided feeling of not being sea-worthy, and if I had not hurried out of my berth to take a walk on deck I would have made an unwilling offering to the sea-god. The entire day I have been walking, walking, doing nothing else; like the old nag Dolly in the treadmill I have to keep going, otherwise it is up with me. At breakfast the wry faces and turned-up noses of the whole company made a comedy if one had felt like laughing; the absentees cast a funereal gloom over the dinner deepened by the melancholy silence of the dishes and glasses, of the knives and forks.

It is something of a study to see different people grappling with the situation. The ladies will not suffer the remedies of sea-sickness to be dis-

cussed, or even to be mentioned in their presence, so tyrannically is their stomach ruled by their imagination. One worthy matron sitting near me at the table forbade any courteous inquiry after her health as too suggestive of recent experiences; I have become afraid of my own politeness, and now I shall have to be more silent than ever. Let us rejoice even amid the gloom that in our prosaic age the imagination has still one realm of authority; that is the only chance of having a little celebration of this uncanny New Year's day.

The jolliest fellow on board was Jack of the steerage, now taking his first trip across the ocean. He was laughing around on deck full of good humor and sportiveness, when suddenly the qualms overtook him; he leaned over the railing, yielded up to Neptune a tribute of meat and barley-meal, then raising up his head with a shout of enthusiasm he uttered the words of Byron :

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, *roll*.

I saw a young lady looking over the side of the vessel with such intentness that her eye seemed to penetrate to the very bottom of the sea. "I hope you are enjoying that beautiful marine view," said I, "you show a most intense love of nature." At my compliment the tear started in her eye, her heart was full to overflowing, her

utterance did not vent itself in words — friend, you know the rest.

Jany. 4th.

Nearly all are again on deck, the waves have ceased their rollicking, the Irish coast has appeared in the distance. Queenstown is passed and the ship turns up the last stretch of water with a sense of parting from a friend.

I have become attached to the sea lying asleep with his infinite power — an image of the Infinite. During this voyage he turned over once in a kind of dream but never really woke up, still less showed himself in a frenzy. No limit to him in any direction, yet the possibility of all limits. What seems to be a limit — the horizon — is really no limit, but a delusion of our senses. Appearance cannot confine him, he is virtually a God above appearance. Last night I saw him in his sparkling robes, he was indeed folded in diamonds. The phosphorescence followed in light graceful curves from the wake of the vessel, producing a quivering flow of brilliants along the surface of the sea. Old ocean needs to be stirred up a little in order to shine; his light would seem to be latent, unless it is rubbed out of him. Huge monster that he is, he must be worried and baited like a bear before showing his mettle. One goes on reflecting in this idle marine atmosphere, piling fancy on fancy, till the

structure rises up far out of the ocean into Cloudland. So let me continue: all divinity then, all genius can be called forth only by struggle; the greater the struggle, the greater the divinity, who has to quell the tumult if he be indeed divine. Nay, in a stick of wood there is fire, if you rub it hard enough — fire sufficient to set ablaze the world, were it ready to kindle. So too in the dullest mortal clod there is a divine spark which struggle may sometimes chafe and worry into a flame of demonic energy. Oceanus would lie there, the lazy God, no more than so much dishwater, were he not prodded a little by our prow.

On the Way, Jany 5th.

Reached Liverpool at about 9 a. m., and groped about through the murky air to the Station, from which we soon started on the train for London, where we are due this evening. The famous English landscape bids me welcome by veiling its face in a fog. After passing through miles of a monotonous brick desert we roll into Victoria Station. London, the first landing-place of my journey, is reached, lodging is found, and to-morrow soon fills my dreams.

London.

London, Jan'y 7, 1878.

I spent to-day and yesterday in wandering about the city, with map and guide book in hand trying to orient myself in this overwhelming mass of remarkabilities. It is the hardest work I ever undertook. The physical labor, the nervous strain, the mental effort combine to draw upon human resources so heavily that the bank threatens to suspend. A little strength is left to write a few lines to you this evening, in fulfilment of my promise to send you a personal record of my battle single-handed with all Europe.

It has become clear to me that I must concentrate here chiefly upon two points. The first is the National Gallery, which has gathered

into one place more and better specimens of European Painting than can be found anywhere else. The second is the British Museum, of which I shall confine myself to one department, that of Greek Sculpture. Already I can feel that this has more to tell me in my present stage of mental development than any other sort of human expression. I passed through the Greek rooms to-day, but could only interrogate the Statues: Tell me what it is you are saying? That they have a language is certain, but I shall have to learn it — which is only possible through an intimate personal intercourse. After quite a little search among the German booksellers here I succeeded in finding a copy of Overbeck's *Geschichte der Plastik*, not the latest edition, but amply sufficient for my present studies. Its chief attraction is a very full account of the Elgin marbles, the gem of the Museum, which I have already seen and propose trying with all my might to appropriate.

London, Jan. 9, 1878.

I woke up this morning to the sound of strange music, the like of which I never heard before. I sprang from the couch and looked out of the window, when I saw a company of British Red Coats marching down the street headed by a band of eight or ten bagpipers in Highland

costume, who were playing in perfect unison a familiar air of auld Scotland. When I went down stairs I learned that this band belonged to the Scotch Fusileers, a battalion of whom is located in this vicinity somewhere. We shall have to look them up too, in the interest of old memories of soldiering. I have frequently heard the bagpipe singly, but never a band of them before. The color of the sound (*Toufarbe*) seems much changed when thus massed.

The odd, to me weird music played in my head quite a while of its own accord, and unaccountably drove out of some corner of my brain a reminder that this is my birthday. I was surprised at the fact, though it has often occurred before. To-day I am thirty-seven years old, not very aged nor very young, just about in the middle of life's journey, which Dante placed at thirty-five. Like Dante I find myself "in a Dark Wood, where the straight way is lost," not indeed in Inferno but in London, which is often as dark as the Netherworld with a sulphurous smell upon the air. Still I am not yet of the damned, for I have Hope, a worldful of it all to myself, so that the terrible inscription over Hell-gate — *Lasciate ogni speranza* — does not apply to me yet (*Leave all Hope, ye who enter*). But if this be the middle of life's journey right here to-day in London, cast me my horoscope for thirty-seven years hence in your next letter.

Where shall I be? What kind of a streak shall I have left behind me through the intervening years? If that be too long a stretch of time for your prophetic reach, then rede me the riddle of this European journey, for to me it is a riddle and getting more riddlesome, as I seek to plan it peering into what is to come.

But enough of these birthday musings. I must be up and off to the National Gallery where I have resolved to devote the day to Turner, in whose huge mass of color I have already groped for certain lines of organization. I take notes, go home to read and write, trying to knead chaos into some luminous shreds of cosmos.

That last sentence had ended the letter, but I must scrawl to you in a postscript a little incident which has made an impression upon me. I find I am lodged in a building called "The Shakespeare," which of all London, I stumbled on in the dark, without knowing its name. So I fancy a Shakespearian demon is still following me over the sea, and perchance directing me after I thought I had shaken him off and left him behind in St. Louis.

Great Caesar! This letter cannot get itself ended and let me alone. Another incident with its impression stronger than ever has just now tumbled down upon me from the Unknown. The foregoing had been written and laid aside for a moment to let the ink dry, when I picked

up a book on the Lives of the great Painters, which I have been reading. The book seemed to open of itself at the account of Raphael, when my eye lit on the following statement: "Raphael died on his birthday at the age of thirty-seven." What an earthquake of presentiment! Tell me, O my Oracle, why is just that sent to me now? I shall never reach seventy-four; I feel I may never see you and St. Louis again, may never get out of London. Dear me! that Hope which I insolently boasted of has gotten a sudden wrench at the hands of the Gods. Good-by in a hurry; from this hellish dream-land of prognostication I must flee at once to the rainbow world of Turner.

London, Jan'y 10th, 1878.

Yesterday was my birthday; I spent it examining the Turners in the British National Gallery. But nothing about them at present; to-day I devoted wholly to Westminster Abbey. To get the full significance of it, one must see it in three different relations. First is the outside — this is somewhat discordant, as three different styles, if not more, thrust themselves into the eye. The two towers in front are strikingly out of manner and even proportion with the rest of the structure; they are too jejune in ornament and too small. Then in the rear is the so-called

Chapel of Henry VII, which offends in just the opposite way — it is too large an addition to the building and is overloaded with details of ornament compared with the main edifice. So taken into the eye as a whole, the structure is not harmonious. But in spite of these two exceptions, the effect from the outside is noble and inspiring; the work is colossal — a huge cross lying there on the earth, as a refuge and protection to man, who can flee within its precincts and be saved. It is a bulwark supported by immense abutments of massive rock, against which all opposition and all evil would be shattered. It is large too — an enclosure for the whole people, the impregnable fortress of Divinity. Such is the main impression, though many hints are scattered everywhere through it. From the outside it must be seen and felt to be the cross built eternally as the refuge of the people. Thence we pass inside which gives the second point of view. Here again a discord arises, for me at least, on account of its being made a graveyard and a receptacle for every kind of barbarous monument. Such a place is not for Death, it is Life, Salvation. Still if the Abbey be to keep alive the illustrious dead, for the memory at least, why make them intruders upon the eye at every point? I take my seat in the aisle and try to keep monument, effigy, and inscription out of sight; my eye starts with a noble clustered

column rising high like a forest oak; the fibres run up and shoot out into limbs which intertwine with other branches coming from other trees; the whole is curiously jointed together above into a projecting roof yet with interstices at the sides between the trunks to let in the light, whereby comes the window. It is a grove — “the groves were God’s first temples” — and Architecture has taken thence her finest inspiration, and certainly her earliest hint. But the feeling is protection, safety, refuge; now we are inside; the outside, the world can not prevail against us. Also the Cross appears more prominent, is in fact the inside itself. But we are to become still more internal and be melted into harmony with the Invisible Spirit of the structure. This is the third effect and most complete: Music is heard echoing through these aisles, arches and chapels; it is the voice of supplication — an appeal to protect — just what the structure has said, which now vibrates in unison with the fervent anthem. Architecture has been called frozen Music; but Music is Architecture voiced and melting into harmony. I see now why chanting belongs to the Cathedral. Sermons must be tame and inadequate in such a place. The Gothic is a rhapsody, and hence this letter.

London, Jan. 15th, 1878.

I am sure that you would like to get a line from your boy over the sea. I am now lodged in London, and a tremendous city it is. Yesterday I was in Threadneedle Street, at the Bank of England, where the great monetary transactions of the world take place. What a rush and crush! Every species of man from all parts of the Globe is to be met with. My little hotel is very moderate in comfort and expense. All provisions are dearer here than in America. I tried some oysters, they were very poor yet more expensive than ours. Indeed one object of my trip is to see what people eat and how it tastes. Yesterday on the street I tried the popular dish known as stewed eels, it was sold on the sidewalk by a man in dirty clothing who hands you a dirty spoon to help yourself with, often putting in salt and pepper with his dirty fingers. An unsavory dish, but the stomach of a traveler ought to be well-trained, and I make the boast that mine is under specially good discipline. So I took it down, with some qualms to be sure, but I did not like it. On another occasion, I tried a soup which I saw a fat, sweaty wench dipping out to a lot of very poor people at a penny a bowl. I first passed by, but then I thought it too good an opportunity to see on what the indigent classes live, so I went back

and called for a bowl. But — oh horrors — it was too much for even my plebeian stomach; the second spoonful absolutely refused to let itself be swallowed, and I handed it to the red-faced maid with a desperate compliment: “a life-saving soup?” A gamin stood by and shouted, “give it to me” — which I asked her to do; he took it down easily at a couple of gulps, smacking his lips with the delicious flavor. Poor urchin! it was perhaps the first nourishment which he had had that day. But there was one experience which positively disgusted me with traveling — the re-appearance of an old enemy whose acquaintance I made in the army, and whom I think I have described to you already. I believe he must have overtaken me on ship-board; but his first arrival is buried in total obscurity — and there let it remain.

London, Jan. 17, 1878.

I have taken an overdose of Turner, I did not wish to see any of his works yesterday, and to-day my satiety continues. So I have gone to studying the Italian school of Painting, which is well represented in the National Gallery. Here too the mass is enormous, and the whole descends upon you at first like a deluge. How can it be put into order so that the mind can get hold of it? The single picture shows an order

usually which is often very striking; but this great totality of a Nation's Art must have some principle and some structure whereby it can be organized. I hunt among books treating the subject; finally I light on Mrs. Jameson's *Sacred and Legendary Art*; after purchasing it and reading it, I find it leaves out or rather has no idea of what I want. I return to the pictures themselves, and stand before them all day thinking, comparing, classifying in various ways. Then I jot down in my note book my reflections and draw my tabulated schemes ever varying with new knowledge.

I have gotten most satisfaction from a division into subjects taken from the Old Testament and the New. The Hebrew mind was not friendly to artistic representation of things divine; in fact the Semitic bent turns away from the plastic principle which makes idols. Still the Italian painters have not failed to reproduce many figures and scenes from that old Hebrew world out of which the Christian springs. The life of Christ, however, from the Annunciation to the Resurrection and Last Judgment, is the grand central theme of Christian Art, and is really what creates it. This creative soul in Italian painting is its supreme worth and attraction; after it all modern pictures seem but imitations more or less successful. In like manner the Sculpture which comes after the Greek, lacks that original artistic impulse which had to

re-make the Gods in marble; no such inner necessity of their production can exist in our world.

These Italian pictures rouse the desire of seeing the country which produced them in such flowery abundance. The same emotion is excited by the Greek statues. The Northern or Teutonic impulse to break over the Alps southward into the Mediterranean sunlands, an impulse which runs quite through all European History from the invasions of the Barbarians till the present, can still be felt in London—I believe I feel it myself. The marriage of Faust and Helen, the most striking symbolic act in Goethe's great poem, is still going on, for it celebrates the spiritual union of the two halves of Europe. The American through inheritance will take part in the wedding, as he shares in the ancestral impulse. Later I may give you some account of the nuptials.

London, Jan'y 18, 1878.

It is now about noon, and I am writing this letter by gaslight; even this furnishes hardly enough illumination to see what I write. The street lamps are lit, and from the neighboring houses comes an indistinct yellow glare of the lights. So you see I am enjoying the luxury of a London fog which, however, is not fog wholly but a mixture of every kind of smoke and gas under heaven. Vision is not merely obstructed,

but throat and lungs are highly irritated; if one hurries so as to cause rapid breathing, one is literally choked. I thought I would suffocate this morning in my walk through St. James Park; but by holding mantle before mouth and nose I succeeded in *seiving* the air of a part of its offensive qualities.

Moreover, I have been in London two weeks already and I have not beheld the face of the sun during that time. It is always cloudy if not foggy — this is true not only of London but of England, for a good part of the year. It is now manifest to me why Englishmen have done so little in the plastic arts: the truth is there is no light here by which to see works of this kind. Form demands strong light, indeed sunlight; every edge must be seen, every part illuminated. But here one positively can not see the little perfections which make up Art; at best the outlines are dimmed and the works grow dingy in this atmosphere.

Where Phoebus Apollo smiles not, there can not be much original Art. Only in his sunny glance do these plastic shapes leap forth from the hand of the Artist, endowed with life. But it is remarkable how much of Greek and Italian Art has found its way to these dim latitudes — a perpetual reminiscence of the lands of the Sun. America is a much brighter clime

than England and, I think, will be a home for Art much more congenial than this country.

But there is another ground for the inferior place which England has always occupied in Plastic Art. You may laugh at me, but I shall tell you my opinion — it results from the peculiarity of English women. First of all they are no dressers. Yesterday the opening of Parliament took place, and all London from the proudest peeress to the poorest plebeian, were out on the streets. The aristocrats went dashing by in their blazoned carriages, the middle classes brushed past me on foot — I believe there is no exaggeration in saying, the English women are no dressers. That is, they lack taste, lack sense of form and harmony. But there is a second inferiority — they have no external forms, at least not beautiful. Hawthorne complained long ago that they were beefy. This thick dumpy shape of the women is almost universal; nor are they able to conceal it by skillful dressing. I need not say that such a shape has neither majesty on the one hand nor grace on the other. This seems perhaps a harsh charge, but it is the result of my observation for two weeks at the Museum, at the National Gallery, and on the streets.

To be sure there are exceptions, perhaps many of them, but I do not think that I have misrepresented the general type. Now when we reflect

that the highest ideal is usually embodied in the form of a woman, and that Art itself may be called feminine — *Das Ewig-weibliche*, in the language of Goethe — we can have an idea of the effect of the female national type upon the Art of a nation. The typical Englishwoman cannot possibly inspire a feeling for beautiful form, and the English artist must turn away from his country for his ideals — which means, there is no English plastic art. Hence England's greatest painters have taken refuge in landscape. The most graceful woman I have seen in London was talking French, and was evidently a Frenchwoman.

Having said some unfavorable things of the Englishwoman, I must do her the justice of stating that she seems to be the most domestic woman in the world — a far nobler quality than any beauty of form. Everywhere one sees mothers walking with their children in the parks, but seldom the father appears. To-day I noticed a lady very richly dressed with two little girls dressed just like her, exact miniatures of the mother, who had given to the child just what she was, as it were saying, these are mine, behold the resemblance. The mother, the wife — but here, young ladies, I had better drop this subject, observing that the Englishwoman has not the external element of form, but has supremely the internal element of character.

Hence she is poetic, but not plastic; we can thus account for the presence of a Shakespeare and the absence of a Raphael or Canova.

I forgot that one of your group is of English descent, nay of noble descent — pardon my freedom, it is merely an opinion, an impression. I seek to let everything and everybody stamp themselves on my mind, just as they are, without adding any crotchets of my own. Perhaps the picture will alter after more information. But I have often racked my brain for a reason why this land of greatest poets should be utterly devoid of other kinds of artists, except possibly some architects. Such is my solution — there is no sun, there is no ideal form of woman. When I go to Italy, I may change my mind.

You — I mean you all, for I imagine myself now talking to four young ladies — would often laugh and perhaps be often disgusted, were you to see me in my various situations and adventures. I am totally unknown, and revel in the idea of not always acting with dignity, indeed of not always acting with propriety. To-day I mingled with the crowd of dirty laborers before Parliament House, bought a penny's worth of gingerbread, sat down on a stone and ate my homely repast in the heart of London! There I hear the people utter themselves, and see John Bull in undress — the heaving of the national heart can thus be discerned without its artificial

covering. I chat with beggars, street-sweepers, drunkards; go into grog-shops, market-places, long-winding filthy alleys — but I shall shock you if I continue. Here I am not a member of society but a traveler, yea an outcast, bent on seeing — to that character I shall be true till I return to St. Louis, when I propose to be grave the rest of my life, aye dignified, if I can.

London, Jan'y 19th, 1878.

I expected ere this to be in Rome, but I have found it so profitable to stay and study for a while in London, that I am still undecided when I shall leave. The English have brought to their nebulous climate so many of the beautiful things of the South that one cannot tear himself away from them without pain. The British Museum is the brightest spot that I know of, for in it are found all those ancient statues which may be truly called children of the Sun. Foggy London seems the most uncongenial abode for them on the face of the globe; they appear to me almost to shiver standing up there on their pedestals so lightly draped or entirely naked. Then again the lack of light is most serious, the perfect outline of form becomes dim or is wholly lost in this unsunny atmosphere. Everything about these beautiful shapes speaks almost mournfully: “this not my native country, take

me away to the land of the Sun." Like Mignon I imagine I hear their talks and sympathize with their sorrowful longing. They are in the most direct contradiction with their surroundings, and certainly it requires no great amount of sensitiveness to feel their exiled condition. Yet one must overcome this incongruity, and enter into their presence in order to look upon and be filled with their glorious forms — forms, one may say, of eternal sunshine. They give a foretaste of Italy and the South which almost turns to suffering through the intense longing which they excite. It seems as if I could not now stop at Rome so long, but must continue my journey till I reach Athens and behold the fragments of the Parthenon.

I confess that the objects which I have here seen with the greatest pleasure are the sculptures from Athens in the Elgin Room of the British Museum. It may be that I was better prepared for their appreciation on account of a little study which I gave them over ten years ago; certain it is that they have furnished as yet my chief artistic enjoyment. I relished them quite from the start, though I do not pretend to say that I fully fathomed them at that time, nor do I now. The Parthenon has completely filled me; it was one of the greatest works of beauty that has been seen upon this planet of ours. In this Elgin Room its sculptured fragments have been

piously gathered together and placed in something like sequence and harmony. The original temple with its immense wealth of artistic ornaments gradually builds itself anew in the imagination; we first behold the absolutely harmonious structure as a whole, viewing it from a distance; then we approach to the front and gaze long on the wonderful figures of the pediment; next we pass around the building on the outside and look at the so-called metopes in the frieze; then we enter the colonnades where new and most beautiful decorations in low relief fix the eye; — this is what I have been doing for some days already, and must continue to do till I can recover my lost self. I lounge on the benches before the temple all day, and idly look up at Apollo rising from the sea, reining-in the horses of the sun; what an arm is his, swelling like the waves of the ocean itself! But the eight draped goddesses there in succession; — whence and who are you? So I try to hear their voices and get their secret; I haunt daily their abode, like a living person amid departed spirits.

London, Jan'y 22d, 1878.

With your interest in the working of political institutions, my legal friend, it would be worth your while to be now in England. Parliament has just opened, — the question is, shall we go to war with Russia? England is very unwilling to fight, but I believe that her people have come

to the conclusion that a great national necessity is overshadowing her peaceful pursuits — that nationality demands war. Of course, there are two parties, the one for peace, the other for fight; I stand aloof and listen to their argumentation in the newspapers with much interest. I confess that my feelings are but little enlisted on either side. I am a spectator and from my quiet height I try to observe the play of principle, of interest and of Human Nature generally.

England is just now in a state of struggle with herself; feeling that she must do something she can not make up her mind exactly what is to be done. Like the countryman who had his hands on the Galvanic Battery, she can't let go of the thing, but it makes her dance. The air is full of discussion, confusion, uncertainty. The peace party has two main points of view: the commercial and the ethical. War is unfavorable to commerce and the English are first a commercial people — that is the one argument in its essence. But it ignores the higher principle of nationality which alone can secure commerce. The commercial view is that of the shop-keeper whose world is inclosed in the walls of his petty booth, who is not even conscious of his total dependence on what is outside of him.

But the most interesting conflict going on at present is between the Moral and the National. There is the Quaker view which believes in no

war, which dwells upon the suffering and the corruption which result therefrom, and finally pillars itself upon our universal humanity. This party is represented by the famous Radical, John Bright, who has recently made a speech in deprecation of all war and of the Crimean War in particular. Gladstone leans to the same side, and in fact the whole liberal party which is strongly tinctured with humanitarianism, often verging toward downright sentimentalism. Of course it is the old struggle of which you have heard me speak so often; nationality may demand the temporary sacrifice of morality which the purely moral man refuses to make. But then is England a nation? If she is and intends to remain one, she must defend nationality at whatever cost. Now it is just this instinct which is starting to manifest itself mightily in the people, and it is most interesting to watch its movements. It takes on the most alien forms, usually clothing itself in the garb of self-interest — as for instance, “we must protect our Eastern empire, our commercial routes, our trade with the Orient, etc.” — sometimes it invokes national honor or even national ambition. But this particular instinct is wonderful, so honest, so deep-reaching, and, I assert, within its proper sphere so unerring. Cultivated reflection would destroy the nation, were it not buttressed by the people —

mark well, I do not mean the populace but the people. Good-day, let me take my hat now.

London, Jan'y 23rd, 1878.

I was at Trübner's a few days ago to see if the *Journal* [of Speculative Philosophy] had arrived, for I was very desirous of reading your review. But it had not yet come. I find that this house as yet knew nothing of the new book [on Shakespeare], not even that it had appeared. Well, what else could have been expected? I would have been much surprised to have found it there.

I have now been in London almost three weeks, much longer than I at first intended, as it was my purpose to remain here a good while on my way back. But so much is gathered in the British museum and in the National Gallery that I resolved not to miss the opportunity. So I set to work quite diligently, but as was natural under the circumstances, I undertook too much. I have been mainly interested in the works of ancient Sculpture from the Parthenon and other temples of the Acropolis, and in the frieze of Phigalia (look into your Overbeck) which is a most wonderful work, having almost the subjective intensity of Painting although it is supposed to go back to the age of Phidias.

Since completing this last paragraph, I

jumped up and ran to the window in order to see the sun whose face has not before been visible while I have been in England. From such a statement you can see how imperfectly this climate can show works of Plastic Art, in which the play of light upon every edge and at great distances is required. Positively the public monuments here cannot be seen; half the time I have not been able to see to the top of Nelson's monument, though light may be better at other seasons of the year. Thus the figures stand in the fog like colossal shadows, in dim but huge outlines. One is reminded of the heroes of the Nibelung — Nebelland — Fogland, in eternal contrast to the clear sunny forms of the South.

It is my intention to go hence to Paris in a day or two; my stay there is undetermined, but will not be long — as I am eager to get to Rome, which feeling this English climate has intensified. I hope you are well, and that you have less work than usual. Write me, if it be only *one line*.

London, Jan'y 23d, 1878.

Your Shakesperian Excellency has doubtless heard of my trip to Europe, as I visited your correspondents, friends of you and me and William Shakespeare, in Philadelphia. I had a very pleasant time there and was loth to leave so soon, for I have a number of acquaintances in

that city — among them several young ladies. You certainly will not be astonished to hear such a confession from a lover of Shakespeare. On my return I shall not fail to give them a call once more. But, as you may suppose, these Philadelphia memories have grown somewhat dim in the exciting novelty of this European world. Everywhere new objects thrust themselves before the eye, new problems present themselves to the mind. There is the political condition, at this moment exceedingly dark, agitated, uncertain. England to-night is suspending a balance from Heaven, like the Homeric Jupiter, a balance in which she is weighing peace and war in the two scales. Shall I confess it — I sympathize with the war party — for the question is nationality, which to me is higher than commercial or even moral considerations, though these have their weight.

I have seen none of the eminent Shakesperians of England to whom you were so kind as to give me letters, though I have been here nearly three weeks. I enjoy the luxury of absolute obscurity, and follow my own path without molestation. Some of them I would like very much to see; but I hold back, from timidity I suppose. I have an unconquerable aversion to intruding upon distinguished people. I know too well how some of them — Dickens and Macaulay for instance — have spoken of visitors and especially

of American visitors. I shall try to give no occasion for that perhaps just reproach of ill-mannered boldness so frequently cast upon our countrymen.

Of the fate of my book [published the week I left the country] I know absolutely nothing, but I have dreamed twice that the sale was almost nothing, and that the publisher was sick of the enterprise. Such was my dream, but such is also my inmost feeling about the matter. The truth is I ran away from St. Louis to get rid of the talk and worry which were sure to attend the publication. One of my last acts was to order a copy to be sent to you, which I suppose you have received.

I go to-morrow to Paris where I shall remain a week or two and then depart for Rome, which city is the chief objective point of my journey. I came to Europe in order to live for a while in the Past, therefore I go to that place which has in it the works and the atmosphere of antiquity. I shall probably return to England in the summer.

London, Jan'y 24th, 1878.

I intended to start for Paris this morning but I missed the train, and must wait till this evening. So I returned to my room and reviewed my French in order to be a little more ready for the approaching change of speech. Indeed I have practiced French a good deal here in London; the youth who makes my bed speaks it and no English. A stray waif he has floated hither from the Mediterranean, with a little world of diablery in him, which rouses the ire of the landlady and causes her English tongue to slash to pieces the French vocabulary, and to fling the bleeding fragments of it at the head of the boy in a kind of Vesuvian eruption. Yesterday I felt a little danger myself from her red-hot missiles, when I interceded for the urchin.

Twenty days I have passed in England, and I have filled them brimming full and running over, so that the largest part of what I have seen and thought has been spilled into oblivion and lost. Still quite a little speck remains in memory and in writing; I feel somehow that I shall return to London for a new dip, in spite of that infernal premonition which enveloped me on my birthday in a spectral cloud. I shall again salute you, my friend, from London; but when? Let the time stay in the bosom of the Gods, who

can settle it among themselves — that being their business and not mine.

Do you know that I have been somewhat surprised at myself dropping so completely Literature and turning to Art? Probably it is the feeling that here is the great opportunity; the best books you can have anywhere, but not the masterpieces of Sculpture and Painting. London is, however, but their prelude, their creative soul was born elsewhere, and that must be the final object of appropriation. It may be said that two great National Arts have been taken captive by the English and brought as prisoners here to London—Sculpture and Painting—the one from ancient Greece and the other from medieval Italy. It seems to me that I begin to hear the sighs of the inmates for their homes; at least they hint of a very different environment from their present one as the place of their birth. A vague sympathy with these beautiful children of the South and of sunshine begins to make itself throb in me and to drive me toward the place of their origin. Still I rejoice to have seen them here in the land of fog and ice neatly arrayed in their two huge prisons, the National Gallery and the British Museum.

Paris.

Paris, Jan'y 25th, 1878.

Grand Hotel de Paris is my present residence — but do not send any letters hither, as I shall soon be off for Rome. I regret that I traveled by night over the intervening land and water; the next time I shall do otherwise. The passengers on the boat from Dover to Calais were a sicker set than those on the Bothnia crossing the Atlantic. I fought the battle out by walking on deck. I went down stairs once, but ran back on seeing forty or fifty people wallowing about and trying to turn themselves inside out. At Calais three different nationalities were chucked into a little apartment of a railroad car; an Italian who might have been a Sicilian bandit sat on one side of me, and a red-cheeked English girl on the other —

the Lord bless her for her musical lisp. We all soon took to snoozing and dropping down on one another for a moment, with quick recovery of position after a lapse. Finally Morpheus gave such a strong potion to the young lady, that she could not get hold of herself again, but laid her reclining head on her neighbor — you can guess who that was. Thus Aurora brought our flying train into Paris.

Grand Hotel, Paris, Jan'y 27, 1878.

I write beneath brilliant chandeliers, holding pyramids of lighted candles, over and around which are hung clusters of glass prisms producing all the colors of the rainbow. Before me is an immense mirror extending from floor to ceiling in a frame of Venetian glass which curls and twists into many shapes, and changes into many hues. The walls are decorated with reclining figures in gilt relief which run down to the panels in the form of hanging festoons. You may be sure that I am somewhat distracted; when I raise my head from looking at this paper for the purpose of thinking what I shall tell you, I can not think; the eye turning inward is always violently jerked outward by the dazzle, by the violence of external sensation. One inquires naturally, what does all this mean, and for whom is it made? Concerning the former question I

have not fully made up my mind; concerning the latter I think that I know somewhat already. Take the central figure, a woman of course. For forty-eight hours I have noticed her—for how could I help it? Moreover, she may fitly be called the presiding Goddess of this Temple; her toilet, her dress, but above all, her carriage simply pull the glance by main force. Look at the eyes of every man as she crosses the room, and there are forty men here; if their heads were worked by a single rope like so many puppets the action could not be more similar. I am no better than the rest, she holds the string to my eyes also. A few minutes ago she brushed up to the desk where I am sitting in order to get a newspaper or on some other errand of course; then I was made aware that I had another sense capable of delicious gratification, for at once I thought myself enveloped in all the perfumed airs of Araby the Blest. When I add that she seems to be alone here at the Hotel, I have finished her picture.

But it is already after 6 o'clock p. m.; it is time to dine. This may be called the chief divine service of Paris, and the dining hall is consequently a worthy place of worship. As one enters, a glow of light confronts the eye and makes one think for a moment that divinity may be present in person, and that mortal man can not endure his presence. The room is nearly

round; on every side are huge mirrors so that you cannot look without seeing your other self darting before you—disagreeably I say. But this reflection of appearance is highly characteristic, for the grand question here is, not what am I? but what do I seem to be? Your external form is held up before you at every turn; a mirror is that silent servant who can whisper in your ear only one thing: *How do I look?* Paris is the city of mirrors. One lies down and gets up before a mirror, one drinks and eats before a mirror, one seems to live and die before a mirror. In fact the mirror may be taken as the type of Parisian life, whose principle is appearance. The mirror indeed—giving only the shadow of your flesh or merely of what the flesh has on, veritably the appearance of an appearance. I often wonder if these people have at all any looking-glass of the soul, but this is as yet a riddle to me.

Since I have been in Paris, my endeavor has been directed mainly to one point: to learn how to eat. The humiliating discovery I have made here, that this most rudimentary function of animate existence I am wholly unversed in. Yesterday I sat next to a gentleman who gave the most exquisite order for his breakfast; I really felt as if I did not want to eat in his presence and I would have run off, were not eating a matter of life and death. It is quite as if I had been lodged on some new planet, where I would

have to go through with my infantile lactation and teeth-cutting again. Yes, I assure you, I am lacking in that supreme Parisian accomplishment—I don't know how to dine. You ought to see the waiters look at me—some with pity, but all with contempt. They know so much more about this subject that they seem to think and almost make me believe that I have no right to eat on account of my ignorance of its first principles. Verily gastronomy is the chief among sciences here. I have in vain sought to get the run of its infinitely varied and finely shaded nomenclature; it is like learning a new language. I myself have heard the Parisian test applied by a disgusted Frenchman who sat not far from me: *ce sauvage ne sait diner*—that savage does not know how to dine.

But having eaten our dinner we next go on the street. Another glare — Paris by gaslight. Not merely the street-lamps are lit, but every store is illuminated with hundreds of flaming jets disposed in such a manner as to show the articles in the windows. Then these articles — of every variety, form, color and richness — why try to describe them to you? It is of no use to attempt to make black ink rival the eye. A line of fairy palaces on each side of the street, with angels inside full of grace and beauty — such is the appearance, whatsoever the reality may be. On the boulevard is a crowd of well-dressed men

and women surging toward the new Opera House where is given the grand masquerade of the season. As my Hotel is just opposite to the Opera House, there is a good opportunity for seeing without going far. Policemen are called out to keep the ways open, and to stem the immense crush of people. Now here we see a new trait of Paris worthy of reflection — what is the logic of this love of disguise? It is a carnival, the whole population participating. I do not say or think that it is wrong, but it is an expression of the character, of what is within. The mask is also an appearance, this time a conscious putting on, wherein each one says: I am not what I seem. The unconscious expression of the same fact is Paris herself; the masquerade merely speaks out the truth.

Paris, Feb. 4th, 1878.

For the first time in Europe I went to the theater in order to see Victor Hugo's *Hernani* which is just now having a great run at the Theatre Français. I bought a copy and read the drama beforehand. What strikes a person chiefly is the absence of motivation; the characters rush in unexpectedly, nobody knows whence or for what reason; it is clear that the whole drama is intended to produce effect by surprise

more than by clearly drawn motives. Hence the internal movement of the incidents is very capricious according to my notion.

Like all dramas or indeed like all artistic products in literature, it has an ethical setting in which it moves. It is fundamentally a conflict of love—a woman of high birth and ravishing beauty has three lovers: the wealthy but aged Castilian nobleman, the King Carlos, afterwards Emperor Charles the Fifth, and Hernani, a bold but highborn brigand, whom she loves in return. Thus there are two cases of unrequited love, and in the way of the requited love is thrown both a political and domestic obstacle. This framework, you see, is nothing new or uncommon; the struggle between the lovers brings forth many situations which have also been employed often enough before. The gradation is, however, very strong—Emperor, Noble, Bandit—Love rejects the Emperor and prefers the Bandit. So its intensity is manifested.

But the destiny of the two unrequited lovers is what makes the piece. Charles the king of Spain undergoes a most wonderful transformation of character. He is ambitious of being elected Emperor of Germany, though hitherto he has been chiefly concerned in affairs of gallantry; his disposition is proud, tyrannical, cruel, sensual. But he goes to Aix-la-Chapelle where the election is to take place, and there visits the tomb

of Charlemagne, the greatest name in medieval History; in the presence of the august dead he becomes inspired with a new purpose in life; what his purpose is, appears in the career of Chalemagne himself. To fulfill a grand political destiny, to win the greatest name of his age, to be truly emperor of the world — that is now his ambition, excited at the tomb of his great predecessor. Hence the affairs of love dwindle to nothing — he renounces the fair Doña and takes the Empire for his bride. This is the grand transformation — from the lover or rather from the libertine into the supreme political man of his time. Such an ambition kindled by the example of the heroes of the race, and over their very ashes — is it not a colossal motive, and at the same time most true and genuine? What do you think of it? I confess it has made a profound impression upon me, quite as much in the reading as in the acting. This one thought will in my judgment give enduring vitality to this drama.

Then there is another motive used with much power. Love for one woman conquers hate for every body else. Hernani is swollen with vengeance against the King, yet in the presence of his Doña he can never bring himself to commit any act of hatred even when the King stands before him. A volcano of fierce passions burns and roars in the soul of Hernani, but it is all subdued

by the gentle whisper of love. A most beautiful and true motive, I think, yet not so sublime as the one before mentioned; moreover, it has been used with intense power by Shakespeare when Romeo after his troth-plight with Juliet meets the furious Tybalt, the enemy of his house. No insult can induce him to fight now, particularly with a relative of his beloved. But Victor Hugo has generalized the motive, and wound it like a thread of light through his entire drama. In fact one might have given more prominence to this idea than he has, for sometimes it seems to grow a little dim to my eye at least.

But I have told you nothing about the acting. No doubt it was excellent, still hardly so good as I expected; perhaps my idea was keyed up at too lofty a pitch. The part of Hernani is by an actor who seems to be much admired; for me he rants too much, though I know myself to be over-sensitive on that point. Much more satisfactory to me is the old Noble who recites most superbly, but this is not acting. Everywhere one sees talent, industry, care, training — but the only spark of genius yet darted into me came from Sarah Bernhardt, who plays the part of the Doña. Genius, you know, is indescribable, so I shall not try to swathe her in predicates. She seems unequal; but in her passages of true revelation she brings her words to the burning central thought — there it is, the fire of genius which

smelts you and the whole audience into a glowing unity with itself. Her words run through the soul, not torturing, blasting, cursing with their presence — I doubt whether she possesses that demonic, tragic intensity which belonged apparently to Charlotte Cushman and belongs to Salvini — the sounds of her voice leave within me the impression of music quite as much as of words. Long after I came home and went to bed her sweet modulations kept humming in my ears or rather in my soul, and still they rise up like echoes in the far distance while I am writing to you about them. The impression was new to me in this form; the marriage of music and of language was so perfect yet without either's interfering with the other. It was quite as if I had heard a new Art, one that had the distinctness of speech and all the melody of music, a new and higher unity of the Drama and the Opera. Yet Bernhardt is unequal; her acting is like the string of brilliants around her neck, flashing into the eye of the spectator at many a turn and attitude, but sometimes the sparkle quite goes out into the dull dim twilight of the stage. That is, her impersonation is not a unity culminating in one grand climax, but a series of exquisitely rendered passages. Her limits are plainly seen at the end of the piece, where she tries to be tragic. I cannot reconcile myself to

it at all, her rapid speech becomes sputter, her violence turns to frenzy.

Paris, Feb. 7th, 1878.

I am trying to work into the greatest French literary character of this century, Victor Hugo. Yesterday I went to the Bibliothèque Nationale, and read quite a full account of his life. He is now an old man towards 80 (born in 1802). He is to France what Goethe is to Germany, a parallel which does not include character but designates their relative importance. A great genius he is unquestionably, who is to be studied long, carefully and under many aspects. Moreover a French genius which Anglo-Saxons do not understand as well as German genius. I feel in him much that is unharmonious with my nature, nay repulsive; but no great man is to be flippantly dismissed. So much however I think I may say now: in the bottom of his nature he is not institutional. Hence comes the lack of ballast which has been often remarked both in his political career and in his writings. Hence too he is lyrical rather than dramatic, and it is his just instinct which has led him to abandon the drama during the latter half of his literary career. I am now reading his *Châtiments*, which work contains some of the strongest writing ever produced, in my judgment. Let him be passed

now; when I get a better notion of him, I shall impart it to you — for what else have I to write about except what I am doing and thinking?

French political life has had no attractions for me as yet; the petty parties, the petty intrigues and manœuvres to gain some petty point do not entice me away from the Louvre, from the Library, from the Boulevards. There is so much here, all beckoning for your attention, that you sometimes stand still in perplexity which way to turn, and even think of running away from the city in order to get rid of so many importunate objects. But I shall try to obtain a sniff of the political atmosphere before I depart for Rome, which will be in two or three weeks.

Regards to Madam and the rest of the family.
Address me at Rome, Poste Restante.

Paris, Feb. 10th, 1878.

MY DEAR YOUNG LADIES: —

You see that I have not yet reached Rome; Paris, with its manifold attractions still holds me back. I thought I should have been there a month ago almost, but I always think to myself, what is the use of leaving so much behind, so much that is excellent? So I continue to tarry, and shall remain some days yet.

My situation here is somewhat remarkable, at least I am fond of thinking so. Just across the

street is the famous Palais Royal — not a palace in which the President of France lives, or the Government performs its functions — but a vast collection of shops and restaurants with a very large inner court and a long colonnade extending round the same. There one sees the gayety of the city in its shopping phase — countless swarms of beautiful and finely-dressed ladies throng the aisles in every direction — one asks involuntarily, whence do they all come? And I always asked myself, Who gives them all that money to spend?

A few steps from my lodgings is the colossal National Library, the largest in the world, it is said. At 10 o'clock the doors of the reading room are opened, and just about that time I pass over the street, turn a corner and go in. There I write on a piece of paper the book or books which I wish to consult, and soon am lost till 4 o'clock P. M., when the doors are closed, and everybody is politely invited to retire. But I am not so completely absorbed that I do not raise my eyes and look around. Who is that old, ragged, greasy, blear-eyed nondescript sitting alongside of me? His first appearance is repulsive, but the species is new, and curiosity draws the glance more closely. A black-letter manuscript or book (as near as I can guess) he is perusing with a glow of delight which makes the dirt on his face look like the spots on the sun.

It is the genuine bibliophile or antiquarian, a species of animals that worm and bore and dig through this vast library, finding therein sustenance enough. I venture to say there is no such creature in St. Louis, at least I never saw any in my time. Here is a man who abjures money, comfort, family (if he has any) to burrow in these abysses of recorded nothing. Well, let us pass him, not without a look of compassion, for the poor man, inveterate student all his days, has not yet learned the first lesson of erudition: that all the wisdom of this world is contained in some half-dozen well-known and easily accessible books, were these only read aright.

Quite a different sort of man is sitting just opposite to me, he has the long gown and felt hat of some religious order — a man sleek and oily, remarkable for his hanging dewlap and round abdomen. I used to think that the descriptions of monastic pleasures were mainly fables dictated by religious bigotry. But that man over there is an argument which lives, indeed speaks, saying: My Heaven — is a good dinner. But what is he reading? *Sacred discourses of Massillon* — the lazy scamp is probably poaching a sermon instead of writing it himself. Such is my conjecture, not a charitable one, I confess; say that I am wrong and you will not displease me. — I know that I am showing my impoliteness, young ladies, in looking over the shoulders

of people who are reading; but yonder is a French youth, a type of the man who will rule France the next generation; I have noticed him now for some time — he reads with a feverish activity, sometimes with spasmodic jerks — page after page he turns over, indeed he does not read, he devours. With dreamy swimming eyes he is manifestly floating through some imaginary world; in his face you can see the sunshine and clouds passing over his soul within, reflecting the mighty spell of that book. What can it be? I must see — *Jean Jacques Rousseau!* Eternal wizard — when shall France be free from thy fascination? Here is a youth, you may call him a representative youth, whose life will be influenced by what he has read to-day; I know that the words are burnt into his very brain. The dream of a return to Nature out of an artificial society — the abstraction which tears up by the roots all the institutions of man — is dancing through his young and enthusiastic but nebulous head; his dim belief is in a universal community of everything; I could imagine that the shout was already playing on his lips: *To the Barriades.* To me he is a most lovely and lovable youth, so romantic, devoted, ideal; his life I know he would give with a toss, to realize his principle; but just he is the possibility of French Revolutions.

But why write to you about these things which

you doubtless care little for? You will, however, recollect that in the rambles of our philosophical class I often recurred to this topic, and here on the soil of France I cannot help noting illustrations, sometimes perhaps fanciful enough. Indeed I have seen the Revolutionary French woman too; I knew of her existence before and had her picture in my mind, but great is my delight to have beheld her living, or rather gesticulating; for her gestures were as revolutionary as her language. Some evenings ago I went to hear a lecture at the *Salle des Conférences*, a hall where the red spirits of Communism are reported to be in the habit of gathering. At the entrance I noticed a woman in the center of a group of men and ladies; she was engaged in a very earnest tirade against the false religion, the false politics, in fact, the general falsity of the age. Ah, thought I, Paris then has its preacher too; enter ye in, for the harvest is abundant and the laborers very few. Her manner and her countenance at once marked her out as an original character; so when the doors were opened and the people entered the hall, I kept near her all the time, and unobserved took a seat directly behind her. As the lecture did not begin at once, she commenced talking to three or four acquaintances around her; I could not always catch her meaning, but I understood enough to know that her own sex was now undergoing an

unmerciful flagellation. But her profile I saw, and it almost made me cower with its look of fierce determination; yet it had notwithstanding much feminine grace which lured back the eye. I do not think that I have ever witnessed such a rare combination: a will red-hot with its purpose, yet overflowed with a woman's tenderness — for, young ladies, a man's attribute is not tenderness. Likewise her thought had the same two extremes: bloody savagery and an ideal happiness for man. The lecture commenced, but I watched her countenance, reflecting her feelings in regard to what she heard from the lips of the lecturer — what a play of love and of hate! I would give more to know that woman than any other person that I have seen in my travels; in her one beholds thousands, entire generations with their governing principle. She is indeed a demonic woman, of which class I have never seen but one besides her in my life; a spirit within — a demon, not a devil necessarily — controls them with a power far above their natural selves. You must not laugh at me, girls, and think that it was only another case of falling in love at first sight — no, such a being does not excite love as much as terror. But she was still a woman, and even while she was declaiming against female vanity, I could not help noting little instances of her own vanity. Why, Madam, I would ask — why those diamond earrings? or why earrings at all?

Or why that trick of persistently turning the left side of your face toward those gentlemen, sometimes to your own inconvenience? I see the reason from where I sit — you look best seen at that angle, a front view of your face shows the sides to be unsymmetrical. All of which she must have been conscious of — yet listen to her homily on vanity! But she is the greatest character I have yet come upon in Europe.

I believe that I have already told you that the chief attribute of a good traveler was, in my opinion, susceptibility. He ought to convert himself into a photographic apparatus just as big as his soul will allow, in order to take impressions of objects. A true image of what he sees is the Golden Fleece of every grand voyage; let the traveler return with that, and his reward will be somewhat. Let him not cloud his perceptions with his own whims or systems; let him make his mind the clearest mirror, unstained with even his own breath. So I try to act and to feel, moving among these strange shapes in a strange world. Having tried to show you the impression made by certain characters, let me pass to Art.

But here the subject becomes unmanageable, the quantity of Art in Paris is enormous — the Louvre alone, in which I have spent about half of my time, contains enough to occupy me the rest of my days. But let me try to impart

to you my last impression. Only a few hours ago I returned from my third visit to Notre Dame, the celebrated Cathedral, and still the music of its proportions is singing through me. How impossible it is to convey by words what is revealed in these great works! Language is one expression, Art is another totally different; neither can take the place of the other. To cram the Cathedral of Notre Dame into categories — it is an impossibility; the structure must be seen and communed with long and deeply, before it will impart its secret. I lounged several hours in front of it, looking at its glorious façade — truly the face, the outer expression of the Church. The mind is at first dazed by the sight — overwhelmed in two directions, by the Great and the Small. The massiveness of every thing first smites you; then the eye naturally begins to analyze, proceeding to the parts; what an infinite wealth of details! Confining the look to a small fragment, you would say that it has the finish of a miniature, so many are the little castles, niches, turrets, pieces of fretted work, sculptured ornaments. Yet the whole creates no confusion, no feeling of constraint or pettiness; on the contrary these ornaments are thrown into grand masses which produce the effect of sublime magnitude. Such is the double impression — that of the Great and of the Small — of massive grandeur on the one hand and of almost

microscopic ornament on the other. When you have gazed on that glorious church-face for a long time, it begins to have a voice and speaks or rather sings in a strain which grows more and more intelligible, though not utterable in words; its chant accords best with the grand swell of the organ inside of the structure. Now what is the secret of this glorious harmony?—for the rationale of it may be expressed in language, though not the work itself. The eye will after awhile come upon the fundamental type or form—the key-note of the composition; this type will be seen everywhere repeated in the Great and the Small, with many variations to be sure, for it must transform itself according to the situation and requirements. Now it is a door, now a window, now an arched support, now a little trefoil; always adjusting itself to the immediate demand, it is still in the deepest harmony with the whole edifice. Such is this fundamental type, the creative idea it may be called; it is as it were reflected in thousands of mirrors, very large and very small, but always showing the same face. Let now the eye traverse the building; everywhere, even in the minutest part it beholds that which carries it upward to the Whole, to the Infinite indeed. The colossal Cathedral thus, on the other hand, seems to spring into myriads of crystallized shapes; as the body of water shoots into crystals of ice, repeating themselves indefinitely in the greatest

and in the least forms. The contemplation of such a pile reared of harmonious stone is a new experience; when those proportions once reach down into the soul, it starts into a sort of rhythmic movement with them which lasts long after the building is out of sight. Doubtless it is a preparation for the worship of the Divine Architect whose abode is here within — but to-day I cannot conduct you into the inside of the church, for I see that three sheets of paper is about covered with my scrawlings, and I judge that you all are in no very pious frame of mind at this long letter. Some other time we may walk down the aisles of Notre Dame, and in the meanwhile, my dear young ladies, I remain, yours, etc,

Paris, Feb. 13th, 1878.

For two or three days I had been thinking of sending some answer to your friendly letter, when last night I received a copy of the *St. Louis Republican* from your present residence. I am much obliged to you for this pleasant token, it has the face of an old familiar acquaintance from whom one has been long separated. It seems as if an age had passed since I set out from St. Louis, but it is not yet two months. So much has been seen and experienced by me in that short time that it appears to span quite a large segment of my whole life. I read the newspaper

through with great delight, not so much for what it contained as for what it recalled. The dear old city came back to me with its well-known faces and localities; indeed, I was transported in thought to its thoroughfares where once more I met and shook hands with old friends. I must confess that its perusal gave me a slight touch of home-sickness — the first yet felt, though I frequently feel an intense longing to see the little girl. But I rallied quickly from my emotions, for I had taken a ticket for the Theatre Français, where the *Misanthrope* of Molière was going to be played, and it was high time to be off.

The truth is, I do not descend enough into my thoughts and feelings now, the weight of the external world is so great and intense that it keeps one's senses occupied all the time. At most the superficial memory is taxed, for I and probably many people undertake to accomplish too much; everything interesting must be seen and read about. Thus, however, there result only cramming and confusion, wherein nothing, however beautiful or noble, sinks down into the soul. Yet I am no very great sinner in this respect, for I always try in the evening to think and feel about what I have seen during the day. The difficulty is, one truly great work of Art offers so many points of view that we never get done thinking about it. My opinion is that a good trav-

eler ought to go to his room and remain there at least half of his time in order to think over and write into shape what he has seen. A man who looks all the while sees nothing. He must let, indeed must make the object descend into himself and become a part of himself. So I try to knead over the raw material which enters the eye; for even the finest work is merely a crude mass until its creative idea be attained. I do not know why I am telling you all this except to inform you that I occupy myself very busily about two things: to see and to reflect upon what I see.

When I shall set out for Rome, I do not know yet — probably, in one or two weeks hence. In traveling I put myself into the hands of Providence, or rather of my own guiding angel when he whispers in my ear: “Up, it is time to go.” I follow the friendly hint with unswerving trust. I make no definite plan, but only the vague outline of a plan which must be filled up in its details by the above-mentioned spirit. I have enough to keep me here some days yet — I mean things partially done which ought not to be left unfinished. Still I feel very eager to be on my way, as the winter will soon be at an end. As my main object in this European visit is to see Art, I doubtless ought to reach its center as soon as possible, which is, of course, Rome. Besides, I begin to feel a strong desire to hear

something from home, not having received any news since my departure.

I do not think it possible now for me to accept your kind invitation to come and stay with you a little while in Germany. Nothing, you must know, would give me greater pleasure; but, dear friend, Art is long, Life is short. If I was certain of having a full year before me for seeing Italy, I might pay you a visit; as the matter stands, I have to be industrious, else not even my skin will be wet through by the holy water of Art. I wish indeed a transformation, a regeneration, if possible; but this can only come through time and labor. Later I may take a little tour in your northern fogland so belabored by Goethe.

The best works of Art in Paris I feel that I have seen, though by no means digested; I have merely taken a long sweet first draught, which has quenched my thirst here for the time being. In Architecture Notre Dame gives the highest delight, more intense interest than any other edifice I have yet seen. The Madeleine too rises up very majestically, yet lightly, and I should judge, gives a good idea of the form and significance of the ancient Greek temple. Many other churches have been visited by me, yet not often and long enough fully to reach down into their thought. The Pantheon for instance I have seen but once and then on a cold day when all emo-

tion was chilled into numbness — still the impression left on my mind is one of grandeur. The Louvre too I like to walk around and see how the architects, centuries apart, struggled to make a harmonious building and to a large extent succeeded. Perhaps the structure which most disappoints the stranger in Paris is the new Opera House — I mean in its exterior appearance. Like the Second Empire under which it originated, it is a gorgeous failure.

In Sculpture the Louvre is a huge rich casket containing many of the most precious gems of the earth. As I walked along the halls of statuary arranged in rows through which the spectator passes, I saw many an old friend whose picture had long been known to me. I felt on terms of intimacy at once, and without further introduction proceeded to hold converse with the original shapes whose images I had before seen only in a dream, as it were. Yet even they were shy at first of telling their secret, and long I sat before some of them, seeking to get an answer to my questions. They did speak to me, but it is very hard for me to impart what they said — indeed it cannot be expressed in speech but only in sculpture. One thing has been seared upon my brain in these visits and communings with great works: Art is one form of expression, language another, and the two forms are not interchangeable. Sometime I may try to hint

to you from afar what the fair Venus of Milo whispered in my ear.

Paris, Feb. 14th, 1878.

The quantity of Painting gathered in the Louvre is absolutely oppressive. Sometimes I doubt whether these immense collections of works of Art constitute the best way of making them produce their true impression. Would it not be better to scatter them in the churches and public buildings through the city, so that the eye and mind would be compelled to rest on one great picture or on one class of pictures? People would be far more likely to remain in one place till they get at least an impression. But as the matter stands at present, they run through the galleries of the Louvre in a few hours; the most diverse schools, styles and subjects pass before their view; no human being, not even a God can compass them, and bring order into such vast materials in so short a time. I plead guilty to my own indictment, to a certain extent at least, for I have lost precious hours in the attempt to see too much.

But both London and Paris are in all that concerns Art only a foretaste of the South. You look into the catalogues, you read the history of what you are studying, you examine the subject of the work — everything points directly to

Italy, and more remotely to Greece. You ask of these fair forms, where were you born? where reared? The answer comes in a thousand voices, "not here, not here, but amid the sunny climes of the Mediteranean." Sometimes I imagine that the statues have a look of sadness in this Northern twilight, as they stand there showing unmistakable signs of a homeless exile. Why does that Venus unrobe herself to this wintry air? One thinks that she must shiver and complain of her hard destiny. The lady who, dressed in warm furs, stops and stares at her, is the Northern Venus, and with true instinct partly pities and partly is ashamed of the nudity of her sister. So too with the Italian paintings, torn from their surroundings, from their worshippers, to be gazed at merely for their beauty. One asks, what mean ye here tumbled amid this chaos of canvas? Every figure, I may truly say, points to Rome as its home, and the home of Art. *Dahin, dahin O, mein Geliebter möcht' Ich ziehen.* Regards to Madame, to whom I intended to write a German versicle, but the paper has run out, you see.

Paris, Feb. 15th, 1878.

It is now about three weeks since I left London, which time I have put in very industriously, if not very profitably. I try to see all that is most worth seeing, which is much more than one ought to undertake. My great dissipation is in sight; I indulge in a perfect debauch of vision. I mean to say, that the eye is the only one of the senses to which I give loose rein; whatever experience is derived from seeing, I intend to have it. The other kinds of debauchery of which Paris is full have no attractions for me; I am on a spree, not of appetite, but of vision. So I look at everybody and everything.

I did indulge in some expensive living when I first came, but I have quit after being fully satiated. I paid for a dinner the highest price I ever gave, just to find out what a Parisian dinner was. Now I have settled down to my old homely fare, and feel perfectly contented. I have not quite learned to order my meals yet — this is the hardest part of the French language. To-day for the third dish, I ordered some roast beef, and the waiter brought a plate of beans. Of course I ate them down as if they were just the thing I called for. Any explanation would only have involved me more deeply in the labyrinthine nomenclature of this French cookery. I

take my meals at the Restaurant when I want them, but I see many other articles of diet exposed for sale, and curiosity often prompts me to buy them and find out what they taste like. So I carry them to my room and there devour them, frequently making out a full meal in that way.

In fact one can buy every kind of meat already cooked in nearly every style and exhibited in the show windows of the busiest thoroughfare. What a variety of meat-pies! Then at the baker's shop are things undreamed of in our western world. I see the name and price on the article, go in and ask for it, then walk off to my quarters. Several times I have been sold, not being able to finish the enterprise. I bought some time ago a species of fish cured in oil, thinking of my beloved sardines — but not only did they at last refuse to be eaten, but some threatened to return to daylight after having been swallowed. Strange fruits, too, from the Orient and Africa are objects which I like to look upon in the show-window, before which I usually stop and gaze often amid a troop of children and servant-girls. A day or two ago I came across a man who was selling some fruits in a cart; I stopped him and purchased of those unknown to me. One kind from Africa he particularly recommended, "excellent, and for the stomach." I ate of them freely and I assure you that they

did start a radical movement and renovation, I suppose, in the stomach. So always one has to pay his tuition for whatever kind of knowledge he acquires.

I go every day to a Restaurant where, besides getting a good economical dinner, I see a little girl who recalls the one I left at home. The little thing is full of liveliness, and chatters from a full heart in a sort of bird song. When she talks to her papa in a steady flow of infantile prattle, it seems as if I understood her meaning perfectly, though I do not catch the half or quarter of her babbling words. Her features and tones bring back to me many a little memory which is not always sighless. No mother has yet appeared, I take it that the two are alone in the world, for the father seems at times dejected and dotes with the strongest affection on the child, receiving much solace from its prattlings. Poor little girl! What monsters lurk along thy path through this world — the thought must make thy father's heart quake with terror.

The cold of winter here, though not very great, seems very penetrating. But the means for warming rooms is not sufficient unless one goes to a great expense. Wood is burnt in a fire-place, quite after the old fashion; but it is very dear, and the fire-place is small; on cold days I shiver over my little blaze in a most uncomfortable manner. As a last resort I go to the

library, which, however, is not well heated, except near the registers.

I have heard nothing yet from America though it is time for letters to have arrived. I have had them all directed to Rome. I am acquainted with nobody here and have not met a soul whom I ever knew. I could probably find some St. Louis people if I were to search, but I have not even registered my name at the American embassy. I know some people who came over with me on the Bothnia, but these I avoid, for my hands are now overflowing with what I have undertaken. When I get very weary, I buy some trifle and take the opportunity of talking with the shop girl, whereby many a little gleam of human nature makes its appearance. I am perfectly contented with my isolation; when I shall have finished my programme, which however is not very definite, I shall again pack and go.

There is a freedom in the customs here which requires some time to get used to. Particularly as regards Art, the public taste is very liberal, if not more than liberal. You know that the Antique for the most part is undraped; the statues of men stand around in the Louvre in all their nudity and by the hundreds. I confess I was a little put back when I saw women and particularly young ladies, in the company of young gentlemen, go up and examine all the naked details,

(hands off of course). I cannot help watching in a sly way the actions of different women in such a situation. Some, it is true, refuse to look at all, some pass by with a blank gaze, a few show color, others titter a little—but the most take it all as a matter of course. But to-day I felt outraged when I saw a fine looking, well dressed man conducting his two little girls through the galleries of sculpture, and standing quite a while before a nude Apollo. He was telling them evidently the mythological story and intending to instruct them, but even my love of Art cannot yet reconcile me to such an act. I cannot but think that sexual passion needs not to be put into a hot house, it will develop soon enough and with sufficient intensity. Hence come some of the recruits for the 120,000 prostitutes who are said to be in Paris. A good story is told of some distinguished Parisian lady so noted for her beautiful form that she was asked and consented to sit naked as a model for a sculptor. On telling her experience to an English woman, the latter exclaimed: “Why, how could you stand it there?” She replied most naively, “It was not cold in the room.”

Well, this is Art, you say, but the same freedom reappears in public manners. Going down to my landlady's sitting-room the other morning to make some inquiry, I there found a gentleman, one of her tenants, in his night-clothes,

who also was on a similar errand. That's the difference. The matter would have been suspicious, had not the whole family, including husband, been present, and evidently accustomed to such displays on the part of their lodgers. In open public are the urinal stands, some of which have not even an upright board to hide the functions of Nature, so important, yet demanding some little mystery in their Anglo-Saxon performance at least. Not in an alley, but right on the street, the urine runs off into the gutter, while women pass by on the pavement close enough to brush against the men. I do not say that all are so open, but some are, for I have seen what I tell you with my own eyes. But I am surprised at the social and moral change in crossing the English channel.

By the time this letter reaches you, the last winter sun will have sunk beneath the horizon, and the new spring have entered upon its joyful course. May it bring to your old age itself — a new spring which will rejuvenate you in every pore. My prophetic soul seems to behold you at this distance in a vision, and moreover tells me that I shall see your face again — nay that another gay trip to some watering place is before us like our last summer's journey to old Maryland. But let not Hope fly too far before and pluck the fruit ere it be ripe. I still have great tracts of space to traverse, in which I may dis-

appear, and you have climbed up the mountain of life to the dizzy apex of threescore and ten nearly, where you stand perched on a needle's point, as it were — liable at any moment to swing off into the abyss. Believe me, I often think of you and the other ones with you, to all of whom give my love and tell me about them in your reply.

Paris, Feb. 16th, 1878.

Literature has again taken hold of me strongly, and I am reading more French books than I ever read in my life before. The great Library offers a good opportunity. Then the best works of the language are found in little shops everywhere at prices astonishingly cheap with paper covers. In the main I read them without difficulty, though now and then I am puzzled by a word which sends me to the dictionary, and this, quite a good-sized one, I have bought. My room begins to look like that of a student. Of course I cannot take all this printed luggage with me, so I have made arrangements with my landlady to keep these books for me till I return, for return I must to Paris and take another look into this French world ere I start on the final trip homeward across the Atlantic.

In spite of all my efforts there is still something alien to me in French Literature, and so

in French spirit. There always was. I perused diligently at home the masterpieces of the classical period, those of Corneille and Racine; some of them I studied with great care and even taught in the High School, but to the last I felt that their soul stayed outside of mine. The French elaboration of the Greek tragic drama affected me somewhat like a travesty. That line of French-Greek characters strung through hundreds of plays—Achille, Ulysse, Alceste, Iphigenie, Phedre, Medea and the rest—seem to me to be danced about like puppets through centuries of the French drama. I tell you this not by way of criticism but to show you my own literary limitation which I am trying to understand and to overcome. The fault is mine. It is not for me to toss to one side in contempt a form of Literature in which not only France expressed itself for generations, but all Europe, Teutonic as well as Latin. Hence I go to every specimen of the old French classic drama presented on the stage, reading the piece beforehand and then looking it over afterwards, as well as studying the audience during the representation. Still I have to confess that I have not yet gotten into that inner spontaneous flow of sympathy with it which a great national Literature ought to tap at the fountain head.

One of these classics, Molière, I enjoy; that is, I get into the comedy of the old French

spirit better than into the tragedy. I have for this dug out a reason which holds good with me if with no one else: that old French tragedy is at bottom comic, self-undoing, absurd, and it is Molière, who really, even if unconsciously, turns the thing inside out with a laugh. For instance, Racine's *Iphigenia at Aulis* is to my mind more ludicrous than lacrymose; to me at least it furnished delicious morsels for the scoffing demon at a recent reading. I fancy Molière going around and tearing off masks, for that world of Louis XIV was a masked world. Look at him unmasking the religious hypocrite in *Tartuffe*, which I have just seen. Tragedy itself became a brilliant masquerade at that time, and the comic poet strips it of its disguise for the amusement of the masquers themselves.

Undoubtedly France is and has been for some time in a reaction against its classical drama so-called. This is one reason, probably the main reason why Victor Hugo is such a favorite at present. For he dominates here the literary and theatrical world. His pieces, though no longer new, draw better than any others and produce a stronger impression, as I have watched the audiences at the Theatre Français. Perhaps too, this reaction may account for my present inclination for Hugo, who is the greatest personality in cotemporary French Literature. Still I run

against his limits on many sides, he is not of the very greatest. But enough for once.

Paris, Feb. 19, 1878.

I have been intending for a long time to write a letter to you, but something has always interfered in an antagonistic way. I am busy, quite busy, and often wish that the hours of the day were doubled in order to finish the work laid out. Two things I have to be doing, if I am to derive any benefit from my journey: to see and to think; for seeing without thinking is a wild sensuous phantasmagory, and thinking without seeing is baseless speculation. The twain must be wedded, if there be any worthy fruit of travel. But both take time and are exhausting; thus the day always ends without the task being done.

I have made no acquaintances here and avoid making any; no person can find me, if there should happen to be a human being in the city who might wish to see me—which I doubt very much; I do not go to any place where I shall be likely to make or meet with acquaintances. This seems unfriendly and selfish, perhaps; but it is the only means of accomplishing what you undertake. A few hours dissipation would ruin the day, and possibly the following day, without any reward that I know of; so I have de-

ferred my carnival till I return home. Yet I am lonely at times, and it is a humiliating feeling to meet thousands of people day after day on the street and in the galleries, without being greeted once; you begin to ask yourself this question: of what significance am I, this atom, anyhow? The individual certainly has his littleness and unimportance brought home to him in a great world-city like Paris; and it is no wonder that so many come here and commit suicide. Finding themselves to be nothing, they put the logic to themselves by means of a pistol-shot or dose of poison, thus literally making themselves nothing. No person is allowed by the police to ascend the Arc de Triomphe without company, lest he precipitate himself beneath.

But, on the other hand, there is always enough to restore the balance, the individual can here find a world, which he may take into himself if he have the strength. On the whole I have never been in better spirits in my life than since my arrival in Europe. First of all, one is relieved of the petty vexations which worry the practical life of man; here one is freed for the time being of the necessity of working for bread and butter, and is fed by the angels. Every vocation begets friction; at present there is no need of thinking of my vocation. What a blessing! But, secondly,

I am within a five minutes' walk of the Louvre, a world in itself, where one can find society enough and of the best kind; indeed one can choose his company freely, without the restraints of social etiquette. That is the world for me.

I have a room entirely to myself in the fourth story of a building and there are three stories more above me occupied in the main by families, some of which are lodged just under the roof. Thus every house is packed with human flesh, like sardines in a box. In this way you may see how even the poor of Paris live high. Particularly the upper stories are densely tenanted, for the lower rooms are taken for business. To the rear of my room is a large open court surrounded by high houses, from my window I can see innumerable little industries busily prosecuted, chiefly by young women. Artificial flowers, toys, needle work, in fine all the little fancies in which the French are so skillful, spring into being there before the eye. But this is not all. If I present myself at the window on the stairway. I have a dozen glances cast toward me at once, which dozen soon call more, so every window across the court soon has one pair of eyes or more looking, laughing, coquetting with me. Even from that distance one has his choice, the prettiest face will be selected, then the rest turn quickly away. A little touch of jealous spite can not help showing itself and human nature takes

a petty revenge for even so trivial a matter. It is laughable to see how speedily the young girl writes her own vanity out in her actions: "I am the prettiest, if you don't think so, I shall not look at you." So a little amusement one may have, ascending the long stairway, and resting on its landing places.

This is merely by the way, however; my real home is in the gallery of statuary in the Louvre; thither I go daily, seeking to make acquaintances. It is astonishing to see with what flippancy and carelessness people treat the sculpture there. They run through the halls, casting a look to the right or to the left, stopping for a moment if any object happens to excite a passing curiosity. Doubtless many visitors can not remain long in the city, but this is certainly not the case with all—and all that I have seen rush ahead. I suppose that I have already been in the gallery of sculpture a dozen times, and when I once am there, I have to remain the whole day. It satisfies me, this is the company I am endeavoring to know. But one thing jars, I wish to see somebody like me; yet, during my period of observation I have not noticed a single person who devoted fifteen minutes to the study of a statue. Such a way of treating great works of any kind is so contrary to my mode of thinking that I can not help being vexed by it a little. Immediate impressions are demanded by the

populace, even by the cultivated populace; but ancient sculpture can not possibly make an immediate impression, and I hold that no great product of any kind can do so. Greatness comes from thought, thought can be attained by thinking only, and thinking demands long continued effort. So I sit down before the white marbles and question and cross-question them by the hour, often without receiving any answer.

Sometimes I feel half ashamed of myself for lingering so long in the presence of a statue whose parts I am trying to bring into harmonious proportion, or whose idea I am seeking to grasp. I imagine that the French guard looks at me with suspicion, as I seem to be sitting there dreaming away the time or jotting down something in my note book; he will sometimes come up to me and take my paper to see whether I be not drawing a sketch, for which one has to obtain permission. No, it is but a scrawl of words in a strange tongue, signs of a struggle with the statue which refuses to give up its thought. Especially my repeated visits to the same statue is enough to excite a Christian doubt. One day an old woman from the country, **who** had noticed me tarrying in the hall, asked me if I believed in that God; she had heard that some of these statues were Gods in a country far away, and that the people of that country were in the habit of coming here secretly

and worshipping their divinities, who had been captured in war and carried as prisoners to this room by Napoleon. What could I tell the old woman? Yes, that image of Venus was divine to me, and I was indeed a worshipper from a far off country, and hither I had wandered trying to find my Gods.

I feel that there is some change going on within, what it is, I cannot tell. All this contemplation of the great originals of Artists is a new field of activity; it is a vast realm of beauty which I had merely heard of before, but whose description sounded like a tale of fairy land. To be suddenly thrown into it at this period of life may bring forth some permanent result, or may be only a temporary dazzling of the senses; still it smites me strongly now. I go ahead without thinking much of this matter, the effect will be the same at any rate. It was a vague instinct of wanting something that drove me to Europe after having kept the longing and the purpose burning in me for many years. The loadstone that now attracts me is Art, particularly the Antique; why it is so, I cannot divine. The demon within pulls and I have to follow, my intelligence as yet can give no account of his doings. I drop all the other attractions of this most attractive city of the world, and go for my society and entertainment to the cold, passionless shapes of the Louvre;

why is it so, you may ponder too, my friend, and give me your view.

You see I take some pride in my seclusion, yet there is no contempt in it, I hope. You would be astonished to see what a recluse I have made of myself right in the heart of this great throbbing city, itself the center of the life of the globe, as the French claim with no little justice. I almost think that I am nearly solitary in my pursuit even here, for I have not been able to distinguish a single student of the Antique in the Louvre; I mean, not those who study it for technical, historical or antiquarian purposes, but those who seek to absorb its spirit for the culture which it imparts, for that peculiar transformation of soul which it must, as one vaguely feels, bring about. Yes, Goethe says so, and he is now the truest guide in this respect. I hold that the Antique with its absolute sense of form, even with its very coldness is best calculated to assuage the raging fever of the modern world, to give at least one cool draught to the volcanic spirit of our time and of our country. It has no longer any chaos, or fierce chaotic strugglings — the Titans were put down long ago by Jupiter, now sitting serenely on Olympus; here in the Louvre we may, partially at least, behold him and his divine family in their reposeful triumph.

On looking back, it seems to me that I have talked so much about myself and my moods in

this letter, that I shall have to give you a little antidote on another sheet. Let me tell you the result of a short study of two of the greatest Italian painters whose names are so well known to you — Raphael and Leonardo Da Vinci. There are half a dozen pictures by Leonardo in the Louvre, and more than a dozen by Raphael; so there are enough to make a start with. The first point which you begin to be cognizant of is that each of these artists has one distinct ultimate type in his mind, and from this type spring all his works, whatever be their variety; it constitutes not only their unity, but is their creative center. Now to work through all externals to this type and impress it upon the mind, is the supreme object of the student, in my judgment; you then have the primitive image from which the artist himself does hardly more than copy in one way or another, he must paint from his ideal and that ideal is fundamentally one and the same.

Putting Leonardo's paintings together, and seeking the face common to them all, you will soon acquire his type, particularly his female type. I do not think this will ever go from me, I hope indeed to carry it with me always. The visage is rather long and inclines to sharpness, yet it is in the highest degree refined; also there is usually a smile playing over the features, a very subtle smile of self-consciousness. The

eye repeats the same trait, it looks at you with a knowing glance, as if there were some secret lying back in the mind; yet all this is done so unobtrusively that it does not offend, but actually constitutes the charm and the very essence of Leonardo's manner. This cunning smile destroys the naive expression, to be sure; for there is a consciousness of self, and the character becomes double, still such a face is subtle and intellectual. Thus *Mona Lisa* has a dash of coquetry and *La Belle Ferronnière* looks out of the corner of her eyes roguishly, though the delicate smile hardly reaches her lips. Doubtless there is in these faces — not duplicity, still you may call it cunning. Now have you seized my thought? But I know how impossible it is to paint a look with words; color is its language.

Coming to Raphael's type you find it very different, indeed opposite you may say, though it varies somewhat according to the periods of his life. The face is full, the cheeks are inclined to be a little puffed, upper part of the visage is broad, lower part narrows itself to a diminutive chin. Such is the Raphaelitic type in its excess, but the artist will modify it into perfect symmetry in his later and best works; still it is always the same face peering from behind at you, though it runs through the whole scale from homeliness to a completely harmonious expression. Thus we behold Raphael continually

painting from the one inner model, by no means some naked shape in his studio. How different, though, is the keen-visaged type of Leonardo!

But it is the eye of Raphael's figures, perhaps one ought to say, the entire gaze, which is the supreme expression of his Art. The look is that of absolute unconsciousness, there is no doubleness now; it is the soul in its primitive innocence, not yet blossomed into self-knowledge, The Madonnas, though they be of the plainest sort, have that unconscious look of devotion and of devotedness which can have no predicate in human speech; gaze at their faces imaged on the canvas, that is the true utterance of them. What is most delightful in childhood, and most attractive in womanhood are there combined; innocence and beauty are one and all.

The type of Raphael is, therefore, not intellectual; it is the bud of the rose slightly unfolded, just enough to let you see down into the heart of it; it is Paradise with its innocent, beautiful unconscious beings — all is youth and spring, both the world and its inhabitants. But in Leonardo the bud has leaved out, the soul has burst forth to its own sun; in his type the mind sees itself in its own mirror, and therewith the character no longer remains in a simple unreflecting unity with itself, but becomes double, knows itself. It is an old, very old distinction;

Raphael lived with Eve in the Garden of Eden, but Leonardo ran away with her after she had eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. But, my friend, these generalizations are too early, I am aware; wait then for Italy and Rome, or perchance till I return to St. Louis.

Paris, Feb. 21st, 1878.

In comparison with London, Paris is literary. Everywhere Literature is in evidence. Particularly if one passes over to the Latin Quarter, there seems to be nothing but books of all sorts, second-hand especially. Then cheap editions of the best authors are always at the turn of the next corner. Also the popular novels swamp the city with printer's ink—Paul de Kock seems uppermost. I bought one of his and read it, to find out its readers more than its writer. Not so bad; but of course a Parisian love intrigue with all the brimbramborium. A good time-killer, I think, and so I can read no more of that sort.

If there is any such public utilization and massive need for Literature in London, I did not come upon it. In the realm of the printed page, only the newspaper seems stronger there. In the Parisian sense America has no use for Literature. A writer of books has no business to be in the land of liberty; already I have tasted of

that sour piece of bread, and am probably destined to nibble at it the rest of my life, for I feel just here more than ever before, that the scribbling fiend has gotten hold of me and will not easily be shaken off. You ought to see (not read) the quantity of notes I have taken, particularly at the Louvre. Many pencillings I have thrown into the fire, they being 'damned to such an Inferno not for wickedness but for superfluity. This reminds me that I have up-stairs here a neighbor who is a little piece of a novelist, and seems to get good pay for his stuff. Through our common landlady, who is a Swiss speaking German and French, and who had observed the scribbled litter in both our rooms, we became acquainted. He gave me one of his novelettes; I read it and then flung it into the blaze on my hearth, reducing it again to the smut which it originally was. Time will avenge him on me, it may be, though for a different cause, I hope.

Paris, Feb. 24th, 1878.

Again and again I have tried to probe down to the ground of that literary supremacy over Europe, which France has so long exercised. Of the fact there can be little doubt. A Russian novel has to go to Paris and to be put into a French dress ere it can make the tour of Europe. The same is largely true of the mental products

of other European nations, not excepting the English and the German. France has been hitherto the interpreter of intellectual Europe to itself, the center of its literary distribution. Yet the highest originality in Letters it lacks, it has never produced a Literary Bible like Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe. For to such lofty company Molière and Hugo cannot be elevated, and they seem to be the chief competitors for the honor. The function of France is rather that of a mediator between North and South, between the Teutonic and Latin peoples, lying as she lies on the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, and being herself both North and South, both Teutonic and Latin.

A people often tells on itself in its proverbs, in which it declares to be universal that which is true only of itself. A well-known proverbial expression or apothegm which Frenchmen seem to take for granted, is *le style c'est l'homme*. That is, the form is the great thing, not the content. Undoubtedly the style manifests the individual but it is not the individual. I hold that the German people could not beget such a proverb. The stress with them is on the other side. Hence the complaint so often heard about the lack of style in German writers. One thinks that the two opposite elements ought to be united. But it is astonishing how much French criticism dilates upon style. I have been reading

a good many literary biographies recently at the Library, and the impression left upon me is that in France the What is of small import compared to the How. Such a trait in the individual or in the nation develops at the expense of originality, through the very excess of expression. The French may well be deemed the stylists of Europe, though hardly its greatest thinkers or poets.

So the rest of Europe goes to France for style—style in dress, style in deportment (politeness), style in conversation, style in literature. Not without significance is the fact that diplomacy employs French, which is also a kind of *lingua franca* for Europe (note that *franca* is not very far from *français*). Style in itself is meritorious, but when pursued for its own sake has the tendency to drop into mere stylishness. Who can deny such a tendency in the French character? It seems to me I note it in the French language, even in the French accent. Of certain famous French artists and writers one cannot help often thinking that they have nothing to say, but they say it very beautifully or rather very stylishly.

Two other questions flash up in the present connection. The first is, How did this peculiar position and character of France evolve out of its original national elements? The second is, will the French tongue and literature keep their

historic place as distributors of ideas through Europe? Even a third question insists here upon propounding itself: a linguistic distribution of the race's thought over the total globe is at hand — will its vehicle be French or English or some other tongue? I shall soon leave Paris, and you must wait till I come back for my answer.

Paris, Feb. 26th, 1878.

As in London, I have overstaid my time in Paris. But that makes little difference, I am determined to fight to the finish this battle of Europe with me, not only if it takes all next summer, but all next year. In fact at Paris total Europe begins deluging **down** upon you overwhelmingly. London is on an island, and has the English insularity. But Paris is on a continent, and you feel the need of a continental adjustment. The soul is stretched almost to the point of bursting to take up the new impressions, which attack you on all sides. A vast quantity of things I have only been able to put to soak, in the language of the washerwoman, with the hope of taking them out of the froth and suds when I come back — and come back I must, unless the Lord interferes in my affairs with a strong hand.

I passed by the site of the Column Vendome to-day, and was reminded of our common friend

Brockmeyer. He used to cite its destruction as a striking instance of what he called the dialectic of History. The Prussian armies filed by it, looked up at it, and left it standing, though it was a monument of their former defeat. When they were gone, the French went to that same monument, looked up at it and said: You are a lie, down with you! And down it came. Thus Brockmeyer in a dramatic outburst, as we once sat philosophizing over the Franco-Prussian War, so astonishing in its sudden colossal victories. I often think of him here and wonder what he would say to this French world, Teuton that he is. Tell me the news about him. I hear that he has been acting as Governor of the State a good deal, and is busy; otherwise I would write to him myself. I did not see him for quite a while before I left St. Louis, I think he was out of town. To you I may say that I deem his greatness finds better expression in conversation than in writing, which really obstructs the flow of his originality. And even his spoken word in English does not run as freely — so he has often told me — as in his beloved *Platt-Deutsch*, which dialect, I have heard him declare with pride, was spoken preferably by both Bismark and Moltke, and of course by Brockmeyer.

Paris, Rue Vivienne, Feb. 27, 1878.

This is the last day I shall spend in Paris and I think that there is no better way of bringing it to an end than by writing to you. I hope this letter will find you in the enjoyment of good health and also participating in the grand overture to the new Spring, which will have begun ere these lines reach your hands. Here the weather has been extremely fine for the last two weeks, and it is with great unwillingness that I leave it behind. But to-morrow — Providence smiling on my purpose — I set out for the Eternal city, the objective point of my travels.

I have been in Paris now a few days more than a month — with what results to myself I cannot tell. I know that I have been pretty busy, though I have not tried to see many things — *non multa sed multum* — still I have scattered my work too much. How hard it is to confine myself amidst such a multiplicity of objects! The chief scene of my endeavors was the Louvre in the Gallery of Ancient Sculpture; there I sought to get an inkling of the wonderful sense of form which seems to belong peculiarly to Ancient Greece. With what success I do not know, but I do know that some thoughts have dawned upon me with the full blaze of the sun, but others and indeed the most still remain far off in the indefinite twilight. Time may bring them nearer and

make them more distinct; or perhaps when I arrive at Rome, I shall be right in the midst of them, and what I could not see at Paris I shall be able to see there.

Also I have paid a good deal of attention to Painting, particularly to the old Italian masters, but I do not yet feel at home in this field and can at most only distinguish two or three schools. But it is strange! The problem forces itself on the mind for solution, when one sees the immense amount of time and genius that have been spent on the Madonna, Holy Family, and other classes of pictures in which the Virgin and Child appear. All the poetry and religion of the Italian people seem to have poured itself into these representations during centuries. Coming from a new world, for me it is difficult to realize what this strange product of the past means — not a little of it, which is explicable, but the whole of it. Of course I philosophize upon the matter and soon comprehend the pure logic of it — but this is not satisfactory at all; one must be able to take up a great historical phenomenon into his feelings and not merely into his reason. I have not therefore yet been able to realize to myself and in myself the consciousness which lies at the basis of modern Painting.

Then the public edifices of Paris, many of which are very noble and beautiful, I have seen — the finest of them a number of times. One can

behold excellent specimens of both Gothic and Classic Architecture, and fix in his mind the leading types of both as well as study their aesthetic effects. I confess that just now the Gothic style lays hold of me with great power, and I should say that I have reached down into its principles and purposes with my feelings further than into any other form of Art. But here too I am the merest schoolboy, and so rapid are the changes that in a month hence I may have an entirely new preference. You are aware, that here at Paris men change their loves with frequency.

But for some days now I have kept away from galleries and sight-seeing of every kind, as another impulse insists upon finding a vent in expression. Somehow or other I have taken to versifying again almost in spite of myself, against my conscience, as it were, since it would seem to be better to occupy the sacred moments here in viewing that which I can not see in America. But Pegasus of old scouted the precepts of cold reason, which demanded of him not to fly at all but stick to the solid earth where the danger of falling is not great, nor causes much damage should the fall take place.

Indeed, the budding Spring, than which nothing can be more delightful, makes a person feel aggressive and creative. So I take walks in the Champs Elysees and occupy myself with my fan-

cies; when I return to my room I read Victor Hugo whose tendencies are the reverse of what is classical. His poetry takes a strong hold upon me and in my heart of hearts I start to feel more kinship with him in his wild, tortuous, and often chaotic imagination than with the cold impassive marbles of the Louvre. It is a question with myself—I am clearly pulled in two directions by two powerful arms, and I am afraid that one is the strongest which I do not want to be the strongest. The Antique is calculated to allay the fantastic delirium of which Victor Hugo is the greatest stimulant; yet in his earlier lyrics he too has a most exquisite form. Still I begin to feel the limits of this greatest French poet after having met him in some of his best works, vaguely the boundaries of his soul rise up, as it were, in the foggy distance; but his fascination is still very great and wonderful.

I had yesterday the first hard fit of homesickness during my journey. Feeling tired and not in very good bodily condition, I lay down to take a short sleep in the afternoon; before closing my eyes my mind turned to those far away. In a little while I woke up in the middle of a dream and heard a child singing; the voice was so sweet, to me at least, that I resolved to go at once and see the little singer; and some moments elapsed before I could think of myself being across the ocean. It was with difficulty

that I could submit to the thought of not being able to see her; then came a flood of memories and anxieties, which kept my feelings in an eddy for more than an hour, till I had to flee from them to a promenade in the Champs Elysées. But there every little girl—and thousands of them are to be seen playing under the eyes of their nurses—recalled her to my mind, and even brought back similar scenes of her childhood.

My dear friend, you will have to endure these outbreaks of mine, as you have endured them in the past. They are a part of me, you well know—so I shall not apologize any further. I often think of the happy hours that I have spent under your roof, and I imagine happy ones to be still in store for us. I shall come back—if it be the decree of fate that I do come back—with many a new experience and perhaps some new thoughts fermenting in my head, I can think of nothing more delightful than the talking them over with you. I must now close, the hour is late and I must retire to rest, and then in the morning begins the third act of my European journey.

Turin, Italy, March 1st, 1878.

I am compelled to stay over night here much against my will, and to alleviate my chagrin I think I had better begin at least a letter to you, if I do not conclude it here. Thus far the journey from Paris has been a series of petty annoyances and swindles till I am just now half sick with vexation. In the first place at Paris I took the wrong train — the slow one — and the result was that everywhere there was delay and slowness; besides I had to change four times to a different car, expecting every time that I might go wrong. Why subject passengers to such torture! American railroads are in many respects ahead of European — a statement which I have spitefully repeated to myself a hundred times to-day. But here I am, safe in a pretty good inn, and perhaps I ought to be thankful.

Still in looking back at the last thirty hours I have to scold, and then in pure malice to laugh at my petty yet vexatious misfortunes. I was swindled by the ticket seller out of five francs, but I thought it better not to make any fuss with him, as it requires a good knowledge of a language to damn a man well in it, and my command of French I felt to be inadequate. Then a restaurant overcharged for an indifferent meal at least three francs — the money I could lose, though not swallow the insult. I will not be

cheated out of a cent, for deception is a direct contempt of the intelligence, and these fellows imagine that they can treat a foreigner as they please. In one of the changes on the railroad, I left my opera glass behind — a very good one which I had bought at Paris and with which I was viewing the scenery through which we were passing. Just now too I find that the stopper has come out of my brandy bottle which I had just replenished at Paris with some excellent cognac, wetting my coat tail to a sop and making me have the odor of an old toper. I have had to wring out the precious fluid on the floor from my garment, and the naughty bottle I have flung out of the door, though as I looked at it and read upon its label the name of St. Louis, my heart almost relented. The next trip, thought I, it is my fixed purpose to have a flask with a stopper which screws on — no more corks for me, they have in them too much of the temperance crusade, spilling liquor in that way.

Well, having written myself into a sort of good humor at your expense, I may tell you of some of the pleasant experiences I met with — for the whole journey was spun of two threads, a dark and a bright. I had much amusement in looking at the country which is tilled like a garden, and in observing the peasantry in their peculiar costumes. The landscape was delightfully varied with hill, dale, village, and even

ruins; but the primeval forest of America is entirely wanting with its rough, irregular, Titanic boldness. Here Nature is subdued and every where shows the hand of cultivation, which is both a gain and a loss; she is more graceful, but is tame alongside of her American sister. At last the Alps begin to appear, the grandeur increases as we ascend. At first we see the snow above us, then we get up into it—the warm breath of spring in the valleys changes to the chilly temperature of winter. Snow drifts are seen, the beginnings of the avalanche, threatening the huts below whose inmates must live in eternal terror; white-capped summits glittering coldly in the sun fill the sky with the turrets of this vast cathedral whose stones are the mountains. In fact I could not help thinking often that the architects of the Gothic derived their inspiration and perhaps their fundamental idea from the Alps or some other mountains. The sides rising up steeply and grandly, often breaking out into several pinnacles; the mass springing from the surfaces of the rock and giving to it the brown and grey hue of age; the curious and fantastic shapes which easily form themselves in outline against the sky or against more remote peaks; the summits and sides often reproducing the pointed arch, the characteristic of Gothic architecture; the fret-work of stone common to both cathedral and mountain—those

and many other resemblances rise up before the mind of the traveller as he passes from the cities of the plain to these colossal edifices of Nature. At least my imagination was busied with tracing the comparison which may be indeed forced, for I am just now filled with these Gothic forms. But why write all this to you who have never seen one of those old structures? It is to show you that upon this giant chagrin I cast the mountains and buried it deep, deep, as Jupiter served his giants in the old story. Myself comparing myself to Jupiter—that is enough for this subject.

At Turin I have received an introduction to Italy in the shape of an enormous flea which popped into infinite space just as I was about to nab it—let me say, I found the jumper comfortably snoozing in my bed, just as I turned over the clothes for the purpose of crawling in myself. From Turin I go to Genoa. I forgot to say that the long tunnel through Mount Cenis is, as far as I could see, dark—for I could not see at all. As darkness is said to be greatest just before day, so this passage may be the infernal prelude to the bright paradise of Italy. How gladly one descends into this warm sunny plain after communing awhile with those cold Alpine heights!

Rome.

Rome, March 3, 1878.

And so it has fallen out that a dream has come true — a dream which first began to hover entrancingly before my eyes when I, a mere stripling, read of Rome and her greatness in *Rollin's Ancient History*, which I had borrowed from an older boy at school; then in my College days the Latin Historians — Caesar, Sallust, Livy — kept the fancy alive and fermenting; especially the speeches of Cicero imprinted the chief localities of this mighty City upon the student's mind in a way which remained quite indelible. Gibbon is not to be left out of these early influences; nor must I forget that small copy of Horace which I carried in the breast-

pocket of my blouse while a soldier of the Civil War, and which I often peeped into while waiting on the fire-line.

But let this thread of memories be snipped off at once as we cross the bridge over the yellow Tiber, approach the wall of Aurelian, behold the aqueducts running through the Campagna, and enter the railroad station opposite the Baths of Diocletian. In America the iron-horse seems perfectly natural and at home; but when he runs into Rome and drops you down in the midst of its ruins, you hardly know at first whether you are a ghost or a reality. The moral and institutional world of which these ruins are a kind of body is felt to be very different from yours. A phantom you seem to yourself, separated so suddenly from the institutions in which you were born and reared, and which are your second nature if not your first. And the problem rises: Can you make your own that old world so different yet in the line of your own spiritual evolution? Can your ghost or soul enter into this ruinous dead body and cause it to live again for you at least? If so your own existence will become a much larger part of your race's existence than ever before; your time will expand toward being all time, and the individual man will make quite a little stride unto becoming the universal man — really his ultimate end.

I am now quite comfortably lodged at the inn

called the Three Kings in the Eternal City, which gives food enough for reflection. When I arrived, I sauntered down the first street, the first object I came upon was the famous Column of Trajan. On all sides are antiquities, ruins, churches, works of art, one wishes for a dozen lives wherein to accomplish a little labor. The carnival is at its height, but it does not amount to much this year; the recent death of the Pope and also that of the King, Victor Emanuel, have caused the papal and governmental authorities to assume the show of mourning, for it is hardly more than a show. Still there are many masques in the streets, the people must have their festival; singing is heard everywhere, with dancing on the pavement to the guitar and tambourine — in fact the Roman population both old and young is just now trying to jump out of its skin.

Rome, March 6th, 1878.

By this heading you will see where I am — I have at last arrived at the grand destination of my journey. My room is within a stone's throw of the Column of Trajan, near the Mamertine Prison which goes back to the time of the Roman Kings, opposite to the Palazzo di Venezia — in fact one can not walk five minutes in any direction without stumbling on remarkable antiquities belonging to every period of Rome. Churches

and temples, Christianity and Heathendom, the Middle Ages and the Ancient Ages are here tumbled together pellmell, and I feel that much time will be required to disentangle the mass and place its manifold and diverse parts into harmony. The first impression is stupefying; I walked through the city a man literally stunned — which state is not favorable to thought. Only yesterday I saw the Flavian Amphitheater — an ordinary mortal can only keep silent in the presence of such a stupendous structure. Its immense mass of stone presses with its weight upon the soul; spirit here feels gravitation. I positively ran away from it, for it was a monster terrible to behold merely on account of its magnitude, and I was unwilling to trust myself inside of its jaws. Hereafter I shall try to banish my fear and if possible to knit a friendship with this Titanic edifice, for it is certainly one of the most colossal symbols by which a nation has yet undertaken to express itself. What can it mean?

Another structure which makes the soul split with its bigness is the ruins of the so-called Basilica of Constantine. The view of these mighty arches produces positive pain, simply by the way in which they stretch the mind trying to surround them and to take them in. No sight upon our earth, I imagine, is equal to that which is offered to the eye from the Roman Forum to the Flavian Amphitheater, a distance of not more

than four or five squares. Here antiquity was concentrated as it were in a point, here is its most powerful, if not its most beautiful expression. The massive masonry, everywhere fortified with open and concealed arches, gives the best idea of Roman Spirit, of the strength and solidity of the Roman Nation—a structure which springs from the same inner principle as Roman edifices.

Then the churches of Rome—but I am not going to write you a treatise on archaeology. I must only say that I have not yet seen the inside of St. Peter's. The three days that I have been here I have spent in walking about the city in order to fix its topography firmly in the mind. I begin to have a faint apparition of old Rome seated on her seven hills, an aged ghost in cerements still haunting and refusing to quit the scene of her ancient triumphs. My habitation lies in the valley between the Esquiline and Capitoline, and as I ascend these hills on either side of me reflecting upon the cause of this stupendous ruin, I fancy I can hear her drapery rustling in the wind while her voice whispers in my ear: Son of the last-born of nations, go tell thy countrymen that I perished because I fulfilled not Justice—I am but repaid with my own—I destroyed the world and was destroyed myself—love thy neighbor and thy neighboring nation as thyself and thy nation.

Rome, March 7th, 1878.

Yes, Italian Literature must have a share of my time — it is a Literature which I have been somewhat acquainted with now for a good many years; I love it exceedingly and must try here to absorb some of its spirit into my soul. Already I have purchased a copy of the “Jerusalem Delivered,” whose beauty has long entranced me, at a distance however; I have never been able yet to give it a complete reading. The drama in this city does not look very prosperous — but I know too little about it to say anything yet.

On my way from Turin hither I brushed against the typical Italian woman — that is, the type of a certain class. She was past middle age and had once been beautiful; but every line on her face led back to one central trait of character, namely pride. Her dress was careful but not elegant — also showed cleanliness everywhere, which is not an Italian virtue of the lower classes. I took her to be of aristocratic family but decayed in fortune; that immense reserve of pride in which the very muscles of her face seemed to be set, could hardly be accounted for otherwise. Pride must have existed first, and then have been put to the test sorely to manifest such a strong development. I dared try my Italian upon her, and was surprised at her high educational attainments.

At one of the stations a flower-girl entered our coach already pretty full; she was laden with flower-pots and nosegays with which she was struggling while trying to get by the passengers. I sprang forward and aided her, packed away her bundles, made the people give room, and offered the maid a seat beside myself. One of her unlucky bundles however fell down upon my Italian lady of decayed nobility—you ought to have seen that face then! The pride of three centuries seemed to glare out of her countenance at once, it was enough to make any man quake with the fear of an explosion. The poor flower girl excused herself humbly and the storm-cloud suddenly rolled away without coming to an outburst. But that face!

Having now a maiden in the bloom of youth at my side and sweet-scented flowers in front of me, I was happy—I felt myself to be in a kind of Paradise, to be an Adam with his Eve in the garden of Eden. I regarded myself at liberty to begin a conversation with her on account of my services rendered in her need; but alas! I could not understand her dialect nor could she understand my Italian. So I had mainly to enjoy the fragrance of my situation, amid the human and the natural flowers. But after some time we made out to communicate, creating a kind of *Lingua franca* between us. She was of humble class, though respectably dressed; she had an

artless coquetry which amused me much, she did not wish me to desist from the pursuit nor did she want me to pursue too closely. She blew hot and cold in a naive fashion; as if to destroy my hopes, she told me that she was married; then as if to entice me more, she said that she was only eighteen and that her husband had been absent a good while in America; but as if to keep me off again, she declared that she had a boy two years and a half old, and she showed a new hat for him in one of her bundles; then, to inspire my hopes, she said that she was fond of dancing and had been at the ball the night before. So she went on chattering, somewhat indistinctly at first but quite plainly at last. Of course I provoked her answers to a great extent, telling her that I was from America, that Americans like the Italians, especially the Italian women, that many come to Italy for their wives, that I might take back a spouse with me, etc. Arrived at her destination she descended from the coach, giving me the bow of the peasant girl, hearty but ungainly.

But my decayed Italian Countess who was sitting just opposite to me, was evidently somewhat scandalized by my familiarity with such low people — she could only look on them with disdain. Still she seemed to feel that I was in some respects at least her peer, and we again knit together the raveled edge of our conversation.

This democratic spirit which can descend to the humblest or mount to the highest rank, and still always be itself, is perhaps of American growth alone; for the American hates the noble as little as he despises the peasant; he is indeed, in his true manifestation, a higher synthesis of these two European classes of society, in which their hostility is harmonized.

The governments here are expected to take care of the people like babies; man is not supposed to know how to take care of himself except within a very narrow circle. The passengers are shut up in the coaches from which one has almost no liberty of exit without the supervision of a guard. I leaped on a train which was just beginning to move, and the result was I received a good scolding from an official for my remarkable audacity, though I had done the same thing a thousand times in America, and had seen everybody do it there without comment. The habit is not a good one, I confess, but great Caesar! what a fuss over a little matter. The American presupposition is, you are an intelligent and rational being; if you use an instrument, you must know its danger — if you ride on the railroad, you are to understand its limits; your life is your own, destroy it by stupidity if you will. Man must live in Europe, man must live rational and free in America.

Another fact in this comparison of continents

has strongly impressed itself upon my mind ; Europe has by no means as fully utilized those two greatest implements of modern civilization, the printing-press and the railroad, as America. Perhaps the same thing may be said of the telegraph, as intercontinental cables were first an American enterprise. The broadest and truest application of former inventions as well as the gift of new inventions seems to belong to our country — our destiny at present drives toward the mastery over Nature through mechanical appliances. To a lady that was jesting with me about our being savages, I replied that her sex had received the present of an additional life at least, in the labor saved by the American sewing machine ; nay, at this moment, said I, we are crossing the ocean on the brains of an American inventor, Robert Fulton. But in all that concerns the Past with its immense heritage of art and culture Europe is far, far ahead.

Your letter has just been put into my hands, it comes to me like a sunburst from across the Atlantic ; I feel now full of light after an obscuration of more than two months. Everything you said was welcome, but particularly gratifying was the news about the little girl for whom my heart-strings have been quivering the past few days.

Concerning the character you mention, I would not judge harshly, but it seems to me that her

leading trait is that she regards herself as too good for the world and altogether too good for any man. Such a spirit is capable of great devotion and nobleness in certain directions, but is incapable of the Family. In fact, a person of this nature ought to abjure the world and marriage and enter a cloister, which was made just for souls who can find on our earth no reality for their ideal strivings. When the breach between the Real and the Ideal is declared to be impassable, there results a state of permanent unhappiness, indeed of mental sickness, for which the future world promises a cure. The only question is, can the person have faith in that promise? If so, then to a nunnery, "get thee to a nunnery, and be not a breeder of sinners." Yet at bottom such a spirit rests upon a colossal egotism — I am too good for the world, too good for my species.

What you say about the reception of my book at my home, is pretty much what I expected, as you will attest. I had myself observed in the notices received from certain well-known individuals that they were very guarded in their written statements, though some of them had already expressed to me personally, without the least solicitation on my part, the warmest, in fact extravagant, admiration. Not that they have grown cold, or are hypocritical; they do

not want to commit themselves in the presence of the public.

Rome, March 10, 1878,

On the first of March I entered Italy by Mount Cenis. I have been in the city now just one week, and am already filled so full that it would seem to require a year to digest what I have taken into my cranium. History, particularly ancient History assumes a new face here, and one feels that he must work over again all that he has done in the past, as well as learn many things now dreamed of at a distance. Already I have thought of Latin Poets and Historians to be read anew in the full blaze of the Roman light — but the plan is impossible, too much is too much. I never was very devoted to Latin Literature; but at present, seated amid these Roman monuments I have an intense desire to renew the acquaintances of my college years. The ruins of Rome have a strange spell over the soul; they compel a person to listen to their voice, while they put urgent questions to his mind. What can it all mean? What was the character of the people who reared such structures, and what did they mean thereby? Modern Italy does not yet exist for me, though she too, fair lady, is not to be slighted, but is to be courted and loved.

So Spring and Italy, twin daughters of the Sun, have smiled upon me, both together. The

one indeed was an absent friend, whose return was expected, but the other was a dream which long refused to settle down into hard reality. The presence of the ruined Past in its mightiest shapes throws over the whole city a dome of cloudland, beneath which life is at least half made up of imagination. Can anybody walk through the old Roman Forum without restoring all its temples and seeing the crowd which surged through the streets or lounged about the porticoes? A person without imagination had better go home where also a pile of rocks may be found.

Still there is a present here — I stepped into it while walking around into a corner to view a beautiful Corinthian column. A very modern odor often ascends into the nostrils from the earth as the head is thrown up toward the clouds. Near, if not over the temple of Julius Caesar, the greatest name which Rome has transmitted, is a stithy; perhaps his statue lies down there in the cesspool, befouled daily with the sewage of his modern countrymen. Is not this a symbol? Along the Forum where walked the proudest, bravest, and richest men that ever lived, the conquerors of the world, now sit Roman beggars sunning themselves — men, women, and children I have met. Indeed the smaller they are, the closer they stick, like vermin — a little girl chased me all around the Forum and had a baby in her arms

too; it would have been cheaper to have bought her off with a soldo, but I wanted to see what she would do. Still I must say that begging is at present not greater here than in some other countries; certainly it has not annoyed me very much, rather I have gotten some amusement out of it.

Friday I went out to the Colosseum—the second time since I have been here. What a host of thoughts, all too big for utterance, were excited by this structure! Language has too small moulds wherein to pour the swollen emotions at its grandeur. Still ideas must be expressed, but I shall have to wait till I have pared them down into some shape. So much seems to be now worded within me: The Colosseum is the best visible symbol that we have of the old Roman Imperial Spirit. Its history, its form, its size, even its present condition, are a tongue which, rightly understood, utters the principle and declares the fate of ancient Rome. The Sybilline oracle is here — but to read it!

I am much bound to you for your very friendly letter, though I could not make any use of its suggestions, as I had taken quarters before receiving it. Nor has my time permitted me to see any of the agreeable people whom you mention; but there is no hurry, as my stay will be protracted. This is Sunday afternoon, which I always used to spend with you. How much

pleasure would it give me now to be under your roof! Those visits form a happy part of my life. I can never forget the glad reception which I was sure to meet with at your threshold.

Rome, March 11th, 1878.

I have had another small misfortune, more vexatious than dangerous, which I want to tell you about, and then get rid of it together with the petty chagrin. Just as I was entering the dining-room of my hotel, I whirled around and my hand struck a large pane of glass in the door, the glass was shattered and my hand was cut in a dozen places. It bled profusely so that I could not use my knife and fork at dinner. I also paid three francs for the window pane and had my own pain for nothing. A room full of people were aroused by the shattered glass, and their stare I had to face down; then my explanations had to be given in bad Italian, rendered worse by embarrassment. A pretty mess of vexatious circumstances — an ice-bath to the red-hot ardor of the traveler. So Fortune has been testing me ever since I came across the boundaries of Italy, trying to worry me with petty spite. Shakespeare somewhere calls her a strumpet, but I prefer to call her a pole-cat, showering upon a man streams which do not hurt, but do annoy. An American

reminiscence is this, you will say, in the classic land.

But I have just seen the Capitoline Venus who gave me abundant consolation for my little trouble. She occupies a small room in the famous Capitoline Museum quite alone; as she is undressing for the bath, one sees the necessity of her having things pretty much to herself. I went into her chamber, the sole spectator of her divine perfections; she seemed to be aware of my taking a peep at her undraped beauty, for there was a slight coquettish smile on her lips as she looked a little to the side of me; indeed, she appeared not all averse to seeing a person of so much gravity regard her so long and so intensely. She pretends to be modest, but it is mere pretense; she hides her charms but at heart wants to be seen; certainly she showed to me no indignation for having dared to intrude upon her privacy. Another man entered the room, I felt distressed and desired to be alone — such a sight is not for four eyes. But when a French woman came in and burst into raptures over the beautiful statue, I felt the dissonance go through me — no woman ought to find pleasure in such a theme and in such a treatment, and she is in danger of writing herself down as a Venus if she does. I was much amused at a man of about fifty years and his wife; both came in together, she glanced at the statue, and with true feminine

instinct left the room, not without giving her husband a twitch to follow; but he stayed till she came back and dragged him out. How different the parting look which each gave the marble Goddess! The old fellow seemed to let himself out of his eyes; the wife, already jealous, glanced a curse at the fascinating marble.

I have served my apprenticeship at eating macaroni, and I like the dish, but I have now and then found such a drawback that even my cast-iron stomach refused to sympathize with the food. The general living is good and cheap here, though it is said that prices have much advanced within a few years. I have a long Roman bill of fare in my pocket, many of the names of dishes on it cannot be found in the Italian Dictionary, but belong to the Roman dialect. I have gone through the whole list, ordering things of which I had not the remotest idea, just to see what the people ate. Once or twice only have I been unable to clear the platter.

I mingle among the people frequently and try to catch their way of looking at things, but their dialect is a great obstruction. Here in the Hotel I chatter with the servants at odd times, and many a little characteristic comes to light in this way. One of them — a man forty years old — always when he sees me expresses the wish to be the possessor of 2,000 lire (less than 400 dollars), which sum appears to him a fortune

“Well, what would you do if you had it?”
“Get married.” There is the whole love story, probably; the fair one is refractory and refuses to enter wedlock without a metallic basis to stand on, which the poor devil of a *cameriere* cannot provide. America they seem to regard as a sort of moonland filled with fantastic wonders. One of them asked me if there were any churches in America. I told him there were. Then he wanted to know if they were beautiful. Italian isn't it? First a church, then a beautiful church are necessities. A church within himself, a portable church he does not possess: his religion he can get only through his senses. How many illustrations of this fact do we not see in this city! The church is the great supporter of Art; the intimate connection between the two is most remarkable, one can not realize this relation in Protestant countries where Art is for the most part mere dilettantism or even a fashion. But here Religion and Art are connected by the umbilical cord, nay more, they pass into each other insensibly, like the Siamese twins. It becomes clear that the Roman Church reaches devotion through the sensuous nature of man, and is calculated for sensuous peoples; thus it furnishes a great, a noble elevation from the sensual to the spiritual. Its value can hardly be overestimated in this direction, it is truly a popular religion. But on the other side it is wanting. The devo-

tion which comes from the rational nature of man, the true piety of the intellect, it but partially fosters. The Religion which descends from the Intellect is not the Catholic, which on the contrary ascends from the senses. Here Art is its handmaid, indispensable indeed, elevating the passions into the realm of truth and universality. Human love becomes divine love, thus Religion makes the saintly character; that is, it brings about the complete purification of the senses. That the Catholic Religion produces this effect upon character, especially upon female character, has doubtless come under your observation. The two whitest souls that I have known are Catholic women, too white, one almost thinks, too little color for health, not enough of life-blood which is red. But they are beautiful to me. I always thought that Goethe's *Schöne Seele* ought to have been a Catholic — mine certainly shall be, when I write her. Still Goethe's creation has a Protestant development — from the inner to the outer, from a purely subjective religious emotion to Art and Nature. The Catholic spirit develops in the reverse way from Nature through Art to Religion. Such at least are my present reflections upon this subject.

It is curious to observe what a life of primitive needs is found here, though on every side the past gigantic instrumentalities of refined luxury are lying unused or in ruins. Rome of all the

cities in the world is richest in water, but uses it the least. The sewage is neglected, the streets are dirty, the corners and alleys seem to be the depositories of refuse; of a rigid policing there is little sign. In fact I saw children doing the unsightly right in St. Peter's under the nose of an old pope, with his two fingers raised, blessing them in the act I suppose. Of course this is by no means permitted, it was probably unusual, but it shows the free breeding of those who grow up in the shadows of the great cathedral of the world. Yet behold the ancient aqueducts and gigantic sewers! Modern Rome is a small living picture set in a frame of colossal ruins — the picture has little or no idea of the frame. Still, even the people may often be designated by the same image — the human body is frequently beautiful and indeed majestic, but the soul which made it fled two thousand years ago. There is a market girl — her face is perfect in its proportions, but it is dirty like some antique head of a Goddess dug out of the earth where it has lain for centuries. I think I can see the form and the features of a Roman lady in her body — but not the spirit. She sits or rather lies there in the sun, unwashed, unkempt, unpatched, asking me to buy a half penny's worth of chestnuts. I purchase not so much her ware as a good long look into her face. So too of men one beholds large noble figures, but see what they have made

of Rome and judge of their character. Not the old Roman, by Jupiter — still thus might Cato have looked. Is this body then more enduring than the soul? In one sense it seems so — it may be transmitted without the spirit. So the body of ancient Rome is here yet, a torso to be sure, but its features can still be made out.

Sly jests on priests, popes, saints, even on religion, peep out often, sometimes amusingly. Many signs of wineshops read: *Spaccio divino*; that is a pun on *divino* and *di vino*. It occurs so often that it must be intended, while other signs have the *di* and the *vino* in different letters on different lines. These are the clergy's resorts possibly.

Rome, March 12th, 1878.

When I arrived here and found no letter from you or from anybody else — I began to think that I was already forgotten in St. Louis. I know how rapid the time-current is there, indeed it is not a current but a maelstrom compared to that of easy-going Italy. Several letters have since arrived, though by no means all which are due me. Judge then of my pleasure when an envelope with the postmark of St. Louis, was put into my hands; but more than treble was my delight when said envelope gave birth to three letters instead of one — the happy mother of triplets. I have read the letters through twice —

the first time with eager precipitation, the second time with deliberate care, weighing every sentence. I do not know whether I shall be able to give an answer to all that is said in them — but I may say that they are written in a good sunny humor which is delightful, and which can not be answered — especially by a man.

Mention is made of a severe criticism on my Shakespeare book in a New York newspaper. This recalls to me the fact alas! that I am an author — a fact which I had almost forgotten when I read that passage of your letter; for between the present and my past life a chasm is opening — an Atlantic ocean is lying between where I am and where I was. This change, as I may call it, begins to make me look with some disfavor on things which I have written hitherto, so that I feel more callous than ever to literary defamation. Still, not without sympathy do I look back from here on that poor book of mine which I left behind — an infant abandoned by the parent at its birth and exposed to death by starvation on the Great American Desert. But this is not all; it must still further receive every kind of blow, stab, cut — every manner of pinching, pounding, gouging, from the secret thrusts of its pretended friends to the open assaults of avowed enemies. Rather ought its condition to excite compassion than abuse; you, I know, pity it from the bottom of your hearts.

In regard to myself who am the unfeeling parent, I can only say that I had never before so fully pictured the situation, but now I see it vividly. Still do not think for a moment that I am going to turn aside from my journey and hasten home — I shall not leave Italy because my brat happens to get a spanking in America — in fact the squalling and kicking which it produces all around itself is a good sign of vitality. So I comfort myself and think about other matters.

You all speak of a pleasant trip to Europe made in one evening by means of the stereoptican. You perhaps saw the very spot on which I am lodged — some of the most notable antiquities of Rome are right around me — the column of Trajan a few rods on one side, the Pantheon a little further on the other side, the Roman Forum nearly behind me; the Corso, the liveliest street of modern Rome, lies not far to the front. To be in the presence of these monuments of ages long gone by is a new experience; of course no representation can adequately express the works themselves. The question which I always have to ask of them is — What mean ye here? It is impossible, for me at least, to think otherwise than that every product of man is an utterance — an utterance more or less distinct, of his soul. A human being must utter what he is, not what he is not; ultimately to do one thing and to be another is a contradiction, an impossi-

bility. The works of a man and especially the monuments of a great people constitute a language which must be deciphered before the life and character can be understood. They write down their deepest selves in these monuments; the builders meant something — What is it? asks the traveler amid the ruins and sits down on a broken column to listen to the voices hovering about in the air.

I am free to confess that I can not at first understand this language, and I have to learn it almost from the very alphabet. Previous reading and study are doubtless helps, but they can hardly do more than tell you that such things are not what they are. For the monuments themselves are the utterance, and the only adequate utterance; just they and nothing else were taken to express the spirit of an individual, of an age, of a nation. Hence they must be read and understood in their own native dialect; no translation can possibly take their place. So you can imagine what I am doing these sunny days in Rome — I lounge through the Forum, or the Palaces of the Caesars or the Colosseum, not merely trying to rebuild these structures in the imagination — which is also a very necessary, but easier task — but asking the to me far more important question, What did they mean when built? Why construct this immense triumphal Arch in which not a spark of utility can be

struck out anywhere? Often I have to stand before a fragment of some temple for hours — I know that it says something, but what it is, I can not understand; so I wait and wait, my mind often wandering off to absent ones in the meanwhile, until I draw it back across the ocean and again throw it at that piece of marble; the reward is usually a glimmer, seldom a sunburst, not infrequently the mere consciousness of having done my duty to the monument.

When I first enter any one of these colossal ruins, it seems to me that I am in the tower of Babel — such a confusion of unintelligible tongues! Every object appears to be talking, yet I can not understand what it says; it tries, nay clamors to be heard — for why was it put here, if not to tell its story? The first time I went over the entire Palatine with its acres of brick solitudes, the impression left upon me was that of pain, my head rung with the confused arches, pillars, passages. The whole mountain resembles a huge honeycomb whose cells are the rooms and halls of imperial palaces. As one wanders through these endless labyrinths in their crossings and intertwinings, story above story, he cannot help thinking that here is a symbol of the infinite burrowings and gropings of that big earth-worm called man. But I do not know even what these letters of stone and brick spell, much less do I understand their full speech; and if I

did, I could not impart it to you, except possibly in some very remote flashes, their language being so different from English. My time has been filled with effort — I have been here now one week and more — yet the result seems small. And no wonder, for the mass which thrusts itself upon the mind in this city exceeds belief. The ancient, middle and modern ages are all here, crowding against one another and demanding attention. I walk down a street, here they come brushing against me — old Rome, the Medieval Church, and new-born Italy — all attractive, divine, but pulling me till I do not know which way to turn. I can only say — wait; I shall give each of you a fair hearing before I leave the city.

Of course I wish you all were with me, you would not be in the way, though you might not want to follow me in all my extravagances. I have often wished for good companions, though I avoid the travelers here, for my opinion of them as a body is not high. I notice them in the galleries, museums and among the ruins — they rush through, evidently trying to get over as much space as possible in a given time — this is their great problem. They come not to see but to gape, for of any true vision in a single glance at a great work it is absurd to speak. The circulating libraries of foreign books tell the story — they have hardly anything else but

novels, regular time-killers. Most people seem to flee here out of the busy world where they are drones, for idleness — *dolce far niente* — is also one of the Italian fine arts. Undoubtedly there are many here traveling with a true aim and noble industry — but certainly not the majority. I am afraid our country furnishes not a few people who are injured by a trip across the ocean, as it swells their pretension without any increase of knowledge. They rush through what they find in their guide-book, and then think they have seen it all. Often have I met with such folks in our St. Louis, who were in the habit of putting down any argument or opinion of the untraveled with a contemptuous sneer, saying, “Well, I have been in Europe and seen the original, and I know.” Once I heard a gentleman praising a spectacular affair gotten up for a benevolent object by some young ladies, when he rounded off with the following statement, apparently in dead earnest: “I have traveled through Europe and seen everything — this beats it all.” Poor fool, he would have been better off, had he stayed at home; he would have known just as much without having gotten that enormous wen of vanity. I recollect of having myself had a discussion with a lady on the Laocoon, to which I had given a good deal of study from what I now know to have been an excellent photograph; she gave an answer which knocked me down: “But

I have seen the statue itself — what right to a judgment have you, who have not seen it?" Then I had no response, but now I would be able to answer: "No, Madame, you have not seen it, you think you have, but in truth you have not. What you saw was only a vain outward appearance hanging in the air — a mirage deluding the eye with empty show. You did not see the divine conception putting on its garment of marble, you did not commune with the thought of the creative artist expressing itself in stone. With far other eye than that of flesh must this be seen, nor is it to be acquired by a feverish haste. Doubtless the eye with its external vision is very necessary, but it is merely the portal where something may enter through unto the soul; the portal is not the temple itself. To see truly is to be a seer, spirit sees spirit. Madame, you did not see Laocoon, you saw a stone." That's enough transcendentalism for once, I hear you all cry — so farewell.

Rome, March 14th, 1878.

I could not imagine why I received no letter from you. To-day the mystery was cleared up; on going to the American Legation, I found that the clerk had overlooked the letter or was unable to read the address. Now I have it though more than two weeks behind time, and I am very

sorry that I did not receive it so as to send an answer which would be in your hands by this time. But very welcome it is though late, and gives much gratifying news which I have received from no other source. It shows that you are all as active as ever this winter, and that under no circumstances your striving after genuine culture and noble living will relax.

The news which allays most my disagreeable feelings is the inference from your letter that my book may possibly pay expenses to the publisher. I suppose that I never believed, in the bottom of my heart, that it would sell, though in moments of exaltation I may have thought that I believed so. The matter does not often pass through my mind, but when it does, I have almost come to reproach myself for ever having offered the book for publication.

To-day is the festival of St. Joseph; I went to mass at St. Peter's, during which I thought of you and wished you were at my side to tell me what all that elaborate ceremony signified. I know that it has a meaning and a profound meaning, otherwise it could not have held together for so long a time so many genuine souls as well as deep-thinking intellects. I could only look upon the scene with astonishment, but without any edification, and I longed for some person to teach me at least the alphabet of those mysterious signs. I truly wished then that I

had the knowledge of the poor unlettered laborer who was kneeling, responding to the service and repeating his prayers at my side. Not comprehending the dialect, of course I received no communication; so I thought to myself: Here is another great fact which is a mystery to thee, and which thou, here in Rome, must take up into thy intellect and then let it descend into thy feelings and even sympathies. For I felt excluded from a great world of rich experience and high culture; here is the best opportunity not only for understanding its expression but also for realizing the worth of that expression. So I suppose that before long I shall be looking into the Roman Breviary and perhaps conning its lessons; at least I must do something to effect an entrance into this religious world around me.

But do not imagine by this language that I am going to join your church; indeed just now I am far more a Pagan than a Catholic, for in the temple of Paganism I can worship and sympathize, because I know it better. A harsh expression in a christian age, you say? No, I hope not — the utterance of the Divine everywhere, in all forms and in all climes, one should both study and feel. I do not oppose myself here to anything; all is to be received, and if possible absorbed. To stand outside of the great fact before his eyes and fight it or despise it, is the very worst disposition in

a traveler. Let him rather take it up into his bosom and cherish and love it if he can; above all let him ponder it without any partiality, till it shall have revealed itself to him in the truth. I take it that nothing in this world ever did or ever will tell its deepest secret to an enemy. Human Nature would at once reject any such proposition, and the great monuments and historical facts of the Past might not be so violent but would be more reticent. I am trying to tell you in what spirit I seek to approach the study of Rome; I do not protest against anything, I am least of all a Protestant in the narrow sense of the word. Rome is an immense colossus bestriding Time—it has one foot on antiquaity, the other on the Present; for twenty centuries the whole world from every point of the compass has turned to look at that gigantic shape in hope and in terror; why should I begin to pick a flaw in the nail of its little toe?

A few days ago I saw the Dying Gladiator in the Capitoline Museum—a very remarkable piece of sculpture, but chiefly celebrated for having inspired what I deem the finest bit of poetry in the works of Lord Byron beginning—

I see before me the Gladiator lie.

Great as the statue is, it is surpassed by the poetry. What a sweep there is in these two stanzas! They clinch together the Roman Re-

public in its vigor and Roman Empire at its death, showing the guilty deed coming home to the nation after the lapse of centuries. It is a grand Oceanic swell of poetry, yet pointed with the keenest logic, and its thought is a great and terrible one—national retribution.

But this Dying Gladiator is said to be a Gaul who is not “butchered to make a Roman holiday,” but commits suicide. So some of most recent critics say—but I do not like the view, the interpretation of the poet has sunk too deep into me. That dying form must forever remain a symbol of Heaven’s vengeance upon Rome, thus it represents one of the deepest, most tragic facts of History. It is not an ideal or even heroic figure; everything indicates the coarse man of Nature whose power is not mental but physical. The central point in which to grasp the idea of the work is the difference between the head and body—the head droops, is dead, while the body is still partially erect, refusing to succumb. That is, the seat of physical power is stronger and more tenacious than the seat of mental power—brain dies before muscle. Moreover the face is a great study—the upper part of it showing the most intense agony, while the lower part is quite calm, manifesting but little emotion. I should say that the whole effect is physical with a slight self-suppression; the work represents the pain of merely physical death

with almost no spiritual self-control. It is the agony of dying purely, and therefore the theme cannot be praised however wonderful its treatment. But I have only seen the sculptured torment once; my judgment is really not worthy of being heard now; I hope I shall not fall into that flippant treatment of great works at which I have been so often indignant when seen in other people. I shall to-morrow go again and give it a good long study.

The hand of reality often thrusts itself rudely between my thoughts, prying them wide open and not allowing them to weld together again, indeed tearing them till they bleed. As I was looking at this statue, doubtless with feelings softened by the view of so much pain, three little girls, of English parentage I should judge, came in accompanied by the nurse. They were all gracious creatures, but dressed in mourning; my eye turned away from the statue and continued to rest upon the youngest, a pretty red-cheeked little maid. Of course my mind rapidly flew across the seas, and I felt my heart melting within. The nurse pointing to the statue, said: "That man is dying." The little thing turned around from a group with her sisters and looked with a long gaze as if to probe the meaning of death — then said: "My mamma died too." The water gushed from my eyes but not on account of the Dying Gladiator; the contem-

plation of Art ended for that day, I hurried out and took a long walk beyond the walls of the city that I might kill sorrow with physical weariness.

I had a glorious view of an Italian landscape, it is remarkable how such a prospect soothes and heals. In the distance were the Alban hills with the long sunny plain lying between; like a dreamy wayfarer, the eye travels over a broad surface of green fields and sunlight till a white mountainous barrier arrests its course, while the blue skies are suspended above. The whole is a grand pavilion of Nature, decorated with many colors, but all are mild and soothing. The soul feeding on itself is drawn outward by the beautiful vision, and ceases to consume its own vitals. Human life, I exclaimed to myself, ought to take pattern from this landscape, and learn from Nature a lesson in true happiness. After a long journey of years, wandering through a sunlit plain in which passion can make no unevenness, in which the grass is always green with delight, over which the skies are blue with hope, we come at last to the white hills on which perchance the eye may behold angels and behind which we are to disappear. Our deep Northern brooding is here gently reined in and turned outward by the tender and even caressing hand of Art and Nature; they sing an eternal chant for the repose of the living who

are often more in need of it than the dead. It is deep in the night and we must part.

Rome, March 15th, 1878.

Do not be astonished if you find fragments of letters with different dates in one envelope. I often feel that I must express myself to you, though I have to do all the talking. I always imagine you to be present when I am writing a letter and figure to myself that look of yours when you are weighing a proposition. Even your image in my mind makes me feel at home, and inspires me with a certain unreservedness which I cannot possibly entertain for anybody else. This you must have felt yourself, and therefore I shall not say anything more about it.

To-day I had a new sensation, the more intense because wholly unexpected. I loitered out by accident to the Lateran and suddenly came upon the Santa Scala or Sacred Stair, which people were ascending on their knees by the hundreds. I had never read or heard of anything of the kind in Rome, or if I had, the circumstance had been entirely forgotten; but notices pasted on the walls soon informed me of the nature of the ceremony. This Sacred Stair belonged to the House of Pilate and is said to have been pressed with the feet, and indeed stained with the blood of Christ. The steps were brought from

Jerusalem to Rome by St. Helen about the year 326, since which time they have been a great resort for the faithful. Many centuries ago they were incased in wood, as the stone was being rapidly worn out by the crowd of supplicants. Great are the advantages offered for performing this holy duty — one Pope gave indulgence for nine years, which Pius the Ninth made perpetual. On each side was built an additional flight of steps, for ascending which on the knees and repeating a prayer certain privileges were granted.

The spectacle made a strong impression upon me. At first, true to my Protestant education, I was inclined to regard it as a piece of Romish superstition, but then I recollected my resolution to quit that perverted way of looking at things. Here is a grave fact — many honest and intelligent people for ages have performed this ceremony with deep devotion and therein found consolation. What does it mean? For it must mean something to some souls at least; it must be a symbol, superstition and chicanery cannot vitalize for so long a period such a fact.

Then I began thinking to myself: If it is productive of spiritual regeneration, even the least, thou, too, shouldst ascend on thy knees, nay on thy face, the Sacred Stair. Deepest reverence for the Divine is the most important lesson of existence, prostration of the body may well typify it outwardly — down on thy knees

then if that will inspire thee with reverence for the great and holy men of the past. Blood too has reddened the stair—a matter trivial in itself—but it was the heart-blood spilled because of adherence to the deepest conviction of truth; take that too as a symbol, and suffer thy body to be gashed into a fountain of gory jets, rather than stain thy conscience with cowardly yielding. Then, too, that troublesome ascent on the knees endured with patience and prayer—may it not be taken as the toilsome passage of human life whose steep and rugged declivity is to be mounted with a serene and patient hopefulness till we reach the summit where our labor is over? Importunately I demand of myself—shall I join the suppliants in the ascent?

But I could not bring myself to do it; I well knew that I had not Faith, such as the Church requires—I did not believe in the historical reality of the Sacred Stair, of the blood, of the true image of Christ at the top of the steps. If they would only let me interpret these things—but then I would have no need of them, the interpretation would be my expression of these spiritual virtues, and the outward ceremony becomes no longer a need, perhaps a clog to the soul. Still this ascent of the Sacred Stair is a genuine expression for some people, possibly the best expression of hallowed truth. I seek to sympathize with it, to throw myself into it as one of

those abiding forms into which the human soul has poured its essence.

I looked on and witnessed the populace eagerly pressing forward to a feast from which I felt myself excluded, though I too must ascend the red ladder of suffering with patience if not with prayer. I was curious to see what kind of a transformation was wrought in people through this ceremony, so I went to the passage by which they descend and glanced into their faces. One visage indeed did seem to me to look quite transfigured, to have a light within which illuminated the whole body; particularly that mask of flesh called the face was translucent with a divine radiance. I wanted very much to converse and find out the state of mind which caused such an unusual glow, but of course did not speak to the person. But on the other hand a young girl came down as she went up — with a head full of gossip about her lover, which she was imparting in a lively fashion to her companions; so at least I judged from the fragments of speech which I caught, as well as by the fact of her quick approach towards a young fellow evidently waiting for her. The great majority of those who were ascending the Sacred Stair were women — well known to be far more religious than their masculine associates. One poor woman indeed enlisted in me the liveliest pity, so that I almost felt like going up to her and dissuading her from

the attempt; she was in the last stages of pregnancy, and might have been overtaken with the labor of child-birth right on the stair; still she bravely began the ascent of the twenty-eight steps on her knees, repeating quite a long prayer on every step. Doubtless her heart was full of that new being about to be brought into the world by her, and she wished it to begin its earthly career under the special protection of Supreme Power. Truly it was the devotion of a mother—willing to risk her own life for her unborn offspring—since it is not hard to imagine that she might never come down those steps alive. Shall I not say that this act awakened quite as much religion in me and much more emotion than the sight of the Sacred Stair? The martyrdom of the mother is as divine a thing as any martyrdom—not excepting the martyrdom of the Lord.

But when I came home, I had a touch of the other extreme in that wonderful sex. I recounted my scruples as well as my strong desire to ascend the stair to a woman traveler I met at the inn; but she laughed at me, saying that she, though not a Catholic nor anything else, had gone to the top of the Sacred Stair twice on her knees, and had repeated a prayer too at every step—that not only she but all the English women of her acquaintance had done the same thing. She however confessed to some

religious feeling in the act, but the main motive was to see the pictures at the top of the Sacred Stair. I am free to say that I am inclined to believe that I have a right to the ascent, for certainly I would not do it in a spirit of mockery or even of adventure, but still I would have to translate, as I went up, every symbol into my own expression.

Rome, March 19, 1878.

Some days ago I was at another ceremony, with which, however, I cannot possibly find in myself any sympathy. It was the festival of St. Joseph, husband of the Virgin Mary. Husband of the Virgin—already the contradiction begins to show its horns. It is a difficulty which is peculiar to both the Protestant and Catholic Churches, so that my sectarian education cannot be the cause of the trouble now. But Protestants as a rule, I think, leave the matter pretty well in the background, which is at least prudent conduct. In Rome, however, St. Joseph is celebrated with high honors—with a special holiday, ringing of bells, music and processions. So we are compelled to ask: What did he do—what was his character—what his greatness? A little reflection on these questions lands the mind into a kind of aversion, or possibly into a state of amusement.

I cannot help thinking that many of the old painters—good Catholics to be sure, but better artists—had the same conception of his character and slyly expressed it in their Art. In pictures of the Holy Family I have often noticed him—there he stands in the background utterly insignificant, with a patient mien, alongside of his patient ass, from which he can in spirit hardly be distinguished. He does not seem to know what has happened or to have the least notion of the importance of that Child Jesus, while the mother shows a deep presentiment of its destiny which appears to flash through centuries. Therein his paternity is denied, nay he is positively laughed at—is a comic figure.

Well, I went to a service in his honor at St. Peter's—it was celebrated in a little chapel called *La Pieta* from the well-known group of this same name by Michel Angelo—the Mother holding in her lap the dead Christ. After the service the railing was thrown open and the crowd rushed in; I followed and in a little side room there was displayed a picture of Joseph holding the infant Jesus in his arms, the Mother not being present. The coloring was beautiful, but the theme was particularly painful to me; I leave you to tell the reason why. But I now felt what I never felt before: how the presence of Mary harmonizes, to a large extent,

this terrific note of discord by putting Joseph as it were out of sight. But when he is thrust into the foreground as here, it becomes a rasping, a grating of the nerves beyond endurance.

My dear friend, I have more in mind, but I can well imagine that these lucubrations can become tiresome to you. As I read them over, it seems almost as if I was talking to myself and not to a person living thousands of miles away on a different continent. Still I can only write what is moving within me, here I am the child of impressions. I have now received three letters from you, all of which, I need not assure you, were very welcome. My health is perfect, my labor unremitting, an Italian sky is always over my head, with only an occasional storm or cloud. My sole regret is that Time will insist upon cutting off the day at the 24th hour's end.

Rome, April 1st., 1878.

Your letter came to-day; I must thank you for your promptitude, as it dispelled a cloud of disappointment which has been hanging over me for a week. You do not know how satisfactory it is to receive a bit of news from home in a foreign land, and how melancholy it makes a person to go to the Post Office day after day and receive for an answer the same monotonous "Nothing for you." Some of my correspond-

ents have proved unfaithful, others are very slow; you deserve the crown both for fidelity and promptitude.

And who, do you think, has crossed my path here in Rome? A person who used to work with us in the High School — Mr. Thomas Davidson. Two or three days ago I found a card on my table with his address; he had come to see me but I was out. Next morning I went to pay him a visit, stayed till noon, and had a delightful time. We walked together to the Capitoline where I left him at the Prussian Archaeological Institute which overhangs the Tarpeian Rock. He was full of his experiences in Greece, which are the more interesting to me as I begin to hope to make a trip there myself. How little space means in these days! It seems almost as if we had met in some town adjoining St. Louis. And indeed the strings which brought us together were worked from St. Louis by the unwearied cunning hand of Harris. Knowing the whereabouts of both of us, he sent to each a postal-card informing us of the situation; otherwise we might have remained in the city for months without seeing each other. But who would have thought of or executed such a feat except him? Davidson intends to remain in Rome about six weeks, then to go to Paris where he will stay some time at the Exposition, but his

purpose is to be in America by the 4th of July next.

I have now been in Rome four weeks, which time has been chiefly spent upon Ancient Sculpture, with some attention to Architecture. Just now I feel pretty full, indeed a little sated, and I must turn to something else for relief. My solitary life too is telling on my disposition. As I go nowhere and shun making acquaintances, I sometimes feel lonely and depressed. A man can not entirely dispense with society; if he does, society will take its own revenge. Of course I chat with Italians of all degrees; also there is one American woman in the Hotel where I am lodged, and with her I converse once in a while out of pure necessity of uttering myself. She stares at me with a kind of wonder on account of my strange ideas and expressions; she is probably bored by my talk, but I go ahead never minding her rather unsympathetic manner. The weather, to which I am very susceptible, has been recently cloudy and rainy; here the clouds seem to muffle my spirits in black quite as much as they drape the heavens.

The coming month I am going to change my programme somewhat. Painting is now to be taken up, from the study or contemplation of which I have hitherto abstained on purpose. It has seemed to me to be better to confine the attention to one Art at a time and to the best ex-

amples of that Art, than to look at too much, for the amount of material offered to the sense of vision is so enormous and varied that one loses all power of distinction in the attempt to grasp everything at once. I hold that the most successful traveler is he who refuses to see more objects than he can reflect upon and thereby penetrate their meaning. "Rome in six days" is the title of some guide-book, which ought rather to be "How to go through Rome with eyes wide open and not see it at all." I am ashamed to say that I have not yet presented any of my letters of introduction — which is a sort of incivility to those who took the trouble of giving them to me; but soon I hope to rectify this part of my conduct.

The most delightful sensation that I have yet received from statuary came from two well-known figures in the Capitoline Museum — the Faun and Antinous. They stand side by side with only a beautiful column between them in the room where Hawthorne lays the scene of his first chapter of *Transformation*; and one of them — the Faun — the author of this romance has attempted to win from its shape of marble and cast it into a form of flesh and blood. I stood looking at the Faun a long time; it leans against the stem of a tree and holds in its hand a shepherd's pipe; such an image of the happiness of Nature I never beheld before. For it

is not the happiness of victory or of repose after struggle, not at all the happiness of the happy Gods, but it is the happiness of Nature, of the natural man sunk in an unconscious serenity, without want, without conflict, without spiritual cravings of any kind. It is the most perfect embodiment of idyllic life—it is marble sunshine lying on the grassy banks of the brook that skirts field and wood. This is not the Roman conception of the Faun, but the Greek—not sensuality, but sensuousness. The Roman Faun is a brute, the Grecian is a human being, though not yet risen into a self-conscious spiritual life. The essence of all the idyls of Theocritus breathes from this fresh form, which has no large muscles, no strength—since it has no struggle, nor can we think of it as laboring in the fields. The pipe in its hand shows to what simple harmony its soul is attuned; the flowing hair speaks of the luxuriant growth of the natural man; head and body are in the most perfect unison. Nature has two grand opposing phases—she begets day and night, the butterfly and the reptile, sweet love and fierce passion; this statue is the utterance of Nature in all her brightness and cheerfulness.

But time is passing; we might be glad to remain and dream away eternity with the Faun, but the inexorable Hours carry us a pace further to Antinous. You recollect his story: he was a

beautiful youth, the favorite of the Emperor Hadrian, by whom he was deified after an early and mysterious death. The artist poured into his features the deep questioning soul-sorrow of the imperial epoch — and made it without doubt the most original product of a degenerate age of Art; it is indeed a type of Rome under the Empire, but what a terrible change from the Faun! The body of Antinous is perfect; it shows health, vigor, activity; in fine it is the body of the man of action—not of massive Herculean strength are the muscles, but they are supple, almost transparent instruments of intelligence. Now on this body of which every fiber means action, is placed a head which signifies wholly reflection; and as the result of this reflection there looks out of the face the very soul of melancholy, a divine, mysterious sorrow; as into a well deep and dark, so one casts a glance into that face, seeing depth and darkness but no bottom. A Roman head upon a Greek body, mortal man linked to the happy God — from the serene Apollo has sprung world-worn Antinous. What is the matter with thee, unhappy youth? To any deeply sympathizing friend he will answer: I have no hope; the future life is to me a dark fathomless cavern in which my soul is condemned to search and wander even now in this present existence without beholding the fitful ray of a single star. I have no hope; I know

this beautiful body of mine will melt into nothingness, this bright magnificent Roman world will sink into dust, these delightful senses will vanish like a dream — all is transitory except the Hereafter. I have no hope — Rome which worships me has no hope. Yes there is hope, Antinous (let me reply to that speaking statue). Already is the soul born into the flesh who will redeem the Roman world and might redeem thee. Reconciliation is again possible and man will once more be happy. So the Greek, Roman, and Christian ages rush before the mind in this wonderful city.

Rome, April 4th, 1878.

At last a letter from you! But my wrath has been wholly disarmed by the pleasure which its perusal excited, and still more by the regret which I now feel after having learned the cause of the delay. I hope that your recovery may be speedy and that you may be able to make a trip to Europe this year. But let me give you a little advice: do not aggravate your trouble by reading the “System of Shakespeare’s Dramas;” you cannot hold out under such an accumulation of ills. That most tedious town, Hot Springs, combined with such a book would fill a healthy body with neuralgic pain. Let me tell you a story of this classic land; Guicciardini is a famous his-

torian of Italy, chiefly distinguished for his long, labyrinthine, deeply ramified sentences, so that his whole work seems to lie together in one inseparable mass of plaited vines, leaves, and tendrils. Reading this history is like eating a certain kind of fine Macaroni, you either have to take the whole plateful into the mouth at once, or have the little threads of pastry streaming down your chin into your bosom till the ends dangle in your lap; for you can neither disentangle nor bite off the innumerable fibres running in every direction. Well, to the story. A man condemned to punishment for some crime was given his choice: read Guicciardini or go to the galleys. He chose the Historian and tried the latter's pages for a few days; then he recalled his choice and deliberately went to the galleys rather than endure the torture of reading the book. So the lively Italians have fabled, for it hardly is a fact; but I tremble sometimes when I think of what a rack I have constructed for some of my poor innocent critics. Already I have heard across the Atlantic shouts of torment and cursings rend the skies. "What a dark, mysterious Tartarean book" cries the newspaper critic, "a book which will not let itself be read without thinking. Do not we, in our glorious journalistic profession, write over whole acres of foolscap, and print the same — to peruse which requires not a single thought from the reader and

to produce which requires not a single thought from the writer? Reading made easy, is the grand attainment of the nineteenth century, so easy as to demand not the faintest spark of reflection, and we, the newspapers have solved the problem. For is it not clear as the glance of the day-god, that if no sense be put into writing, it will require no sense to understand the same. But here is a book which insists upon being looked at with some attention or shutting its lids under our very nose. What an insult to the intelligence of a reader? Rash author, to imagine that he can make us think!"

I see, however, that you are not deterred by such cries; let me thank you for the friendly interest which you have taken in my book. I hope to stay here in Europe till it, along with myself, is forgotten; then I shall return and begin life over again, as if I had been born a second time. Perhaps, however, this way of speaking is too strong. I mean only that it will be forever impossible for me to write another such a book. Also in response to your request let me say that at some later period I shall try to give you an outline of my thoughts upon Wilhelm Meister, but just now too many other things are dancing through my brain.

I have been reading a novel recently, Hawthorn's *Transformation* so named here, or *Marble Faun*, as it is usually called in Amer-

ica. Some words upon this book will supply, for the present, the place of my remarks upon *Meister*. I suppose that you have read it; if not, do so, for the perusal will well repay the trouble. The scene of its action is chiefly located in Rome, and I find that the book is much read here — a fact which is very gratifying to my national pride. Many of the details of the book are exceedingly fine, indeed wonderful; the author has in general succeeded most happily in making the surroundings reflect the spiritual character of the persons placed in these surroundings; in fact, he sometimes betrays too much his conscious effort in this direction. The best part is the description of the faun-nature: man in his primitive state of idyllic innocence and simplicity, reposing in the eternal sunshine of Paradise. Then there falls upon this happy spirit, sin; he commits a crime, the result is, happiness departs forever but intelligence dawns. It is a Yankee Puritan writing over again almost literally the Fall of Man and the expulsion from the Garden of Eden; nay, here is also the Eve who seduces man to evil, for Donatello does this wicked deed through love; then too, there is a very dark uncertain Hebrew sort of a Satan always hovering in the background. So far, so good; the two stages portrayed are without doubt correct psychologically and belong both to the general development

of the whole human race and at the same time to the life of every individual. These two stages are first the state of innocence which dwells in the light yet does not know it; secondly, the state of unhappiness which has distinguished light from darkness, and knows that it dwells in darkness.

But we ask eagerly after the third stage — the return out of darkness to light, the form of salvation, redemption, or whatever else, it may be called. Alas, here the book breaks down, the complete transformation of man is not given, but only the wretched transformation from innocence to sin. True, the author speaks of many high things, as repentance, confession, works of penance and prayer; but all this is external, for it does not enter into and bring about the solution of his story. He is manifestly in this state himself, for him there is no solution, that of Christianity can not have meant anything. Strange yet highly characteristic of New England; indeed for New England it seems that Christ has not yet died; the Puritans are old Hebrews, or partly Hindoos, showing a pronounced lapse to the Orient.

The book is not therefore a world-book, but many of its details are most exquisite. The atmosphere of Art which the author has thrown around his characters, and made the means of mirroring their spiritual faces, is delightful, par-

ticularly here in Italy where a few steps will bring us to the actual scenes; but doubly delightful all these things must be in the memory, when read far away from the localities. One regrets that the author is sometimes a little peevish over very small matters and uses unjustly harsh language towards Rome and its citizens; in regard to the Catholic Church he is hide-bound and full of narrow prejudice. He must show that he is a provincial New Englander inheriting the bitter sectarian strifes of centuries past. A similar partiality has ruined his Hilda, who is not the keen bold Yankee Girl, the Amazonian conqueror of worlds. Her too I have seen here at Rome — but enough — I forgot that you are from Massachusetts. Lay it all to my prejudice and scan gently my weakness.

But I was going to tell you something about Rome — well, I am not to blame, the demon drives my pen, not I.

Rome, April 5th, 1878.

A month I have been in Rome, and I have certainly not lacked occupation. As I feel in a retrospective mood to-night, I shall send you a brief survey. You recollect that I wrote to you from London and from Paris, stating that my chief bent was toward the antique, that the sculpturesque world of old Hellas seemed to attract

me more than anything else amid all the modern allurements of those two great cities. The same fact has repeated itself here in Rome. I have spent the most of my days in the two large galleries of sculpture, the Capitoline and Vatican Museums, trying my best to win the secret of ancient Art. At the same time other matters have not been neglected. With my faithful guide in hand, whose name, Gsell-Fels, seems a kind of torso, I have traversed every street and located the most important places in the ancient and modern city. Painting and Architecture I have scanned, but not studied furiously as yet: I shall attack both of them later. Literature appears to be a weakling here at present; certainly it does not force itself upon the attention everywhere as at Paris.

You, my friend, have known me a long time; did you ever notice any such tendency in me before? I confess I am a kind of mystery to myself in this matter; such a bent, so persistent and exclusive, I was not conscious of possessing in times past, though I had read a good deal about Art in general, and had studied copies of some of the great masterpieces. This inner impulse appeared to burst out strongly at the view of the Elgin Marbles in London, with a longing to get back to their creative source in Greece itself. But to what practical purpose all this drives forward, I cannot divine. Certainly I

have not the remotest notion of turning sculptor or artist. I have laughed at Goethe, who, when at Rome, humbugged himself with the delusion of becoming a painter. Still I feel that I must let myself slide. I am getting interested in seeing where this hitherto sleeping instinct will wake up. Thus in a kind of somnambulistic frame of mind I ramble through these Roman halls of statuary.

Rome, April 6th, 1878.

A long, reflective stroll outside of the walls on the Appian Way, the first of those world roads built by Rome, which show her getting her grip upon Italy and then upon all the rest of the Mediterranean lands. No other work gives such a glimpse into her spirit at this early date (312 B. C.). This primal tentacle of hers reaches out from the central body southwards, making ready to grasp the Greek cities of Southern Italy, then Sicily; after which comes the mighty grapple with Carthage for domination directly, but really for the control of the World's History. The time has arrived when the scattered peoples lying around the great Midland Sea must be organized into a political unity; these roads may be deemed the nerves of the vast organism centering in the brain of the world. I strike with my staff a square stone

block laid down twenty-two centuries ago, and rattled over to-day by the passing wagon. That is certainly a touch of the Eternal.

On the other hand the Appian Way is lined with ancient tombs of Romans. That of Cecilia Metella has won a great name. The work lasts, the individual passes on. Here one sinks back into the Past in a kind of reflective swoon, out of which however there is betimes a sudden shaking and waking.

For what is that object yonder crossing the Appian Stone-Way with its own road? It is an Iron-Way (*Ferrovía*), most modern of all Ways. Napoleon still took for getting into Italy substantially the same roads that Caesar used more than eighteen centuries before him and marched pretty much in the same manner. What way would he take now, less than a hundred years after his own time? Here it comes, the huge new-born horse which he would employ — a horse pulling a long train of wagons at a marvelous speed. Contemplate it, the work of art; listen to it — the shrillest anachronism in Rome is that railroad whistle on the Campagna. Gunpowder gives here not such a discordant sound; we can never forget the use of it in the castle of St. Angelo by Benvenuto Cellini when defending Rome against the troops of the Constable of Bourbon more than three centuries and a half

ago. So we may say that gunpowder too is getting old with Rome, while the railroad is to-day's.

In such a frame of mind I wander toward the Station and walk slowly down into the City. I cannot help toying at times with another thought: what would the ancient Roman multitude say to yonder locomotive steaming and puffing through the walls toward them as if to run them down? Julius Caesar, greatest soldier of Rome, would not stand his ground, but would take to his heels, making for some temple near by and crying: That God is surely after me. I amuse myself with meeting the old atheist Lucretius in a promenade up this street, and seeing him catch his first glimpse of the spark-blowing monster just from Orcus: he would fall on his knees with pious incantations, and at once make himself a complete illustration of his own apothegm: *Timor fecit Deos*. Again let us drop through many centuries and come into Rome as it was about nine decades ago in this same locality, and imagine Johann Wolfgang Goethe just stepping out the entrance of the Baths of Diocletian, where he had been saturating himself with heathen Art, and seeing for the first time that mighty terror come roaring up his way? Could he hold out, especially if it gave one of its awful snorts? I have to think that he would not show fight, but would run, undignified though it might be, run for dear life along with a vast throng of ecclesiastics, priests, monks,

cardinals , and possibly the Pope himself, the whole mass rushing pell mell into the Great Christian Church yonder, the Basilica Santa Maria Maggiore, for supplication and protection. I venture to say that he too would there join in the universal chant with fervent prayer: *Domine, Salvator Mundi, parcite vestris*. Some such thing "the old heathen" did later at Weimar, when very sick, according to the report of his wife Christiane.

In such fashion the ancient, the modern and the middle get mixed up at Rome as nowhere else, producing at times a grotesque hodgepodge of the world's ages, not only in fancy but also in reality. That, my friend, is a part of my experience at least, and so I give it to you.

Rome, April 7th, 1878.

I felt to-day an electric shock from the Latin, when I read on the walls of a little church: *Venio Romam iterum crucifigi*. The legend runs that on this spot Christ bearing the cross met Peter who was fleeing from his own similar death at the hands of persecutors. He asked the ghost: "Lord, whither goest thou?" The answer fell like a thunderbolt: "I come to Rome to be again crucified." Whereat it may be supposed that the specter vanished, having given its warning to Peter, and to all time, yea

even to me. One thing is certain: that Latin sentence — *Venio Romam iterum crucifigi* — has been running in and out of my brain all day, re-appearing every time with a new significance.

Some years ago I heard a rather sensational preacher take as his text: What would Christ do were He now to come to St. Louis? Many things the speaker mentioned and dilated upon according to the wont of his class; but he never uttered the grand fact: *Venio iterum crucifigi*. I could not help thinking that the priest might again take part in the crucifixion as he did of old. Was not the admonition addressed to the apostle who was head of the Church? I notice that this was one of the few Christian things which made a strong impression upon Goethe, even in his heathen mood.

The little church on whose wall the legend is inscribed, is called from Peter's question, *Domine, quo vadis* (*Lord, whither goest thou?*) It is the best legend I have yet found in Rome, which is full of them, as it persists in staying and singing in the soul long after the words have vanished from the eye. In this way it shows itself naturally poetic, creating song through its own native power, and reproducing itself in hundreds of images, some of which I tried to catch on the wing and to thrall into words and even meter when I came home.

Rome, April 9th, 1878.

Your favorite, Goethe, I have been reading for two or three days, with no small eagerness. His *Italian Journey*, I have been pouring over in order to catch his line of experience here in Rome. It is a great privilege to see Goethe seeing the antique and puzzling himself over its significance: he too becomes in the act a kind of puzzle, and I cannot yet discover quite what he gets out of it. But give him and me time, and we may yet find it and ourselves. Another little coincidence has entertained me, even if meaningless: he was just about my age when he first got into Rome some ninety years ago.

Judge my surprise when a former pupil of mine in the St. Louis High School, walked up to me some days since, and saluted me as I stood in the Vatican Museum before the Laocoon. What! I cried, another ghost in this world of ghosts, but now from over the ocean! The stout shake of his hand as well as his peculiar drawl heard often in recitation, convinced me of his reality. He had taken a course in a German School of Architecture, and was now paying a visit to see the works of his art in Rome, as well as to have a pleasant outing before his return to America. He had two companions with him, an Englishman from Australia, and a Russian who could not talk English but spoke German. A

cosmopolitan group surely, but entirely congenial: very agreeable were the hours we spent together, and especially profitable to me who had been too much alone. For the sake of our Russian companion, we usually conversed in German, though English was the familiar tongue of three of us. I traversed with them the city again, listening to their architectural remarks especially. Nor did we fail to enter a German pot-house (*kneipe*) which we ran across in our wanderings, and to honor Fatherland and also St. Louis with an offering to Gambrinus, who was there enthroned in his temple amid the classic Gods of old Rome.

Our chief exploit together was a day's tramp in the Alban Mountains from Frascati, to which we went by rail. It seemed to me that in some of the villages which we passed through, I got a peep into primitive Rome, whose early people came from these hills according to legend. The site of Alba Longa, the Latin mother of Rome, is still traceable. But I shall tell you at once my chief experience, which certainly hit me hard. I was standing on the height above one of the villages called Rocca di Papa, from which I could look across the Campagna and see Rome, especially the Dome of St. Peter's, less than twenty miles distant. It was a noble view, into which crowded a throng of associations with the Past; in fact, more of the World's History

centered upon that spot than upon any other on the globe. So I was thinking when a native approached me and begged for a penny. Something put it into my head to ask him: "What place is that yonder?" He answered: "Roma." I looked at him and asked another question: "Were you ever there?" Imagine his reply: "No." I was thunderstruck. "What! all your life in sight of Rome and never once in it?" Said he: "I have enough to do to live here. Give me a *baijocco*, *Signore*." "Ecco" "Grazia." And I have come across continents and oceans to see Rome! But the fellow was off, having enough of me. Such a human vegetable, growing generation after generation for thousands of years, possibly upon the same little plot of ground I never saw before. Did you? He is probably a direct descendant of one of those old pre-historic ante-Roman Latins whom history finds already settled on these hills before its dawn. Yet the Latins were Aryan immigrants, and hence could and did migrate; I have concluded that this specimen must be a relic of some older race, perchance the cave-dwellers, still afloat on the stream of time. I explained the talk to my associates, who were weak in Italian, and we all passed to a neighboring wine-shop and there wondered at ourselves under the influence of a gentle stimulant; in mutual admira-

tion, we again noted that one of us was from Australia, one from Russia, and two from America. Surely it could not be said of us that we were vegetating on our native hills.

Rome, April 17th, 1878.

Galleries have been abandoned for a week and more. I have not even taken the time to write a letter. A new influence has seemed to swoop down upon me with a demonic power, which I would not and could not resist. Poetry has driven off everything else, and that too a kind of poetry which I never before had aught to do with, as far as I can recollect. The material must have been ready but the spark which kindled the blaze was that collection of short Greek verses called epigrams or inscriptions, and known under the general name of *Anthologia Palatina*. The meter is a peculiar antique one, made up of alternating hexameters and pentameters of which I shall fling at you my first specimen describing the new experience:

With a handful of flowers a form fleets in at my
window,

Shrinking in size to my room, stretching my
room to the world.

Goddess, I know thee — in times gone by thou
hast given me solace,

With thy beautiful strain singing the music of
Hope
Out of the Heavens. — Rose-strewing Poesy,
now I have need of thee,
Smooth down the furrows once more, touching
my lips with thy kiss.

Such is the metrical movement which has been attuning my thoughts and even my gait, I would believe, for a number of days, and which I have been transfusing into English. The curious fact is that I never before really knew this meter; I must have met it, but I never entered into it with the least appreciation or enjoyment. Yet at present I can read no other kind of verse but this, devouring it wherever I can find it in Greek, Latin, and German. For English has none of it worth mentioning, and seemingly will none of it, since that everlasting Iambic shuffle appears to satisfy the Anglo-Saxon metrical sense. But now begins, in my soul at least a play of rhythm like the flow of the folds on a Greek statue, or the gentle plies over the body of Apollo Belvedere; even the ripples of the ocean are brought back to me at times in sportive wavelets of words.

I have somehow come to believe that I have begun to find my expression of this classic world, which I have pursued, or which has pursued me ever since I ran upon the Elgin Marbles at Lon-

don. Of course it is too early to say much, and is always dangerous to prophesy, but the thought haunts me that one main purpose, perhaps the main purpose of this European journey has started to dawn within, or to pop up its head above the surface of the dark inner sea of unconscious life. At any rate the fit is on me and will not let go its hold. When I take a walk outside the walls and view the surrounding hills, these seem to rise and fall in a metrical cadence, and to be making classic epigrams, which of course I try to catch and copy down in my notebook. What a peculiar experience! Little rocking rhythms come pouring around me out of every object in the landscape, from the river Tiber to the Sabine Mountains. Really I deem myself a kind of sculptor, moulding playful little statuettes, called epigrams, out of words measured and ordered into shapes, which to me at least, speak with a classic accent. I have as yet tried them upon nobody, and naturally am infatuated; you are the first person to see them, and if you were here you would have no peace from these tiny teasing sprites, which seem to dart out of the air every whence. Perhaps you would fight them off as if they were an army of hornets, or possibly you would take to your heels. It is well that you are protected by ocean and continent.

Still I am going to speed at you across the

mighty waters one more epigrammatic dart, or perchance two more, bearing a little note about my present mood in reference to this Roman world and the longing which it produces.

Rome, I have fed with peaceful delight on thy honey delicious.

Daily I open new hives built in the ages of yore;

Dead long since are the bees that gathered these stores of enjoyment,

Heliconian swarm, reared on the flowers of Greece.

Still the sweet structure of cunning instinctive is not as they left it,

Broken and scattered and stained are all the fragments so fair.

The result is a mighty desire comes over the soul to get back to the creative source of this ruined and estranged Art. All the galleries of Rome with all their statuary leave at last the impression of a Greek torso, yea of a Greek exile or captive. Can we not complete the fragment and set free the prisoner, in our mind at least? Back beyond Rome the spirit waves us, which also voices itself in the undulating roll of an epigram.

List! there is aught in these marbles that hints of an ancient estrangement,

A low sigh may be heard out of the heart of
the stones :

We are but captives taken to grace a conquerors
triumph.

Out of a beautiful world which we had made
for ourselves ;

Here our lot is to seem and to serve in the house
of a master ;

O for our Hellas once more, O for our freedom
and home !

Thus, my friend, I sigh sympathetically with
the stones which are held in a kind of captivity
in a foreign land even at Rome. What I already
felt at London and also at Paris, comes over me
again here, to my surprise. What does it mean?
No end of this journey without seeing Hellas
herself.

Rome, April 20th, 1878.

To-day is Saturday of Holy Week and the
priest has just sprinkled holy water in my room,
so that I am hopeful of beginning this letter to
you under good influences ; no evil spirit ought to
be lurking anywhere around. Every room in
the house has received the same sacred visitation,
and every house in the city, so that the demons,
I doubt not, have been pretty well driven out of
Rome.

Usually it is said that eggs are given to the

priest on this occasion, but now something else is substituted. The people take this ceremony with light-hearted humor, chatting, gesticulating, laughing during its performance, and once in awhile breaking a jest at the expense of some good old saint. Places of business are also visited, and I hope that the subtle arch-fiend called swindler, who seems to have a special emissary in many shops in the city, has been banished forever with all his satellites.

Ceremony is indeed a wonderful power here, and the taste for it seems almost unaccountable to our Northern natures. Just now the Italian women of the house are chatting in the sitting room, all speaking together with every variety of gesture, movements of the shoulders, contortions of the face; they are complaining, the complaint being that the priest had abridged the exercises, that is, there was not enough ceremony. I envy their light-hearted dispositions, it is indeed a great thing in this world to be able to trick the dark powers with a rite. My devils are far more obstinate, in fact they seem often to be made worse by ceremony. My chambermaid, a simple old Italian woman, told me that she needed only to make the sign of the cross on her breast to put to flight all evil spirits. I have no doubt but that she told the truth, and in my opinion it would be doing her the greatest injury possible to take away from her, or in the

least impair the power of such an instrument. But alas, in my hands it will not work, it only enrages the demons the more; and, however much I may sigh for it at times, I know that it is beyond my reach.

Doubtless the reconciliation of the soul with itself is the supreme practical object of religion, and any religion that is able to do that work for man may be pronounced good and holy. There is a strong propagandism going on here now, especially on the part of the American Protestant missionaries. I say it not so much to you as to myself, a change of faith would only work evil. The people find reconciliation in the present religious forms, hence are happy — why so much worry to give them that which they have already, if indeed they would have anything equally good by changing them? To cloud this bright Italian nature, so joyous and unburdened, with the dark questionings of the Teutonic race, would be like spreading over the sunny skies of Italy the fogs of the German Ocean. Do we not flee out of the North to this clear atmosphere to get rid of Chaos and old Night a little while? For my part here I have been compelled to say even to Philosophy, my sweet mistress, “stand out of my sunshine.” I do not want a shadow cast over me; I would hate even the mighty shape of Alexander, if it should place

itself now between me living in my happy tub and this Italian luminary.

I go through with these ceremonies sometimes, when I can with respect due to the Church and my own conscience; often I witness them. But there is always a demon whispering in my ear, what does it all mean? And unless I can give some account of the ceremony to my intelligence, I get no benefit. For, think I to myself, this rite must be an expression to human spirit, and hence must possess some inner spiritual significance. It is therefore a symbol; but a symbol of what? It manifestly has spoken gently, yet deeply, to thousands of hearts for thousands of years — but what has it said? All honest human utterance should command respect, but here is a divine utterance commanding my obedience, yet its dialect I have still to learn.

All this is doubtless the work of one of the aforesaid demons who plague me, by not permitting me to take these things on Faith. So these ceremonies, instead of spreading their sweet influences over my emotions immediately, have first to pass through my understanding where they often get entangled and lost. To reach the heart they have to go by way of the head — a circuitous and often perilous route. Still there are some things that I understand and enjoy in these religious rites;

time and patience, I hope, will open their meaning more fully and bring them to speak more directly to the feelings. Herein I am aided by an Italian maid who tells me the legends of the virgins and the saints with a simple grace and natural delight, revealing how the unpreoccupied heart receives without question these things and is transformed by them.

Also to Art the same principle applies; it must be felt immediately, it must be seen to be an utterance which is to be read at once in its own native letters and not by the roundabout way of the understanding. This is the eternal healing influence of an Italian journey — it throws you, feverish as you are, into the fountain of nature, and compels you to feel her freshness just as she bubbles out of the veins of the maternal Earth. What better cure for the over-cultivation and excessive speculative tendency of certain individuals, nations, ages, races! Art, however, speaks now more winningly and more clearly to me than Religion — whereof the fault is my own. But this letter threatens to run off into invisible space, even here in the transparent skies of Italy — so let it be reined-in to a sudden stop.

Tell your lady friend that Don Gregorio Palmieri, to whom she gave me a letter of introduction, sends her his kindest regards. I have been in his cell at *San Paolo fuori le Mura*, where I saw her autograph among those of

cardinals and many dignitaries of the Church — some being written in Armenian and other Oriental tongues.

Rome, April 21st, 1878.

I find that it is five weeks since the date of my last letter to you, and in that time I have heard nothing from you. I have received your first three letters, and when I am lonely, I take them out of my drawer and read them over again, at the same time recalling a lively image of yourself in some friendly conversation. Now I have given you a lengthy respite from letter-writing, but to-day I am going to trouble you again. In the long run friendship has to be paid for, in one kind of treasure or another; your payment at present, in epistolary paper, is doubtless somewhat burdensome and in excess of the value of the articles received; but I know that you will meet the demand.

I have changed my quarters from the indifferent inn where I was lodged at first and where I stayed more than a month, to a private house. The improvement in comfort is considerable, still more, there is a cozy home-like feeling here which is refreshing. There are no other lodgers — a great blessing; besides, many little details of the housewife meet the eye, which are entirely wanting in a Hotel, such as brackets, neat curtains for the window, pleasing pictures on the wall

and chiefly the bed with its various appurtenances. Nor should I forget the image of the thorn-crowned Christ, carved in high relief, which is hung over my bed; while painted on the head-board of the bed is the image of the Dove with out-spread wings — symbol of the Holy Ghost. These images are potent in driving away the evil spirits, in the opinion of the good hostess; so they are in truth, for I never look at them without thinking of her solicitude for my welfare; in such an atmosphere no bad spirit like unhappiness ought to find anything to breathe, since all that the eye rests on utters a prayer for my well-being.

My economical affairs are also satisfactory now for the first time since my arrival. I have succeeded in reducing my immediate expenses, by which I mean board and lodging, to something less than sixty cents a day. To be sure other outlays have to be made, the greatest one being for books — as herein I do not stint myself of any work really necessary. One has to learn the art of living cheaply and well; I certainly feel the want of no kind of food; I dine for about eighteen to twenty cents, four courses, wine included. But just the proper restaurant must be found, which requires some search.

To be sure, I do not like to pinch so close, I would prefer apartments, and elegant dinners at the best hotels of the city; but so I cannot

live and accomplish my purpose at the same time. It grows daily more probable that I shall prolong my stay in Europe till next year, unless something very urgent calls me home to America. This will require a careful husbanding of all the resources which I possess. It is my boast that I always attain my end by forcing the means, however weak it may be, to do its duty. So I intend to make the same sum of money last ten months or twenty, according to my purpose. Most people get into entanglement with their instruments and so never reach their end; I hope that I may always keep myself out of that company.

In the last month I have been doing a variety of things, some of which would doubtless seem ridiculous to you. Anything to give practice to my eye and to drill into me the sense of form, be it puerile or laborious or undignified, I hunt for and work at. I trace lines, try to draw, making pictures which my little Alice would laugh at. These last few days I have stayed at home and read poetry — and made some too. Did you ever really dive into Goethe's Roman Elegies? They are very fine, especially with the delicious fragrance of Roman Art to breathe in. I even went back and read the old Roman poet, whom he imitated, Propertius. Many new ideas about poetry dawned upon me, particularly the relation of the old classic Poets

to the world of Art amid which they were placed. It is clear that they often described merely the beautiful works of Statuary and Painting before their eyes daily, hence often the distinctness of the former. Still Poetry ought to go before Plastic Art and give to it the shapes which it employs. So Homer is really the creator of Sculpture in Greece, as of nearly everything else. In fact the more you study these statues here at Rome, the more you are driven backwards to the Greek originals, till finally you are compelled to take your Homer into your hand and read him again. New delight and new thoughts attend you, for now you see his Gods springing, as it were, into white marble, you pass through thousands of galleries filled with beautiful forms on lofty pedestals. His legends you now read as so many reliefs placed in the frieze of some ancient temple. Homer turns into a gallery of sculpture; we pass, just as ancient Greece did, from poetical to plastic shapes, the epoch of actual history 2,500 years ago becomes a part of our history, is an epoch in our soul-life. So in truth ought all history to be taken up within us; the struggle of culture is just this: to resume in ourselves as individuals the entire spiritual treasures of mankind — each person is to be all that his race has been. So the old Bard has again taken strong hold of me — he now produces a more creative impression than any

other poet. Recently I read the last book of the Iliad — Shakespeare never stirred me as deeply. Homer is a ideal Greek Temple of the finest Greek Architecture, filled with statues of the Gods and Heroes, with walls decorated in relief and with paintings which portray the great deeds of the Greek race.

Rome, April 28th, 1878.

Your excuses for delay are good, I accept them in full for all past delinquency. How can I help acquitting you when you plead your case so well? Truly Minos would relent from his severity, and he, you know, was an Infernal Judge. Nor is it without pleasure for me to have young ladies walk up to my tribunal and ask for mercy. Still, don't commit the offense again, for it is a still greater pleasure to receive your letters than your excuses. Besides, your delay causes me to reproach myself; I thought perhaps that two or three somewhat free expressions which my pen suffered to run out along with the ink, may have given a little too strong a shock for comfort. Now my fears are dispelled, and I shall try to keep a double-bitted bridle on my goose quill hereafter.

I am sorry to lose one contribution to the letter; still more sorry to hear that the cause is illness. Send the young lady to Rome — that will cure her, and the medicine is pleasant to

take. Indeed young ladies have been known to take it without being sick at all. Send her to Rome — I shall receive her with open arms (figuratively I mean). Think of it — in a fortnight with good luck she can be here. Perhaps she will be able to write a line in the next letter — just a line, telling me how she does. But it pains me to think of that sunbeam darkened by disease.

Just at this moment a peculiar problem is vexing me: it is, what is making that noise on the floor over my head? One o'clock at night it is and after; nobody is said to occupy the room up there; absolute stillness reigns everywhere but in that corner — rap, rap, rap, at intervals of a few moments, then it stops entirely for an hour or so. Animals I have imagined of every kind — mice, rats, cats, dogs — but there is too much method in it for any such theory. I would like to go up there and investigate, but this would rouse two families from their repose. There it is again — rap, rap, rap, sometimes very quick and loud, sometimes slow and indistinct. What can it be? Some disembodied spirit that has followed me from America and wants to communicate to me important news? It is the witching time of night when ghosts are let out of their tombs; I wish I could get a little nearer to it, and find out whether it has a natural cause (which is the case, I strongly suspect) or a supernatural

origin. When I am writing at my desk, it is over my head; when I lie down on my bed, it still seems to be over my head, following me around; this may be a delusion, however. It often wakes me up in the night with its rappings; if it be a spirit, it is very importunate. I spoke to my landlady about it, jocosely suggesting the theory of disembodied spirits — this led me to give her a long account of the spiritual rappings of America; since then she has complained of her dreams. But the old domestic has the best way of getting rid of the demons — when she enters on the threshold of my room, she makes the sign of the cross upon her body; so, she says, the devil himself will be put to flight with a growl and gnashing of teeth. — Rap, rap, rap, again! What, returned so soon, old Flibbertigibbet? Well, I shall go to bed, I am too tired to begin a new page, to-morrow I shall finish this letter with something else. But what can be the cause of that rapping?

The chief object of my admiration among the many kinds of visitors at Rome, is my country women. Two classes of them appear here: the rich, who are the best dressers in the world; and the poorer, distinguished by their energy and intelligence. Oh, the inevitable Yankee woman! here will you meet her, red guide-book in hand, dress tucked up, delight and appreciation in her face; in the streets, in the churches, in the gal-

leries, among the ruins, she is everywhere, an indefatigable, untameable woman, never before seen on this planet, I believe. Most of them I take to be schoolmams, having earned their money by their own industry; after hoarding it for years, now they are spending it in the realization of a long-cherished dream. Look at her — she seems to fly along the Corso toward the Forum, victory laughing in every feature; two or three generally together, no man visible or wanted. To-day they are the most enthusiastic and appreciative visitors of Rome; for have they not studied up every point in Art, History and even Topography far off in Yankeeland, in preparation for the journey here? The European woman sinks into insignificance beside her, none are to be found like her, excepting a few English imitators and still fewer German imitators. Alas! says my Italian landlady, I would like to do so too, but it would cost an Italian woman her fair name. I know it would; the Yankee woman alone dares undertake such an adventure; yet nobody breathes a suspicion against her, for she would take your fine ladies' man and hang him upon a peg as Chrimheld did Siegfried. Yet the women here would all like to do so, and they see often with envy, in the Yankee schoolmam, the realization of their own secret aspiration.

But also in the education of women, Italy claims historical precedence. I was lately read-

ing an article on the famous literary women of Bologna, in whose University women were admitted both as students and professors far back in the Middle Ages. In the 14th century was the young lady, Novella d'Andrea, Professor of the Civil Law, equally famous for her learning and beauty. It is said that she had to teach with a curtain before her face, to shield her youthful listeners from the distraction caused by her personal appearance. Is not some such thing needed in the High School? But the most famous of these female professors at Bologna was Laura Bassi, who belonged only to the last century. This was certainly the most wonderful woman that I ever read of, if the aforesaid article tells me the truth: "she publicly discussed philosophy in the Latin tongue without preparation, she won victories over the most eminent professors at the age of twenty, she was one of the most eminent teachers in Europe, was a great poetess, sewed, wove and embroidered beautifully, as well as attended to her household, and besides giving her daily instructions in the University for twenty-eight years, she found time to have a husband and twelve sons." That beats the Yankee schoolmam, for this last accomplishment, it must be confessed with humiliation, she does not possess.

Yesterday I went to the first social gathering since my arrival in Europe. Davidson who has

been here some weeks and is very friendly, conducted me to the reception of an American lady, whose apartments are quite a resort for all American visitors, I find. She has delightful rooms, lives in a luxurious, dreamy way, surrounded by works of Art, and takes pleasure in receiving friends and strangers from her native country. She must be an interesting character but I do not know her yet well enough to tell you about her. She is somewhat advanced in years — no danger.

Rome, May 8th, 1878.

Can you re-make the face for this torso of Hercules? This I ask myself sitting before the famous piece of a statue so named in the Vatican Museum. It is headless, armless, almost legless; the larger part of two huge thighs remaining. Yet it has received the highest admiration from Winckelmann down to the present. But the question how it shall be completed, has had very different answers. The problem runs: given the trunk and two thighs, in what way is the entire form of the hero called Hercules to be reconstructed? Thus it calls up a very suggestive exercise in creative sculpture; from a part one is to re-make in idea the whole; out of this fragment one is to see growing as it were the legs, arms, head, face with its look, and then the

significant attitude of the entirety. I have tested myself a good deal in the presence of this torso, and have dreamed away hours generating it anew from its original conception. Such a practice has its value, if one seeks to recover the creative center of this art of the statuary and also of this sculpturesque world.

But, my friend, I do not propose to serve up in this letter an essay upon the torso of Hercules, but rather, in accord with my promise to you, to let you see what I am about and the way in which I go at it. You may not care to see the statue, but I know that you do care to see Snider seeing the statue. Well, I have given you now a little glimpse of myself doing my chief task here at Rome as far as I can judge of it myself.

Still there is another point connected with this subject in which I think you will be interested for its own sake. The Greeks in their Mythology represented three kinds or conditions of Hercules: the mortal Hero full of labors on earth; the immortal Hero in Hades, still with his bow and arrows for slaying monsters—Hercules as supersensible form (*eidolon*); finally the Olympian Hercules who has been taken to the gods and dwells among them on Olympus in happy repose. All three stages of this greatest of Greek Heroes (often called a demi-god) are distinctiy indicated by Homer toward the end of

the Eleventh Book of the *Odyssey*. It is my decided opinion that the present torso represents the third *Hercules*. Moreover I would fain believe that the probable time of its origin, the first century B. C. at Athens, is hinted in the statue — the Greek world is no longer alive and free, but has been, as it were, transferred and transfigured into an Olympian peace and contemplation.

Now for another thought upon the present theme. The statue of *Hercules* has drawn me to his legend, out which so many works of art, epic, dramatic, plastic, graphic, sprang in the prime of Hellas. The fact of his double parentage — a divine father, *Zeus*, and a mortal mother, *Alcmena* — entices the mind to query what this occurrence, oft repeated in the mythus of peoples, means. The result was I scratched down in the presence of the torso the following little epigram, in Greek style and measure :

Hercules had two fathers, a mortal and an immortal;

So had *Theseus* bold, *Attica's* pride and defense;

So has every Hero, filled with mighty endeavor;
He is the child of some God stealthily gliding
to Earth.

The Greek *Anthology*, which I am now reading, has many such epigrams, or inscriptions

upon famous statues. The mortal husband of Alcmena was also regarded as the father of Hercules, though legend emphasizes the divine element in him as coming from the Supreme God. The grand mystery of genius born of the humblest parents, and in turn begetting the humblest children, long ago attracted the attention of the myth-making fancy, which sought to account for it by a miraculous supernal relation. Out of this theme, too, I have spun a little epigram, which I am going to send you. Here it is:

Why is the father of Heroes often the weakest
of mortals?

Why so seldom the sons have the endowment
divine?

Some invisible strand winds through our domestic
relation;

Which reaching up to the Gods, draws a
Promethean spark.

Two are the households of man, and his kinship
ever is double,

To an Olympian hearth, though here below,
he belongs.

In this way I am trying to view the sculpturesque world with the eye and mind of a Greek, throwing off my shreds of thoughts into little bits of verse after the antique pattern. The consciousness which generated this people of

multitudinous statues, as the expression of an actual people, is what I would gladly experience and appropriate, in order to carry it with me to my home across the ocean, and then show it to you.

Already in the Louvre at Paris before the Venus of Milo I began to propound to myself the question: Can you complete her? Have you developed the creative thought of her to the point of seeing it reproduce her missing arms? In like manner the Apollo Belvedere which is a restored statue, compels the mind to a new restoration of the work. You will easily understand whither this re-creation of statues leads. It does not stop till one is able to re-create in himself the consciousness from which they all sprang; in fine through sculpture he must reach back to and commune with that original Greek spirit out of which arose Art, Poetry, Literature, Science, out of which indeed Europe itself was born into civilization. The problem with me now is, Can I get back to that genetic source, to that primordial fountain-head, and take a dip there? Then a European journey may mean to return from America to our starting-point not merely in European Space, but also in European Time, and thus to travel through our total European origin.

Rome, May 9th, 1878.

You, whom I have never seen, were the first man outside my own little circle at St. Louis, to recognize my Shakespeare work, years ago, when it first began to appear in the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*. Now when these efforts of mine have been gathered into a book, it is very gratifying to find you, who have devoted your life to Shakespeare, and, on many sides know more of the subject than I do, coming forward with even a greater appreciation than before. I have often wondered how so much knowledge and interest could spring up in Zanesville.

I received your very cordial letter some time ago, but through a variety of distractions I have been unable to answer it till now. This is a world wholly new to me, and I had to get somewhat settled in it before attending much to other things. Two months, however, make me feel quite at home; the streets are getting as familiar as those of my own St. Louis, and even the ruins which at first kept pulling me in every direction, are now beginning to relax their grip upon my attention. I am lodged not far from the Fontana di Trevi, well known in history and romance; but the same thing can be said of nearly everything that you brush against. Judge of my situation: I am suddenly transferred from the

newest part of the newest country of the world to the very old city of Rome; at once its entire past springs up before the mind and insists upon being recognized and understood. Three centres of interest group themselves around you: Ancient Rome, Papal Rome of the Middle Ages, and Modern Rome, the capital of new-born Italy. Each of these is further subdivided into a thousand lesser parts, all of which have some special look of enticement for the student. As for me, I have as yet been able to pay attention only to some galleries of ancient sculpture — a very small fragment of ancient Rome. You will, perhaps, be surprised at what I am doing, and ask, “Why dost thou, barbarian from the backwoods of America, spend thy time in studying Sculpture, an Art hardly belonging to the modern world?” I would answer, because I conceive it to manifest Form better than any other fine Art, better than all other fine Arts put together. It is wholly Form, Form indeed, in its one-sidedness, since it is defective in the internal or subjective element. I do not want to fall into philosophizing here in this friendly letter; but you will understand me when I tell you that I have been driven to Rome to cultivate and possibly to gratify my sense of Form — this is as near as I can give expression to my object. During many years I have felt great longing to come here —

behold its fulfillment. Whether I shall derive that profit which I hope for is a question belonging to the future.

Let me state another ground. The fundamental principle of Sculpture is Repose—divine Repose; thus it is in the most direct contradiction to our American life. Eternal Hurry is rather our principle, rushing, dashing, crushing if you don't get out of my way — so we go. What a blessed thing in such a raging fever is a little Repose! or to look at it embodied in a God! The best medicine that I know of for the American people would be a dose of Greek Heathendom with its sunshine and rest. Great is energy and by no means to be cast away, but it must not be feverish or crazy. Look at that face of Olympian Jove, the cloud-compeller; let it sink into your soul and transform you, for it *can* regenerate you; it has an absolute serenity, yet behind this serenity there is felt to be absolute power. Serene power — if one could only get that boon, it is worth all others put together.

But the trouble is, this spirit cannot be acquired in a few days or even in a few months. It is a great transformation; as it takes the body seven years to change completely, in a like manner we may suppose the soul to proceed slowly in its mutations. I have not come to Rome merely to load my memory with facts or to stare at the ruins for a short time; I may be utterly

foolish in my purpose, but it is my effort at least to bring everything home to my feelings, to hear what the spirit of a monument or of an artistic product says. Failing the first time I have often to repeat my visits, and as it were to caress the secret out of the refractory Goddess. What do you think? I have some interpretations of statues and some of structures which proceed somewhat like the interpretation of a play of Shakespeare. The thought, the organization, the arrangement are all to be considered. But since the form of such a work is very different from that of a play, its laws and limits are different. Yet a Greek temple hangs together by as strict a procedure as any poem.

Perhaps now I have given you a general idea of my pursuits, of which for the present I shall spare you further details. Hereafter I may be able to tell you something more and better. Doubtless you think that I have become a renegade to your great idol, Shakespeare. I hope not. But I do feel that for the present I have done my best for Shakespeare, and he has done his best for me. Later I shall without question resume the study of his works with new pleasure, and I hope with new insight; but the time had come for me to take a fresh and different draught, and to look into forms of Art to which his works stand in emphatic contrast. He is still to me the greatest name among writers; Homer alone

stands a chance of sharing the palm equally with him. When one comes into these Southern countries, Homer increases in significance, while Shakespeare dwindles to smaller proportions. The English poet is still not naturalized among the Latin nations; here at Rome he is hardly more than a portentous Northern shadow. On the other hand, Homer is certainly naturalized among the Teutonic races; so he is at present the more universal poet, and universality is assuredly one of the chief tests of greatness. I have hardly spoken of Shakespeare since I have been in Rome, though the city is full of Americans and English. They, however, are either absorbed in pleasure or in acquiring the peculiar culture which is to be found only here.

Also I have tried to forget that I am the author of a book; I mean that I have tried not to think of it, and not to worry myself about its success or failure. I have heard not a word from the publisher concerning its prospects. I have not read a single criticism upon it, except a few paragraphs incidentally sent me by friends. I am in total ignorance concerning its reception, but I judge that it has created little stir by the silence of my letters from home, which would be apt to say something if there was anything to say. So you see I cannot answer your friendly inquiry after its success. I have no doubt you know more about that than I do. If you have pub-

lished anything upon the book, I would like to see the same. I need not tell you that I think you have penetrated my views and studied them more thoroughly and more sympathetically than any other person that I know of, not excepting my St. Louis friends. I look upon you as one of the godfathers of the work — a relation perhaps which you will disown, but which I intend to foist upon you. I am glad that you are so pleased with the mechanical execution of the book — the publisher made a name by this one effort, which is about the only pay, I am afraid, that he will get for his care and expense.

To-day is our day for visiting the Palatine in company with Commendatore Rosa under whose directions its excavations were made. You are aware that this was the hill upon which the Palaces of the Caesars stood, besides many other ancient monuments. The impression left by this honeycomb of structures is not pleasant, it must have been gloomy and forbidding with its subterranean passages, dark chambers, and very small rooms. Yet it is characteristic: You feel that it was constructed by tyrants who fled from the face of the sun and of their fellow-men, who burrowed in their own dark thoughts as they have here burrowed with their buildings under the earth. They bear among other names those of Tiberius, Caligula, Domitian, and even Nero — monsters into whose paws this world had

been handed over as a plaything. The question comes up with terrific energy on this Palatine Hill, What was the guilt of our poor race that brought upon it such a fate? For Rome was then the world and our terrestrial ball was hardly more than a foot-ball, kicked about capriciously by imperial madmen, profligates, and wild beasts. But the view from the Palatine is wonderful—yet now I shall have to shut it off from the eye with a good-night, and bid you come soon again with a letter.

Rome, May 11th, 1878.

So you are interested in Davidson, and ask me to tell you more about him. Well, he is a very interesting man, and has shown himself such here at Rome, giving new proofs of his wonderful erudition and brilliancy. These are, to my mind, his two leading mental traits. I have seen a good deal of him during his six weeks' stay in Rome, we have often dined together and had very pleasant reviews of old associations at St. Louis. He devotes himself largely to society and has taken me with him on several occasions to social gatherings, where nearly all nations were represented and all tongues spoken. He does not seem to be studying much; I tried in vain to get him to go with me to the galleries of sculpture, which art

I know that he studied a good deal while in St. Louis. His present bent, however, appears not to run in that direction, but rather toward society, in which he certainly shows off to good advantage, with his linguistic and other erudite acquirements. Then his social initiative is superb; his winning, personal manner and his melodious voice undertoned with a slight whiz of the Scotch *burr* take hold from the start; indeed, I have always thought that as a rule his first address was better than his second, and much better than his third. I should add that he is not by any means in good health; this may account for his tendency to take things easy. He has been exceedingly friendly, has even gone out of his way to show me courtesies, all of which I have tried to reciprocate.

Still the old difference between us remains, and has risen to the surface two or three times in little tilts, which, however, at once passed away, for both of us suppressed ourselves with a kind of tacit agreement between us to keep aloof from former grounds of antagonism. For he knew as well as I that nature had made us antithetic, in fact antipathetic, differing from the bottom up in thought as well as in temperament. As he was a teacher with me in the High School for nearly five years, and as I was during the latter part of this period his superior in authority, and was forced repeatedly to set him to

rights practically and theoretically, I had to study his character and specially to probe to the ground of the serious shortcomings in his vocation. I think I have stated to you my formulation of this fact as follows: Davidson lacks the institutional sense. His was the most disorderly room in the building, and consequently he had no small amount of trouble, which would sometimes overflow out of his door and involve the whole school. At the same time he was the most learned man of the entire body of teachers, and personally the most interesting; he had also won greater distinction than any of us. A remarkable versatility he showed both mental and moral; he could whirl about in his views and take a new and indeed opposite position with great dexterity. But when his versatility turned to fickleness, which, I have thought, at times reached down to his conviction, it certainly went beyond the limit at which it could be called admirable.

Yet I must confess that his very amicable spirit as well as many a little remark have caused me to change in my feeling toward him and to think that he may have begun that New Life of which he has dropped me some hints. Evidently Dante, of whom he made fun at St. Louis, has taken a great hold of him and is possibly working his transformation. He still adheres to Aristotle, but has turned away from the new German

interpretation of this philosopher and is evidently seeking the medieval scholastic view of the "master of those who know." In fact he has reacted strongly, I might say violently, from Germans and especially from German scholarship.

He saw my Overbeck on the table where I was writing and studying and immediately attacked it with a rancour which seemed to me almost personal. Yet back somewhere about 1868 or 1869 I know that he read Overbeck (*Geschichte der Plastik*), and from it obtained really his earliest adequate knowledge of Greek Sculpture. In fact it was I who first pointed out to him the existence of the book which was on sale at Witter's German Book Store, where he purchased it. I had not read the book then, as I was not ready for such a task. I cannot help thinking that something happened on one of his visits to Germany—what it was I cannot quite make out. Also he assailed the whole sphere of German Classic Philology with a considerable outpour of vituperation. We were walking past the store of a German bookseller at Rome (Loescher, I believe) when I pointed out the Leipzig editions of the Latin Classics displayed in the window. "Look at that", says I, "the books which were written on this spot by the old Romans many centuries ago are coming back to the same spot, edited by German scholars,

printed by German workmen, and sent forth by German publishers."

Then he did launch an invective at whose extravagance I simply laughed. He declared that he much preferred the French editions of the Classics, for instance Didot's. I could not help adding that Didot certainly drew largely upon German erudition, and some of his editors had names suspiciously Teutonic. In fine his vehement reaction against all Germandom is the most striking change I have noticed in him. You know that in St. Louis he went just in the other direction: he lived with Germans (after quitting Harris), he spoke German chiefly outside of the school; he adopted German customs, notably among other things drinking his quota of beer; he contrasted the American unfavorably with the German. No person of my acquaintance ever Teutonized himself so completely as Davidson did during his St. Louis period; Bernays called him in print a Scotch-German.

Now, understand me, I am not criticising this. Every man has a right to his own individual development in his own way — it would almost seem to be his first right at present. Moreover I did something quite similar myself, for which some of my own blood reproached me. When I first came to St. Louis in 1864, it was substantially a German city ruled by Germans — a situation which arose from the Civil

War then raging. I saw my opportunity to get acquainted with *Deutschthum* at first hand, and I sailed in. The city at present hardly furnishes any such opportunity. With me it was an attempt to push back to my origin in speech, custom and world-view; it was an instinct to recover and renew my dimmed, if not quite lost ancestral line. I doubt if Davidson had any such native instinct in him; his deepest racial strand seemed always to me to be Celtic rather than Teutonic, in spite of claims which I have heard him make. Far down in the bed-rock of character he is a poetic Scotch Celt with an Ossianic tinge. Hence it was not so difficult for him to fling away in disgust his Teutonic culture; at the bottom it was an outside matter anyhow — somewhat as we see the genuine old Roman stripping off his Greek culture and throwing it to the winds in the pinch of destiny. By the way Shakespeare saw this very distinctly, his Roman play of *Julius Caesar* is full of it; in fact he could find it already suggested in his Plutarch. So I construe this astonishing change in Davidson, which came to me with a kind of shock. I thought at first that it might be merely some of his banter or a passing mood, but he has now persisted in this attitude for weeks.

This letter has spun itself out to a greater length than I thought possible, but the matter

has taken such a strong hold of me that I have repeatedly turned aside from the antique to study Davidson. And now I must hint to you another change which I think I have detected in him, quite concealed as yet, and only fermenting perchance dreamily in his soul. It is this: Davidson seems to be *Catholicising*. What do you say to that? Just about the last thing one would imagine of him from his St. Louis career. The German free-thinker and the Greek heathen (so I have heard him designate himself) gives signs of undergoing a remarkable religious transformation. My own astonishment may be expressed by one of Brockmeyer's exclamations: That beats the Devil and his grandmother. But this letter must come to an end, else you may deem it another bantling of the Infinite. I need add, however, that this last act of the Davidsonian drama I do not pretend to fathom; I do not know how sincere, how permanent it is; sometimes I say to myself in explanation, it is only another changeful whim of a soul changeful by nature. But it seems something more; if I get light myself, I shall let it shine on you. Stop, insatiable pen! not another word.

Rome, May 13th, 1878.

I have been for a long time wondering why I received no letter from you ; indeed I was a little alarmed lest your aged arm might be palsied by sickness. But to-day a happy notion struck me while I was ruminating the matter ; I thought that perhaps I had not duly notified you of my change of address. I went at once to the office of the American Legation and there found three letters from you, dating as far back as March. How vexed I felt at my own carelessness ! But the mystery is now fully cleared up and I hope that no such break will again occur in our correspondence. Recollect hereafter to send to my address, Rome, Poste Restante, and not the American Legation.

Of course I read your letters with great delight ; I am much obliged to you for your bits of news about the relatives. Such little points of information are more pleasant than anything else you can write ; they send the agreeable aroma of home across the Atlantic. Tell me about the children, their progress, their prospects, their wonderful doings, for children alone can perform miracles in these late days. But the most surprising fact is the two failures which you mention. Is it possible that those men, who have grown gray in the sole endeavor to make money, have been swept out of all their posses-

sions in advanced life? What a text to preach from! I would like to hear you dilate upon it, nailing your ideas tight with apposite quotations from Scripture, as: "Lay not up treasures on earth where moth and rust doth corrupt," etc. Yet I pity them; it must be very hard to see the whole effort of a lifetime crumble to ashes, and to involve many innocent people in ruin. Nor is the name of a bankrupt very savory, guiltless though he may be. Now I am glad that I have no money and that I have spent my time in writing impossible books which do not hurt anybody. To see some product of your will survive your flesh is a sweet revenge against crabbed old Death. Tell me more about the circumstances of these failures if you have any further information. Died of too much land, is the coroner's verdict. I too have found Real Estate very unsafe to stand on; but, thanked be Heaven, I do not owe anything. Yet when the very ground gives way, whither can a person flee? I hope the commercial stress will soon relax, and if it will only change the whole method of doing business, it will yet be a blessing.

Certainly the length and violence of the financial crisis in America are appalling. Nearly every kind of security has been either annihilated or seriously affected, and still the fever continues its ravages. I do hope it may stop before attacking the national credit, which with that of

most of the States is yet quite intact. One thing I regard as certain: it cannot long stand, if the present depression continues, and even now it stands amid the ruins of the manufacturing, commercial and agricultural industries of the country. Real Estate, the primal basis of all monied security, has financially sunk out of sight, like some islands of the sea; it simply has no value. The buyer gives pretty much what he chooses, it is like the merchandise in some Italian town where fixed prices are unknown, and where one often buys an article for one-fourth of the money first demanded. I speak of the property which for some reason is thrown upon the market; it brings nothing. The inference is plain: a secure fixed investment, one upon which a man can rely, is hardly to be found to-day in America, for there is nothing to secure it. This conviction, when it reaches the minds of the people, must work very badly, for where is the motive to economize? If they get any money, they will spend it rather than lose it; some will get rid of it like myself in a trip to Europe; many others will waste it in extravagance or debauchery.

I have repeatedly heard here in Rome from Americans expressions like the following: "How glad I am that I have received at last some pleasure from my small earnings by this European tour! There is my relative or my friend, who, after denying himself in every way in order

to scrape together a little money, has lost it all by the failure of a bank." Indeed I feel the same thing myself; I pray my bank shall not break till I shall have spent my balance. The sum total of these small savings is immense; but at present they are utterly lost to the business of the country by being hoarded or spent. The chief financial problem for the business man and legislator seems to me to be this: to devise some means which will give security to fixed investments — then confidence will return.

I did not intend to devote this letter to finance or social economy, but somehow or other it has got started in that direction and cannot stop. I do not ordinarily think of these matters, Rome is not in the business-world; but the crash of American credit has been so loud that the echoes are heard even here. Some unexpected failures in St. Louis also have set me to thinking what all this stupendous ruin means — a ruin which, though very different in kind, threatens to rival what I see around me here in Rome. What can be the cause of it? So I demand of myself, turning my face away from some statue. There must have been deep damning guilt somewhere, of which this visitation is the inexorable penalty. I tell you retribution is the most certain if not the deepest law of the universe; man always has that which he has done paid back to him; the sweep may be a wide one, but return it will with

time. What then has the commercial world of America done to merit such a chastisement? People will differ about the offense and the degree of it; but I have my opinion which I am going to tell you, though it may sound more like the analysis of tragedy than a commercial discussion. But then is not this crisis a financial tragedy?

The whole tendency of our habits of business is well illustrated by one of its phases, the so-called credit system. This seeks to put as much time as possible between the day of purchase and the day of payment, thus always weakening and undermining the day of payment. In other words it places a barrier between the deed and its consequence, it teaches men not to expect to reap what they have sown. It is a curious fact of human nature that people will buy if they do not have to pay at once. Now what is the secret motive of such conduct? Only one motive can be assigned; they think they may not have to pay at all, if the time of payment be long deferred; they are ready to run the chances of escaping the day of reckoning, and if they succeed, it is so much clear gain. The moral effect of such a belief is manifest; dishonesty spreads like a flash of powder the moment men think that they will not be held accountable for their actions. Now it is just this belief in

accountability which the habits and practices of American business have undermined.

I have often asked commercial men to show me the valid grounds for the credit system. The only answer that I have ever received is, it promotes business. But how does it promote business? By long credits, by putting off the day of payment, by making dishonesty more easy it buys men with its temptations. Poor human nature will take a thing which it does not have to pay for, and in like manner it will commit a sin which it is not punished for. True business demands that the day of purchase and the day of payment be brought together as nearly as possible; true morality demands that the day of guilt and the day of punishment be conjoined as nearly as possible; the act must not be separated from its consequences.

Since the war America has done nothing but buy on credit; the farmer of the retailer, the retailer of the wholesaler, the wholesaler of the importer, the importer of the European dealer — an endless chain of debts always deferred yet always increasing — a labyrinthine net-work which has entangled every man, woman and child in the land. “Pay as you go” is the good old watchword of the buyer; “make everybody pay as he goes” should be the watchword of the seller. Retribution has come upon business for weakening

its own basis, its own act has come home to itself, its punishment shows poetic justice.

I shall not say anything further about the crisis of which you doubtless hear more than enough at home; but I had to express a few of the thoughts which have been surging through my head for a good while upon this subject. Rome fills me with the problems of the past, that which stares at me on every side is ruin, colossal ruin; one continually asks why should so much greatness perish. My faith is that it was in consequence of wrong, of crime, of violation; every ruin is a hand-writing which, when it is deciphered, reads punishment, and punishment always means guilt. I have just come from a long saunter through Hadrian's Villa, the magnitude and splendor of which defy the imagination; it was the country seat of a Roman Emperor, yet it looks like the remains of a rich and populous city, being several miles in extent. Why does it now lie there buried in rubbish, with lizzards sunning themselves on its broken arches, with the olive tree growing on its very roofs and sending down roots into the imperial chambers? Spell out the huge letters as they lie scattered along the ground, and you will read the doom of unforgetting Nemesis: "Here is given back to you that which you have done."

This is the spot from which the History of the World is to be read with the greatest profit; for

here the simple narrative is accompanied with a most impressive commentary in the ruins and monuments of the city. These speak in the most emphatic manner, making the past a reality which drives home to the senses and feelings. Still greater than the physical is the spiritual ruin; the proudest human being that ever lived—the ancient Roman—has become the Italian beggar; the eternal city herself lives largely from the charity of the foreigner. Seeing on every side such results, we are driven to investigate the causes; a new life begins or ought to begin for the person who settles here for a time with the determination of tracing things back to their sources.

I have not yet made up my mind about the time of my return; it will be governed largely by the circumstances in America. I want to stay another year, though a year is a long time and I may get tired. But it is my purpose to pay a visit to Greece, my trip to Europe will be incomplete without seeing that old classic land. This summer I cannot well go there on account of the intense heat, so this journey will have to be put off till next fall.

Nor have I yet determined whether I shall stay in Rome during the hot season. I have made many inquiries, opinions are very diverse; some people say that the summers are dangerous, others that they are healthy. If I can remain

and work, the question is settled; besides I feel that I am accustomed to the rage of the St. Louis dog-star, and he is probably not much worse here. I am now at the central point of my travels, every other place is of subordinate interest. I would like to stay till I have slaked my thirst somewhat, for I may never have another opportunity.

Do not send off to outsiders any more of my letters, though I expect all the family living in Cincinnati to see them. You know they are sometimes pretty free. I would not write so to everybody. Recollect that I am no longer your bumptious boy of sixteen; recollect that a few more turns of the yearly wheel will bring me to forty. I hear from the little girl quite frequently; she always writes me a short prattling letter, which excites in me the keen longing to see her again.

Rome, May 17th, 1878.

First of all let me say that I am much obliged for the letter of introduction which you have obtained for me from your priest. I shall make use of it next fall if not this summer, provided I stay till that time. It is my desire to form the acquaintance of some ecclesiastics when I begin to cast a few glances into Papal Rome; at present I am wholly occupied with Heathendom,

and am trying to worship in the temples of the old Gods. The good priest did not know, I am afraid, to what an unsaintly soul he was giving a letter; but the advantage is mine and I owe it to you. When I have traveled or rather evolved down to the Middle Ages, it is my purpose to become a good churchman, and sincerely to try to understand and feel what Catholicism has meant and still means in the world.

Davidson has left the city and gone to Naples where he intends to remain a few days and then go to Paris. We made an excursion together to Tivoli, a town about eighteen miles from Rome, celebrated for its romantic situation and its antiquities. It lies on the slope of a mountain, down which cascades are leaping; the mountain streams fall into deep grotts, in one of which the Sybil was said to reside. The volcanic rocks are wound and twisted and curled in every possible manner, producing a natural arabesque which sometimes takes the form of huge monsters. I saw a Triton and a Dolphin; the grot of Neptune is one of the names very appropriately given to a subterranean chamber here. It is not hard to transport yourself into the time of the primitive inhabitants and behold a mythology springing up around this fascinating scenery; indeed if I staid in the locality for a long period, I would make a mythology of my own, and people these abodes with invisible shapes.

Wandering along the deep valley, peering into the weird caverns, observing the thousandfold jets of the water, forms of the vegetation, twists of the rock, one feels the myth-making spirit — the original necessity of accounting for these wonderful processes by the agency of supernatural beings.

The village though in the most picturesque situation, has a dingy appearance; seen from a distance, it is in the most striking contrast with bright and beautiful Nature who embraces it on all sides. Indeed this atmosphere is very trying to the works of man; they must be made of marble and kept in the cleanest and most polished condition, if they will rival the clear skies, the translucent air, and the graceful outlines of the mountains. Everywhere along these slopes stood the immense villas of the old Romans, built from the spoils of the world and without any regard to expense; still many of the ruins are visible with a substructure of brick and mortar more durable than Rome herself. With a little aid from the imagination we can still see scattered on the sides of the mountains white edifices of Greek architecture, shining through the groves — partially hid, yet partially revealed by the rich foliage. In the morning before breakfast we climbed to the summit of Mount Catillo which overlooks the town and the valley of the river Teverone; most beautiful

was the ancient temple of Vesta overhanging the gorge of the roaring stream ; in shape it is round and still has many of its Corinthian columns standing which encircle it in the form of a colonnade. How the town must have shone in the morning sun, filled with its temples, its villas, its public buildings ! Now it is a dirty spot on the landscape. Why did not the people remain Heathens, says my heathenized part to myself, and preserve their beauty ? In antiquity they lived in simple harmony with nature, they adjusted themselves to her as in a mirror ; their works only sought to express her more truly than she herself is ; their life was a continuous enjoyment, an eternal rapture of the senses. They lived, they never died a hundred times in life — existence was not to them a Death-in-Life. Why surrender themselves to the dream of what is to be, and dwell in everlasting discord and struggle with their kind and most beautiful mother, Nature ? Alas, they could not help it — a baby cannot help growing to manhood.

The streets are narrow and filthy ; indeed it is hard to get used to an Italian street ; I always think that I am in an alley of an American village. Stables for cows and horses front the leading thoroughfare, while the house adjoining may contain a store for dry goods or groceries. You look into the lower stories, often without windows ; dark and dismal must be the life there,

though the mild climate entices man into the open air away from his own wretched works. Beggars assail you on every corner, sometimes leaving manly toil to ask for a cent. Oh this Italian beggary — it is the despair of the well-wisher of Italy. How can a people be resurrected that has lost its spirit of independence? So many attempts to excite compassion I have never seen — so many lame, blind, sore, sick, ragged and dirty persons, striking an attitude of prayer before the stranger and invoking the blessings of all the saints — for a single penny, which they do not generally get.

Do you know that I blame the Church largely for this condition of things, on account of its doctrine of charity? Indiscriminate alms-giving is a curse to any society, but when it is made a prime article of religious duty, it elevates the mendicant into the most important instrumentality for attaining eternal bliss. He becomes even insolent and thinks that he is conferring upon you a great favor by giving you such a good and frequent opportunity of gaining the favor of Heaven. The connection between beggary and charity becomes manifest in Italy, and one almost grows hard-hearted toward real misfortune on account of being imposed upon by its counterfeit. Then too what a harvest of lies grows up in the character; it seems as if half the people you see shuffle lamely along or assume some eleemosynary

attitude — dissimulation it is in nearly every case. Charity should be taken away from the church and from the individual; it belongs to the State or Municipality to organize charity into institutions protecting the unfortunate, driving off the impostor, relieving the citizen from care and from alms. Do I seem to you to assert these things too harshly?

I have heard that you intend paying a visit to Europe this summer — why not come to Rome? You could be here by the first of July, if not before; this would give you several weeks in the city before the hottest season, or at least before the unhealthy season, which is said to be worst in September. Besides, from all that I can learn, Rome is not more sickly or hotter than St. Louis in summer. I have not yet compared the tables of temperature — but judging by this preliminary month of May, it is not so difficult to stay in the city during the warm season; certainly I have not yet felt the lassitude which I always feel at St. Louis in the spring. I shall probably remain here, at least my movements will not depend on the season. I need hardly assure you that I am at your service for any arrangements you might wish to make. Living, too, is very cheap and good in Rome, if you but look for it with care.

By the time this letter reaches you, another scholastic year will be at its close, and all of you, my old associates, will be busy preparing for the

grand termination in Mercantile Library Hall. Tell me in a confidential sort of way, how matters have turned out? Cast the horoscope of the future of our circle for me, so far away here in Rome. Give me a little resumé of the literary activity of the winter — what you have gained, what you have not? Do not consider anything too trivial; I know that you have much to tell, if you would only think so. But if you fetch the news yourself to Rome, you need not write it, only let me hear from you at once, lest I may pull up stakes and depart. I am expecting now some St. Louis friends — Germans whom I suppose you did not know — to-morrow they will probably arrive. So time rolls on rapidly, intending evidently to whirl me back in his current to St. Louis some day — but he has not borne me half way there yet I hope.

Rome, May 23rd, 1878.

So you have at length written. My theory was that a letter of yours had been lost, and I had caused the Post Office Clerk to rummage through his packages in search of it. Sometimes too my imagination began to play in a lively manner, picturing sickness, absence, even alienation as the ground of the delay. But the arrival of your letter has cleared away all doubts, and left behind the same old pleasant image of your-

self — friendly, healthy, of aldermanic embonpoint. I wish that I could spend with you a week or two of your recess; or, what would be better, that you could spend the whole of it with me here in Rome.

I am much obliged for your interest in the little girl; she always considers a visit at your house as the very summit of conceivable pleasure. Many an unwilling act have I purchased from her by the promise of such a visit. She has already written several letters to me, short but precious, confined chiefly to sending me a kiss. When I wish to indulge in a pleasant dream, I imagine her and myself ten years hence to have come to Rome and to be going the rounds which I now make alone; she being a young lady not without some sprightliness (it is only a dream you know) and I, what? A man past middle age, with envious silver streaking the shock of my hair. But to look over into that bottomless abyss called the Future, and to keep a steady eye on its Stygian darkness for even a few moments — it makes me shudder. If the imagination did not throw its golden light into that chasm, man would destroy himself rather than enter it alive.

This I know is not the spirit of a Christian, who always looks to the Future for his happiness; the present life is the trial, the dark existence. But I am trying to work out the heathen consciousness that the Present alone is

the bright, clear world; that is, if it be relieved of its grossness and cast into the pure forms of Art. Enjoyment in its true sense is the best doctrine which antiquity has taught us; this, I have come to believe, is its greatest contribution to the culture of the race. For true enjoyment has the eternal element in it; it is not a debauch, a frenzy, but a perennial fountain sending forth waters of happiness. It is the eternal sensuous (*ewig sinnlich*) realized in Art. For the first question of culture, is, What shall I do with these senses of mine? To this question the Ancients, especially the old Greeks, gave an adequate answer. Rigid Morality with its abstract principle has tried to solve the same problem; I do not think that it has been very successful, though I would not in the least disparage its efforts. But Morality must stop carrying on a war of extermination against the senses, and find some common ground of reconciliation.

I have just come from a German tavern here, where one sees all the Germans, artists and travelers. A jolly company it was, ranged on both sides of a long table. Distinguished men were there, women too, but they all threw off their dignity in a merry carousal. Odd characters from every part of the old Fatherland frequent this place — students, making the tour of Italy on foot, professional wanderers, schoolmasters,

even professors. I see old men who have saved a little money realizing the dream of their life by a pedestrian trip to the classic land. I venture to say that these men as a class are the most intelligent visitors of Rome; they know the ancient authors, have studied antiquities from youth; and now they look at the objects which they have read of so much with a sort of ecstasy. One man whom I often see on the Pincio I can never look at without enthusiasm; seedy are his garments, old-fashioned, ill-fitting; his shoes are covered with the dust of the day's perambulation, what is to be obtained in Rome, he is getting, for not a man in the city equals his industry and endurance. How he enjoys the music, the view from the hill, the statuary — a heathen spirit that has wandered from some German village, whither it has been banished in the flesh, has at last found its own joyous world.

Three or four days ago the expected St. Louis friends arrived, whom you are acquainted with. They have already rented a suite of rooms and intend to remain a month. It is extremely pleasant to see these familiar faces here so far away from our old home; now I shall not lack company of the most agreeable kind. Davidson, too, is in the city just now, but will leave it in a day or so. I dined with him to-day and had a very friendly chat about old times

and common acquaintances. He has just returned from Naples and Monte Cassino, of which he gives a very glowing account.

Rumors of socialistic outbreaks in America are sometimes published in the Roman newspapers; do you expect any danger at St. Louis? The Devil has literally broken loose in Europe and is slashing about in a fearful manner. I do not care to touch politics, as the whole subject is just now a very dark one, and I do not like either side. Most of the Germans whom I meet are very ardent supporters and admirers of the Bismarkian cast-iron despotism, which is better, if one must choose, than anarchy.

I do not think that I shall go to the Paris Exposition. It would deflect me too much aside from my course. My purpose is to hold out as long as I can at Rome during the summer, and then go to the neighboring seashore. Here is the place to work in; till my task is done, I cannot possibly be as well off anywhere else. My surroundings are pleasant and inexpensive, the objects of study are mostly here, books I can get and other aids; it would be foolish to leave these advantages at present.

The only drawback which I have yet experienced is that the climate or the food and drink of Rome has a tendency to make me nervous. One cup of tea last evening caused me to lie awake till broad daylight — at St. Louis it would re-

quire several cups to produce such an effect. I suppose however that I may have been excited also from other causes. There is sometimes a low rapping on the floor above my head; this little noise will not let me go to sleep, not on account of the loudness of the sound, but simply because I get into a worry by trying not to let it disturb me; my struggle to tranquillize myself makes me very untranquil. So too insects trouble me more in imagination than in reality; it all comes from pure nervousness which I know to be the cause, but still I cannot help the difficulty.

I have not seen a copy of the *Western* since it passed into new hands, nor have I heard much about literary matters in St. Louis. I am glad to see that you are still pegging away at your novel, I hope to have the pleasure of hearing it as a complete work by the time of my return. Our friend Brockmeyer is still going to write his great work—going, going, but never gone. Would that he could be brought to convert a few of his gigantic possibilities into realities!

Rome, May 25th, 1878.

Yours was an unexpected pleasure to me which I hope you will continue to repeat. Sometimes I become a little depressed, and need a good word to revive my spirits. I cannot always study, cannot always be looking at things, nor is the friend just at hand always, to whom I can betake myself. Your letter imparted to me its own delightful buoyancy.

Just now I was interrupted by the attack of an enemy who has to be chased down before any other work can be performed. I felt him enter my domain just where my drawers and my socks form a junction, that is a little above the ankle; his presence was announced by an uncomfortable crawl, as well as by two or three savage gouges into the flesh. It is the flea, the arch foe of the stranger who tarries at Rome during the summer, infecting his room, his clothes, his bed; he cannot go out on the street, nor can he stay at home without a visit. Personal cleanliness will not keep off the monster; eternal vigilance alone is the price of liberty from the domination of this tyrant. You must forever be standing on your guard, ready to rush into battle the moment an enemy appears. Parts of my body are covered with wounds where he, having caught me in the night, has stabbed me. The flea is a regular

devil, with complete outfit; he has cloven feet, grabbers and horns; pick him up and look at him; a magnifying glass is hardly needed here, for nature has magnified him enough already — both the number and variety of his instruments will astonish you. Nasty little demon he is who thrusts you into a Hell of torment, if you do not watch and fight.

But I have become somewhat accustomed to his presence and rather take pleasure in the excitement of chasing him down. Besides he possesses infinite cunning—another quality of old Satan's; at first he beat all my strategy and never failed to escape till I learned the art of war from him. Then that gigantic world-defying leap—seven league boots were baby shoes in comparison. Some naturalists have calculated how many lengths of his own body the flea can jump. I have forgotten the measurements, but I feel certain that if I possessed relatively the same capacity as the Roman flea, at a single leap I could pass over continents and oceans and be with you in Cincinnati to-night. Here however comes a mystery which I have not yet been able to solve; stated in the form of a question it is this: Where does the flea light when he leaps? On this point my experiments have been manifold; I have spread the floor of my room with the sheets of my bed in order that I might more easily observe his dark large body on

the white material; then I have let him loose in the middle of it, but never more did I catch a glimpse of that flea, he leaped into the invisible regions of space beyond the puny vision of mortals. He too furnishes me some sport; but a few hours ago I saw a very grave majestic-looking Roman matron, while sitting in a parlor with company, clap her hands to her thigh and suspiciously scratch — *Honî soit qui mal y pense*. But what could I help thinking of? I only transferred to her my own thousandfold experience.

This is doubtless enough and more than enough about the entomology of the situation, though the subject is by no means exhausted; but I am aware that you at home are not without opportunities of studying it and not without experience. Let me then give a leap, not unlike that of the above-mentioned insect, to a new subject.

You have often heard of the Italian skies; they deserve all their fame. The atmosphere is very transparant. On a fine day it seems almost as if you could reach out your hand and touch the villages on the Alban Hills though they are from fifteen to twenty miles distant. Still I doubt whether this beautiful clearness is greater than that which we could see at Cincinnati or St. Louis, if the air were not filled with such immense quantities of coal-smoke. Rome has no

manufactures; I can now recollect of seeing only two of those high chimneys whose summits belch forth such thick black fumes from every part of an American city. The industries of South St. Louis alone would fill up the basin of the Roman Campagna with a smoke which would veil all the beauty of the classic land. The praise of clearness is just, but it comes mainly from the English whose country is almost without that quality on account of its fog and its soot.

This clear sunny atmosphere is therefore nothing uncommon for an American eye; but that which is uncommon and very beautiful is the outlines of the landscape. Looking at the hills against the transparent sky, we can see them move in gentle swells, like the waves of the sea; yet the curve of beauty is never lost, the contour never becomes rough or exaggerated. They remind the beholder of sculpture, as nature so often does in this land; there is repose, yet it is full of life; these lines that run so gracefully along the horizon must sink deep into the souls of those who look at them every day. So intimately connected with Art is Nature, who always furnishes the primary but indispensable instruction. One almost thinks that he can point out the lines which trained the eye of the old sculptors, as they in youth gazed upon these Southern hills.

In like manner Nature has furnished the models

for the painter, who has often but to look into the face of the fair maid living next door to him in order to be filled with a vision of beauty. On the whole I think that it may be said of the Roman women that they are the most beautiful in the world, that is, the women of the people, of the middle and lower classes. You will often see the finest Madonna faces in the streets, or at the churches in the act of devotion. I saw a servant buying vegetables at the market; I stood and looked at her as long as she stood still, and when she moved off, I followed in the distance casting unobserved glances — certainly she had more beautiful features than I ever beheld in a picture. They go without bonnets; their hair is often carefully dressed, so that the face is well set off, but the rest of their attire is negligent, even dirty not infrequently. Disgusting is the sight of soiled linen sticking out at the breast or at the wrists, or when the skirt draggles in the street; it suggests filthy underclothes — horrible, unpermissible thought, yet too often forced upon your mind by the personal appearance of the Roman woman. Yet she is a beautiful being, only rivaled by her Parisian sister who has not so fine features but far excels in dressing. Even the market girls at Paris are a delight to look upon on account of their clean white aprons and tidy appearance. But Rome is the converse.

Rome, June 1st 1878.

Would you ever have thought it? In the heart of Rome a kind of a German festival. It would have done your Teutonic soul good to have been with us. A company of German-speaking people from every quarter of the globe nearly, got together — men and women, artists, soldiers, travelers. First a dinner at the *Goldkneipe*, with song, story, mandolin and of course, drink; one ardent patriot, a lame artist, kept throwing into the entertainment some political seasoning which might be called Bismarckian pepper. But the real tussle was over the merits of the two famous German guide-books of Rome — Baedeker and Gsell-Fels — I supporting and voting for the latter.

After settling this problem or rather agreeing to leave it unsettled, we concluded that we must do something worthy of the old Fatherland and of ourselves. What shall it be? After the usual national difference of opinion (you know the proverb — two Germans, three opinions), universal applause followed the suggestion of one of the company that we all go to the wine-shop of Est, Est, Est, and there celebrate the memory of the old Augsburger prelate Johannes Fugger, who drank himself to death on the good wine of Monte Fiascone, that is Mount Bottle — an actual place out by Viterbo, in spite of its

suspicious though very characteristic name. I cried: Ach Himmel! Another banquet, and at this time of night! But the enthusiasm carried me along, and like a whirlwind we swept into the tap-room on Via Palombella waking up the old woman in charge.

Now I must tell you the story of the person we celebrated, drinking the same kind of wine that sent him to bliss. It is, I should say, the most famous German story in Rome; at least I heard it told by Germans oftener than any other. The said Fugger taking a trip from Germany to Rome on some ecclesiastical duty, sent his servant ahead to test the wine of the various places he was to pass through, and, where it was good, to write on the door of the wine shop *Est* (it is). At Monte Fiascone the servant wrote thrice for emphasis *Est, Est, Est*, and to this day the wine there is so named. But the German ecclesiastic never reached Rome, never, indeed, got beyond Monte Fiascone. In its church, San Flaviano, is an inscription on a tomb by the servant in very broken Latin which tells the story: "*Est, Est, Est*. On account of too much is (*est*) here Johannes Fugger, my master is (*est*) dead."

The story was again told in the wine shop with many a merry decoration between the sips. In fact, Fugger became a kind of heroic theme played with numberless whimsical variations by

the whole company. Finally a song broke out which I have heard you intone at St. Louis: *Der Papst lebt herrlich in der Welt*. Then I sneaked off and went home to bed.

What a Gothic festival in this classic land! As I lay thinking of the strange Teutonic freaks of the evening, Goethe's Walpurgis-Night came into my head, portraying a scene on the Blocksberg, one of his wildest, most fantastic pieces of Northern witch-work. And yet he wrote it here at Rome, in a kind of inner German reaction against this ever-harmonious classic art. His suppressed Gothie nature broke loose and welled forth in that poetic outburst of weird grotesquery. So it was with his countrymen to-night. But to-morrow we shall all be hastening to the galleries to view and appropriate the serenity and happy proportion of that Greek statuesque world, which we have somehow to get inside of us, or remain barbarians. German Faust must wed Greek Helen, even if now and then he slips away from his beautiful spouse, and has a regular Walhalla night of it on Brocken.

Rome, June 14th, 1878.

Your description has made me live over again many an agreeable hour passed in your house. I would like to see your company before it disperses for the summer and learn what progress you all have made; but it is doubtful whether I shall have this pleasure even next summer, not to speak of this summer. Europa still holds me with a tight grip, or rather I still cling to her with all the desperation of a lover, and as long as I take such interest in her society and conversation, I cannot forsake her. I do not wonder that even old Father Jupiter fell in love with her, and carried her off across the sea; I intend to do the same thing myself, if I can only get her on my back, or rather into my head. But it will take at least another year's coaxing with doubtful results even then. One thing is certain: I am going to bring away some of her dresses — fair silken garments I hope, and not a handful of old rags long since worn out and thrown aside. . .

The difficulty here as elsewhere in this world is to separate the Permanent from the Transitory. Around every great work, particularly in Rome, is heaped a mass of intellectual rubbish — the accumulation of ages — which often hides it more effectually than the dirt now being carted away from the Roman Forum. The Laocoon,

standing up so clearly in the Vatican, to many eyes is growing invisible, nay is buried quite as deep as it lay four centuries ago under the soil of the Esquiline. A good word upon it is always good and in season; but it is made the basis of endless conjecture, disputation, doubt, until the hard white marble begins to dissolve into an indistinct impalpable fog that is everywhere and nowhere all at once. Such worthless toggery *Europa* must leave behind, together with all her band-boxes, when she crosses the ocean with me. The truth is, I suppose, that I have become so infatuated with the undraped, that I want either no clothes at all or only those which reveal the true shape within.

Italy is indeed the land of the undraped, not merely in Art, but also in the customs of the people. My landlady, a beautiful young woman of nineteen, throws off all outer garments during these hot days, and flits through her rooms in those snowy robes which always bring to mind the repose of night. I would be a little embarrassed, but her husband is often present and seems not to know the difference. Her jet-black hair and sparkling eyes with red cheeks shading into a light brown, are splendidly set off against her white flowing garment, whose free folds show, in an easy negligent way, the fullness and beauty of every member of the body. Who could help drinking in artistic inspiration

when such shapes are continually hovering before his eyes?

Were I not too old, I would turn sculptor in order to try to put some of them into everlasting marble. I imagine that many customs of the present Italian life are transmitted directly from ancient Roman times; it often happens that some small circumstance recalls and explains a classical author or event. So the draped as well as the undraped statue becomes endowed with life here and has its place amid the people. On the streets of Rome, Painting and even Sculpture can easily be accounted for; there walks the model, look at her, a Madonna, or perchance a Venus; examine a little further and you will find the social conditions, under which alone Art can thrive.

Although the Italians do not drape the body as much as Northern peoples, they make up the deficiency by draping the character. Actions are too often hidden impenetrably deep in dissimulation; that clear transparency of soul called candor is a virtue unknown in Rome. There is little downright stealing; but cheating is the first principle of commerce. The stories told by the resident foreigners chime to one key-note: universal trickery and small remedy from law. For the first month I believe that I was swindled in nearly every purchase I made — still I ought not to

complain, for certainly everything is cheap enough. This Italian foxiness is indeed a great historical study—it is the mother of modern diplomacy, of papal domination, of Machiavelli. Yet what wonderfully sweet appellations do they not heap upon you—their language turns into a perfect garden of the most fragrant flattery, particularly when you threaten to leave your lodgings. All the incense, however, is thrown under the nose chiefly in order to benumb the judgment. You must never make a literal translation of these endearing expressions into homely blunt English, else awful is your deception. Be like Ulysses in the grot of the enchantress—drink off the sweet beverage to the bottom of the cup, but always have by you an immortal plant which keeps the head level.

But in spite of their perversities, you cannot help liking these beautiful beings. Italy is a maid whom the world woos; her very naughtiness becomes attractive after a little time. You love to lie under her light blue skies and have her scatter rose-leaves over you, although you know that the little witch is merely seeking to lull you into a dream while she intends to abstract some coin from your pocket. But her presence is well worth the money which she gets by both fair and unfair means, especially from me. Enchantment and instruction go strangely hand in hand; in your room you read of the greatest events of the

world's history while under your window rise the strains of the most deliciously effeminate instrument, the mandolin; the Great and the Small blend together in the feelings, producing the strangest harmony. Full of the greatness of the Imperial Caesars, you set out for the Palatine, their residence — what a change comes over you when you peer into the face of that flower-girl who stands in your path! Do not laugh at my susceptibility, it is the crowning glory of the traveler to make a romantic adventure out of the common-place fact.

A few days ago I went to the Barberini Palace in order to look at Guido's famous picture of Beatrice Cenci, which you have doubtless seen. I stood before it a long time and assuredly the impression which it makes is very powerful. That pale face turns around and looks at you out of its frame, it tries to smile and even coquette a little with you, who are gazing on it; the attempt, however, is very difficult; there is a dark sorrow overshadowing these features, unfathomable and horrible as Erebus. The two elements so happily blended in the picture are, the desire of pleasing and attracting the world on the one hand, while on the other hand this quality is overwhelmed by some dread calamity of soul. Leave out of mind the supposed history of Beatrice, which merely confuses and misleads; take the face and that which it says, and that

alone; thus the work may be understood in its deepest purport.

What is the ground of the universal fascination produced by this picture? For, to tell the bold truth, it is the most popular work of Art in Rome, more enthusiastically admired and more deeply treasured in the hearts of women particularly, than any product of even Raphael's pencil. Beatrice is a woman, she has a female peculiarity — she turns aside from her calamity, casts a glance upon the spectator and smiles. What woman has not done the same thing, in one way or another? A lady of beauty and fashion, used to the admiration of the world, now under some torment, the exact nature of which it would be rash to declare — she cannot lay aside her own character, the ocean of sorrow cannot drown her desire of pleasing. So she turns her head around and smiles, going to the scaffold perhaps — nay going to Hell itself in her own opinion, possibly.

Perhaps you would like to hear my impression of a celebrated work of Sculpture, Michel Angelo's *Moses*, which I saw yesterday for the first time, though I have often looked at copies of it in America. Powerful beyond utterance is the statue taken as a whole, when the details are all toned down in the general effect. But with some of these details I cannot reconcile myself; especially the two horns rising out of the head are

repugnant; I have thought of many grounds to justify this strange proceeding of the artist, but I have given up the attempt, it must remain a mystery to me. To call them rays of light—just two rays of light—that will not do. But other details are the most perfect of their kind; that beard was never equalled on Olympus.

The best part is the left arm—what mortal man does not tremble at the sight of it, though lying in repose there across the body? It contains the possibility of infinite strength; one asks involuntarily where did the artist get that arm? But alas! the face will not speak to me, or only mutters discordant unintelligible sounds. How gladly would I hear the great lawgiver converse a little! Perhaps if I cultivate more sedulously his acquaintance, his lips which are now only stone will begin to move with life and utter something.

Michel Angelo is the greatest, most universal artist that the world has ever seen; the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel is the supreme work of Art. His genius still dominates over Rome like a God; everybody grows pitifully little beside him. He has filled me so full that I cannot say anything about him, cannot measure him at all. Many little insights into his works I think I have, but my categories are as yet insufficient to embrace his enormous entirety. For his sake

chiefly I shall have to return to Rome in the fall and try to surround him once more.

The time has now arrived for me to load myself with my gathered stores — very inadequate they are indeed — and set out for a less burning climate. It is quite impossible to work here in the summer, otherwise I would stay at all hazards. To leave behind so much in Rome is painful, though the separation be not lengthy. Passing through a number of the more important Italian towns, I shall gradually creep over the Alps into Germany and hold up at Wiesbaden where I may stay for some weeks.

Rome, June 15th, 1878.

The presence of my St. Louis friends has done me much good. They are in every way congenial to me, and I pass happy hours in their society. Before they came, I was a little too solitary, and too intent upon my pursuit. Now they call me out of myself, and compel me to tell them what I have seen and thought. I have visited the galleries with them and explained in little talks my views upon various masterpieces. This, I hope, has been profitable to them, but it has been more profitable to me. It has compelled me to look back and put together my scattered ideas — a thing which I would probably not have done unless they had appeared and

given the incentive. Thus I have been led to take a good deal of delightful and advantageous recreation.

Recently I have met two sculptors who interested me. One is a Jew — a strange fact, since it has been usually supposed that the Semitic, and especially the Hebrew mind was hostile to, if not incapable of, plastic art. Certainly the Old Testament worthies did not take to graven images, nor did Mahomet. The other sculptor was a very old man, originally a peasant from Northern Germany, who did not find his artistic vocation till he was nearly forty years old. At last he discovered himself and reached the center of his aspiration in Rome. He has the reputation of being the most pious, if not the only pious artist in the city; him alone of all his craft the late Pope Pius IX, visited at his workshop. A haive piety and reverence shone out of his face as he told how he was making a Pietà, a religious image of the mother holding the dead Christ. Verily he seemed there a kind of incarnation of his theme.

As you have a bent toward philosophy, let me say that I resolved one day to dig a little for it in the ruins of Rome, since it was no where apparent on the surface. I found some excuse to call on Count Terenzio Mamiani, a distinguished philosopher and politician of whom I had read a notice in the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*.

He met me cordially, asserted his Platonism with zeal, and then launched off into an attack on the priests. He inquired about the philosophical movement in St. Louis and gave it a nice little compliment, of which I took my share, of course. Several times I have sauntered to the University of Rome and dropped into lectures. Once I heard the noted professor of philosophy Luigi Ferri. Also at a talk on Dante I was present — philological chiefly. Twenty Roman boys I heard construing Livy, rather drearily I thought. I was with my Italian friend Giovanni and I asked him: How did you like it? *Non mi piace*, said he. Latin ought not to be quite so dead as that in Rome.

From these and other experiences I have concluded that my mood here is not philosophical. Perhaps the unconscious object of my journey is to wean me from a one-sided devotion to abstract speculation in which my good genius deemed me indulging to excess at St. Louis. Certainly a new interest or new line of interests has taken possession of me.

Still in all my judgments about Art I feel two philosophic influences strongly at work. One is Brockmeyer, whose flashes and lucubrations scattered through years roused my latent bent. The second I hold to be Hegel and especially Hegel's Aesthetic, which has given such a complete and in its way beautiful organization of the total art-

world of man. With it also I communed for years. To be sure I already see that in some places it must be changed. Still these two influences I can recognize as often coloring and even determining my native tendency.

On the other hand, it is quite probable that I am transforming them quite as much as they are transforming me. Certainly that ought to be the case.

Outside of Art and Religion, Rome seems to me to furnish the greatest incitement to delve into the World's History, to compel, as it were, a Philosophy of History. The Last Judgment of Nations is best seen and felt in these colossal ruins. That Rome represents a grand drama of retribution, is an impression which all receive who look at it with any degree of sympathy. This is what renders the work of Gibbon so great and so lasting: it occupies the center of the World's History, and portrays the judgment of the Tribunal of the Ages, in this case a negative judgment which is executed by the Destroyer. One seeks to penetrate the grounds of this long and terrible destruction. But the tempting theme I have to shun at present, only casting now and then a glimpse into its depths. I often feel, however, that I would like again to take my Gibbon in hand, and read the colossal Tragedy of Rome, which he has set forth so magnificently, and I think poetically, in spite of

his tendency toward abstract reflection. Here upon the very stage of the tragic action, with its actual scenery of ruins, is the place to realize fully the mighty pathos of a world going to pieces through its own act, yea through its own guilt, being judged and condemned by the Supreme Tribunal of History, whose presence still is more powerfully felt and whose hand more distinctly seen just here at Rome than on any other spot of the globe.

Rome, June 17th, 1878.

Both your letters have been received, the cause of the trouble is not the Post Office, but myself. I failed to notify you of my change of address. The weather is growing extremely hot; I find that I cannot work to good advantage here during the summer and I shall soon leave for the North. When the wind called the scirocco blows, I am utterly worthless, I cannot even digest my dinner. I am, however, very well, and during my whole stay here only once or twice have I been somewhat indisposed. Of the so-called Roman fever I have not felt a trace.

It is with unwillingness that I break in upon my pleasant routine and quit my quarters. I feel almost settled in this city, it is hard to move me. When one becomes accustomed to a certain place, every object wears the face of a

familiar friend, from whom separation is not easy. But when we consider that in no other country of the world these objects can be replaced, the farewell becomes tender. But I am a little tired of looking at so many things — several months absence will do me good. It is at present my intention to return to Rome in the Fall, if nothing urgent from America calls me back; I might as well finish the enterprise while I am about it; besides it were a pity to break off now, when my thoughts are just beginning to take a definite form, and all the Fine Arts commence to join themselves to History. Much remains to be done, but the previous chaos in my mind is slowly growing into order.

I shall be unable to be with you this summer, but I have by no means forgotten the sport that we had last summer in the Alleghenies. There is an Italian woman tall and fine-looking, who has furnished me much merriment in various ways, chiefly on account of her fear of water. She will not cross the Tiber in a skiff, and the sea she imagines to be a huge monster ready to swallow her. “What, madame, would you not cross the ocean?” I asked her. “No, not for the world,” she replied. “Not even with a husband?” After some hesitation she said, “Ah, yes, if I had one” But do not be alarmed, she is a grandmother, though younger than I and of course a widow.

I have just returned from a walk through the streets, which I took to wear off a dark humor which was haunting me. In one of the narrow alleys I saw the people dancing the famous *Tarentella*, on the rough hard pavement. An old woman with grey hair was one of the liveliest of the whole company — there is only eternal youth in this happy clime. But one fellow was the most elastic dancer I ever saw — he pulled off his shoes and capered about in his socks; he seemed to be made of India Rubber, his muscles quivered with suppleness, and he bounded to and fro like a ball — he was man turned into motion. The gay picture cleared up my spirits quickly — these wretched people, even when old, have in their possession this boon of boons, enjoyment. It is almost impossible to become a brooder here where both man and nature call the mind outwards and color it with their own clear happy tints. Every object seems born of sunshine. How healthy for the soul is it to get out of the industrial coal-smoke of America and cleanse itself once at least in life!

Some German friends offered me an opportunity to see the Pope, as they were going to have an audience. At first I thought I might go; but as a ceremonial dressing is required, and the etiquette of the Papal Court somewhat rigid, I concluded to decline. Besides, I felt inwardly that I had no business there, that my distance

from his faith and from his purposes ought to exclude me from his presence. I believe him to be a sincere man, but sincerity is the right arm which has always battled for fatalties. Paul the persecutor was as sincere as Paul the Apostle. The people who went were much edified according to their report, though all but two were heretics. Their praise of the kind and gentle nature of the Pope was very warm and earnest.

A few days ago, while walking with a friend in the grounds of the Villa Borghese, I saw Queen Margherita ride along in her carriage. She has not what you would call beauty, but her face is very interesting, from its kindly sympathetic look. Her dress was very plain, and I can well understand why she is so popular with the masses — on her face and in her actions they read: this is mother of the people. Also the King I have seen on two different occasions. A well-intentioned but probably not a very strong man, he will hardly be the ruler that his father was, indeed there will hardly be the opportunity. Politically Italy ought to be satisfied, she has now enough work on hand if she develops her industrial and commercial resources. Yet then she would be ruined for many purposes — factories at Rome would soon drive away the tourist, I am afraid.

There has just been held an election; the issue was the everlasting conflict between Church

and State. It is impossible for me to take much interest in such a political struggle; neither party ought to be triumphant; both are ready to violate the rights of their opponents. How immensely in advance of Europe is America on this question! With us it is settled, and settled without wrong to either party; though some sectaries insist upon dragging it into our politics, it is really but a European reminiscence. Indeed Europe, though much older than America in other respects, is politically a child compared to the United States. Look at Berlin to-day; the great German Empire is undertaking to suppress opinion by wholesale imprisonment; men's looks are punished, for a tailor who is said to have looked satisfied on hearing a rumor of the Emperor's death, was condemned to several years confinement. As if the history of the world had not proved that each drop of martyr's blood springs up into an avenger. Political instrumentalities are rude to barbarism; political experience seems wanting even to statesmen at the helm. Learning they may have, but not sagacity — in fact I have become disgusted with the practical effects of excessive erudition, it reduces men to a second childhood. The American backwoodsman has ten times more political sense, and is ten times more fit to be the free citizen of a free state than a learned German Professor. Strange, is it not, that the

most cultivated people in the world are nearest the condition of political children?

Day after to-morrow I shall begin my travels again, passing up through Italy across the Alps into Germany which I desire to inspect close at hand and see if I can more definitely find out for myself what is the matter with that country. Some deep-seated trouble it seems to have.

Rome, June 17th, 1878.

Three months and a half in Rome! I am naturally in a retrospective mood this evening, trying to bundle together not only my things but also my thoughts before taking a new spring in this European journey. Something of a change within I vaguely feel; I shall be silent about it, however, as it may be only a passing mood.

I have fluctuated a good deal about what I should do this summer. No doubt Rome is still the center of attraction for my world, though I feel this to be shifting toward Greece. At first I thought I would not leave the city during the hot weather; then I contemplated a brief stay at some place on the sea shore. Also I entertained the idea of what is here called the *villegiatura*, a summering in the mountain villas and towns around Rome, especially those of the Alban range. Frascati is famous as a resort of this kind, and can be reached by rail in a few min-

utes. But I have been persuaded by my German friends to go North for the season, and see the old Fatherland at first hand, instead of being satisfied with that reflection of it visible in St. Louis. This trip northward I regard as kind of deflection from my main object, still it will not hurt to let the large and somewhat turbid mass of new impressions settle into a little order and clearness.

Naturally I have laid out some plans for the summer. I shall see the river Rhine and its lands, the scene of so much Teutonic story. Perhaps I shall realize more fully its character when it is viewed in its own setting of Nature, and shall feel more keenly its contrast with Southern legend. Thus I may be able to bring home to heart as well as to head that distinction between Classic and Romantic so much insisted on by French and German writers, especially by my two chief instructors, Goethe and Hegel. You see my mind turns instinctively to literature, which is indeed its ultimate expression, and which has almost dropped out at Rome, since little or no incentive to it exists here, as far as I have been able to find.

It is midnight, but I am going to send you another little echo of my mood which has been floating around me all day, and which I have caught and thrust into words, after considerable pursuit. If it starts in you a brief roll and re-

verberation of myself as I feel at present, it will have attained its purpose.

Now I must leave thee, O Rome; there is a loud
clock in the city

Tolling the limit of time when the sad guest
must depart;

Louder still I can hear the stroke of the clock in
my bosom.

Smiting with hammer of steel: now I must
leave thee, O Rome.

Rome, June 18th, 1878.

Everything indicates the break-up as I jump out of bed at daylight and take a sweeping glance around my room. In one corner stands my valise packed full and ready to be picked up and taken to the station. On my table lies a pile of books, some of which I shall give to my Italian friend Giovanni, but the most of them I shall store away till I return. For return I must after taking a kind of side tour or loup extending through Northern Italy to Germany and back again. Such little lous I have already made from Rome to Frascati, to Tivoli, and also to Fiumicino on the sea-shore, where I stayed a whole day looking at the Mediterranean, for there was little else to behold. As usual, the view of the sea started in me the epigrammatic mood, and

the billowy movement of the waters gradually rocked itself into a corresponding movement of words, which seized for imaginative expression the mythical shapes of old Hellas. What do you say to this :

Festive processions of Nereids drawn by silver-reined dolphins

Wind in the curls of the sea, curled by soft Zephyrus' hand ;

Shell-blowing Tritons rise up and announce the approach of Poseidon,

Then sink under the tide to the hoarse note of their shells ;

Look o'er waves to the line of yon blue, 'tis a festival splendid,

Thousands of deities hoar float round Poseidon's moist car.

So I toyed the hours away rehabilitating the marine deities of Greece and harnessing them in my new English verse (the elegiac it is called). Here a comparison of myself with myself strikes me and I shall impart it secretly to you. When I was crossing the Atlantic, not yet six months ago, the sight of the ocean stirred in me this same impulse, the struggle to rehabilitate for myself the sea-gods of Greek mythology. Then it was the *Odyssey* which came up to my mind with its shapes. But really I had no expression of my own for the Greek world at that

time; I simply sported with its images and made no attempt to catch them and fix them in words. I had no poetic form for doing so. But I begin to believe that I am getting such a form, one that is very congenial and, as I think, native to me. This, of course, may be wholly delusion. But for weeks these rolling and rollicking versicles have bubbled out of me at the view of land and sea, as well as of objects of art. In fact I find my chief pleasure now in catching their elusive shapes and voicing them in lines which trip 'to this classic rhythm. Here let me wind up by transcribing from my note book another little whiff:

Thou must behold in the sea not merely the sea
but the image

Mirrored down in the deep, changing to forms
of the Gods;

Water as water is always insipid without its
reflection—

The fair Nymph in the brook, Nereid under
the sea;

But if no deity thou canst behold in the rill or
the ocean,

Peer once more in its glass, there thou be-
holdest thyself.

The German Loup.

Orvieto, June 20th, 1878.

Rome lies behind me, and before me, too, for I intend to return. The Roman fever is a reality, and can be cured only by drinking of the Fountain of Trevi. Now I am on a railroad train, which is creeping up the valley of the Tiber through many a classic scene. Most prominent is Mount Soracte—high, chalky, hanging out of the clouds down to the earth, one imagines. On the summits of the hills lie the villages, surrounded by old walls in sunshine and rich color. The railroad stops at the foot of the precipice, and leaves the traveller to climb up into the city. So we go bird-nesting around these beautiful Tuscan hill-tops softly blending with the Italian skies.

The Middle Ages have written one word over the face of all this country—that word is insecurity. Gunpowderless ages they were, thank heaven! otherwise walls had been no protection. Up, up, under the hot sun; past an immense bastion, through a huge stone gate—now I am in the narrow, well-shaded streets of Orvieto, famous for the excellence of its wine, the beauty of its women, and the splendor of its cathedral, all of which virtues are to be tested by the honest traveller before leaving.

Good luck is in my company, for to-day is the festival of *Corpus Domini*, as well as the anniversary of the departure of the Papal troops from Orvieto, if an old countryman has correctly informed me. Already the streets are alive with peasants and citizens. What falls into the eye first, last, and all the time is the play of color—color everywhere. The crowd forms dancing waves of red, blue, green and yellow, moving among themselves and blending into one another. It is as if the parts of the rainbow began to whirl, change places, intertwine, and then vanish. Every countrywoman is tricked out gaudily in colored fragments; each different portion of her dress has to be of a different hue. She shows an inborn delight in color; her taste is rude, yet sincere; she is not the creature of her milliner. The countryman has more sober tints, yet varied. His chief ornament is a peacock's

feather stuck in his hat; or, if this extravagance be too great, he has the dark, golden-shimmering quill of a cock's tail.

A multitude of people on the square have formed a circle. From the center comes a shrill but not unpleasing melody, intended for the open air, and not for a room enclosed on all sides. I worm through the crowd and behold the minstrels. The man is playing a harp. The woman sings "like a cicada." At times she tries to put too much operatic color into her untrained voice. I look around to see if the bystanders are not laughing, but they seem to enjoy just that color, however rude. A more plaintive air succeeds much better, and still I remember with pleasure the refrain: —

"Soave albergo di goija e d'amor
Teco abandono la pace del cor."

The country poet has some printed ballads, of which I purchase a selection. Strong colors again — blood-curdling story of a murderer, rhymed chronicle of a famous brigand, desperate deeds of two desperate lovers whose union is opposed by the parents. They are truly Italian stories, not yet refined into art, but showing the very bedrock of Italian literature.

I have to think of our country people, with little or no love of color, with a very slight poetical strand in their character. Imagine the

Illinois farmer coming to the city with a peacock's feather in his hat; think of him singing his strains on the streets, or even listening to "mincing poetry," which to him is worse than "the forced gait of a shuffling nag." Patched, unshaven, with channels of tobacco juice running full from the corners of his mouth, he is not an æsthetic being. Dressed in butternut or blue jeans from shoulder to foot, he shows little feeling for color. But he has other and sterner virtues not so well known here; he will not beg or rob; industry he possesses; and in political intelligence he leads the peoples of the world. Imagination cannot upset him; his head is on the same dead level as his own prairie.

In the meantime we have sauntered into another street. It is time to look up; here is the Cathedral. What can mortal tongue utter now in the presence of this architectural face looking suddenly down upon you? Imagine all the commonplaces of the English language compressed into one word of admiration — that word read on this page. Nearly every great creation of art must be worked into before its secret is reached, but here the beholder is snatched up into the third heaven of wonder and enjoyment at the first glance. I can truly say that nothing which I have yet seen in Europe has produced so strong, and, at the same time, so immediate an impression. From the whole the eye passes

slowly to details, and finds everywhere an almost microscopic care and perfection. The very first minute one feels bound to the edifice with cords which seem to be made of his very soul.

Here again the effect comes from the mystery of color, for all the flat surfaces are filled with mosaics of the most brilliant hues, except the lower compartments, which have sculptured reliefs. But why trouble you with a description which must remain a dead letter to your imagination? I have a horror of a description of a work of art which is intended for the eye. But so much try to bring before your mind's vision: The whole facade is one immense picture thrown open to sunlight; its frame is of most beautifully carved and diversely inlaid Gothic work. This frame is divided into compartments by smaller Gothic frames running crosswise and lengthwise; in these compartments the gallery of pictures is placed above and below. Architecture, therefore, furnishes the setting; sculpture and painting, each in its own manner, furnish the contents; all the spatial arts thus unite to celebrate their triumph in a common supreme unity. The harmony of the three arts fills you of itself. You can hardly bring yourself to look into the detailed treatment of the various subjects there represented. The church is dedicated to the Virgin; so these frames contain mainly her history, written in brilliant coloring

for the eye and not for the mind. Let, then, no description of it be further attempted.

When I have looked myself nearly blind in the glare of this fierce Italian summer sun, I enter the cathedral. As before said, there is a festival and religious service. Now to the three arts of vision the fourth one, that of hearing, is added, which sets all of these fixed plastic forms into vibration — music. Shall I not say that the same tendency to color, to rich and changeful variety of melody, is observable in this art too? *Corpus Domini* — the Body of our Lord! How the theme was wrought into a radiant warbling chain of modulations, linking together sorrow, joy, despair, and heavenly ecstasy!

An inner chapel of the cathedral is thrown open. There is the heart of the edifice and of the faith which built it, again uttered in color. Above is a pyramid of faces by Fra Angelico. Never has heavenly serenity found such supreme expression. The countenances of the old prophets there have suns in them, and they look sunshine into you forever. Below this celestial group is the other side of the universe, — hell with its agonies and contortions, — painted by Luca Signorelli with a wild demoniac energy as if he were there himself. This is the prophecy of Michael Angelo and his “Last Judgment.” Look and pass, — *guarda e passa*, — for we are in the nether world with old Dante. So near

then, are heaven and hell together and to us! But glance upward once more; that pyramid of seraphic faces looking down upon you will draw you out and up to itself; color is now beatified. Thus one looks till his senses get transformed if not transfigured.

From the cathedral I pass to the town walls not far off, in order to catch a breath of the cool breeze and to take a refreshing look over the country now reposing in the rays of the setting sun. Behold, another picture with every variety of outline, color, and perspective! Here is the true background to this Italian life and art, to this very cathedral and all that it contains. The eye looks forth into the deep blue distance till it rests on other summits crowned with villages. Between lies the many-hued land-scape, which also furnishes brilliantly varied yet harmonious details, if it be carefully studied. Here is the school which nature opens for her children over shadowy vales and sunlit heights. Art repeats the lesson, but condenses it into the one glowing surface, like the facade outside or the faces of the saints inside the cathedral. Italy is indeed the prism of nature held aloft in the sunbeams and changing the world into a paradise of dancing iridescence.

But is it not time to go to my inn and give a little repose to the eyes inebriated as it were with color? Yes; moreover it is dark or growing so.

Nature has closed her gallery; nothing more can be seen to-day. Yet what is this? I come to the public square, in which a vast multitude is assembled; behold another exhibition of color, now set off by night—fireworks. These again are of every hue, variety, and capricious form—writhing tortuosities of flame representing buildings, portraits, even gleams of human action. This is the climax. Color is now intensified into fire. I can now go to bed and dream—dream of an eternity arched over with rainbows or girdled by the walls of infernal red-hot Tophet.

Orvieto, June 22nd.

Your letter reached me just as I had made up my mind to leave Rome for the summer.

I am sorry to say that I did not succeed in obtaining the *Discorso* which you so highly recommended, though I went to *Loescher*, and even to *Propaganda Fide* to get it. I shall have to defer its perusal till my return. Also your further orders in regard to the *Thomas Aquinas*, or in regard to any other matter I shall take pleasure in attending to. Your friend and I have consulted a little about your *Aquinas*, and have deferred acting till fall, when you must send word from America. In the meantime we shall watch sales and catalogues and see what can be done.

I am now on my way to the North. I found that I would almost lose my summer as regards work and recuperation, if I remained in Rome. So a couple of days ago I set out for Orvieto, with the intention of visiting the smaller cities of Tuscany, on my way to Florence.

I had a little tilt with our lady friend, as I took an opposite view on Italy to see her manœuvres. Of course it can not be expected that we should always agree; we are too far apart both in religion and in occupation; Catholicism is not my faith, and newspaperism is not my literary calling. But these points we did not, nor should ever discuss; they are too personal. Although "a good Catholic," she is far more of a skeptic than I am, (in the larger sense of the word). But these differences added zest to the conversation. At my departure I gave her a copy of my book on Shakespeare; as a token it was the most suitable object I could think of, but at the same time I rather wished that she would not undertake its perusal, though I did not say so.

As to Giovanni, I saw him quite often and became attached to him, gentle and affectionate soul that he is. Through a misunderstanding I did not see him at the station when I left. He is soon going to Naples to study Pompeii and the Museum, but chiefly (if I understood him

aright) to throw himself on the tomb of Leopardi.

Perugia, June 23rd, 1878.

Plenty of time this morning I had, and it is not too warm, so I conclude to walk up to the city, and view the ever-changing Italian landscape at my leisure. Wagons pass hauling huge stones from the Station, I suppose, and the country people are bringing their truck to the market. The city lies on a high hill, to which the railroad refuses to climb, but stays down in the valley two miles away. I can see the buildings as I approach, in which 20,000 people are said to dwell at present. Perugia is an old Etruscan city, plays quite a part in Roman history, and is famous for its art, especially its painting. Very picturesque it reposes on its lofty hill-top, and asks to be painted.

But another mood has gotten hold of me, provoked, I imagine, by the passing teams and men, as they toil up this road slowly toward the city. Perugia has just built a new Town-Hall and made other expensive improvements, (among them of course a Piazza Vittorio Emanuele), inspired by the new united Italy. The traveler will certainly sympathize with such a sentiment. But when he learns that the community is not equal to paying its debt, he begins to look into matters. The provisions for the inhabitants have to be

carted up this long steep road or a similar one elsewhere. What a tax upon the city just in this! No wonder it is poor. Yonder wagon of stone painfully pulled around the slope by jaded teams becomes very expensive, though labor be very cheap. In America the city would come down into the plain, or the railroad would climb up into the city. Here they stay miles apart. So Perugia pays dearly for its lofty site and its picturesque outlook. Long ago security and probably health demanded the high situation. But that time is past. Orvieto is also built on a hill-top, and must give a heavy toll on what is carried up to its highness.

Beautiful it is and princely, still it leaves the impression of decayed gentility. See these laborers sweating in the field, they think they are working, but are they really? I saw 100 men in the Roman Campagna cutting wheat with the old Aryan sickle. An American reaping-machine could have done the work of them all. Here we reach down to the chief reason why Italy is so poor, and a beggar becomes her economic symbol. She cannot quit the old order and adjust herself to the new. Impossible is it for her to give up her hilly nests thousands of years old. — Well, it is not in my heart to blame her though she has to pay the penalty.

Now I enter the city through an Etruscan gateway and find many foreigners here for the

summer. They pay a good price to Italy for her beauty, but Italy herself pays more for it. "O that she were less fair or more strong," is a famous sigh of one of her poets.

Perugia, June 24th, 1878.

The artistic interest of this place centers in Raphael, who was a pupil here of Pietro Perugino (in 1495 says my guide-book). I am trying to trace his genesis, and think I have come upon one or two lines of it in his master who is well represented in the art-gallery (Pinacoteca), and especially in the frescoes of the Exchange (Cambio). These frescoes I saw some German artists copying for an illustrated work. The so-called Umbrian School of Painting was chiefly located in Perugia, and developed a certain softness and sentimentality, yea even tearfulness. "Rome raves when Perugia weeps" is a proverb of the land. No wonder that Michel Angelo, the Titan, blackguardred tender-souled Perugian Peter as "un goffo." The early form of Raphael's typical Madonna-face can be seen here better than any where else — seen as it were in its budding. That face is found in all the important picture galleries of the world. I first came upon it in London, then I saw it at Paris in several of its best examples; in Rome are many painted images of it, indeed the latest and most

mature. Very suggestive is it to catch its germinal semblance here in Perugia, and even to trace some lines of it back to the artist's master. Raphael, you know, has his one type or ideal in all of his various compositions; like every artist, he has his one ultimate soul-form reflected in his his pictured visages.

When I came out of the Art-gallery, I wandered around, thinking of these matters, and entered a side-street where I met a little girl who asked me for a penny. She was five or six years old and chatted artlessly about her papa, even catching hold of my hand and walking with me. Memory rose and started within me the tearful Perugian mood; she got her coin, in spite of my resolution not to give to beggars, and skipped off into an alley. She touched my tender chord more deeply than sentimental Peter.

Assisi, June 25th, 1878.

I have come to this little town, which has a very important place in the history of your church. Holy Saint Francis belongs here, and from this spot has moved kindred spirits throughout the world for six centuries and more. He has profoundly touched the souls of great poets, artists, even thinkers. He has left the strongest kind of a mark on Dante; he was the inspiration of Giotto, the true father of modern painting;

nor did Aquinas by any means neglect him in the vast theological organization of the *Summa*. You see I have become enthusiastic about the enthusiast Saint Francis, though I have passed only a day here, having come over from Perugia. The medieval religious feeling still overflows like a fountain from the hill of Assisi, and I have been taking a dip in it, with a peculiar delight.

Can I give you a brief outline of what this small place contains? Near the railroad station is the huge church called *Santa Maria degli Angeli*, erected on a spot connected by legend with Saint Francis. It is in the style of the Renaissance, which you know was a revival of Greco-Roman Architecture, and in general of heathen culture. My first feeling questioned, does that accord with Saint Francis? I enter the structure and then stand before the famous picture of Overbeck dealing with one of the miracles of Saint Francis. I confess that I utterly failed to get into sympathy with the edifice or the picture.

After a walk of an hour I reach the second great church of this locality, the genuine *Santo Francesco*, a Gothic cathedral of wonderful power. How different and even sudden is the change is the attunement of soul! There I looked and felt for hours, first staying in the upper church, then in the lower, finally descending still deeper, down into the underground chapel,

which contains the tomb of Saint. Do you know that all this was a new and peculiar experience, like that of an initiation into some deep and dark mystery? Three churches we may call them, upper, middle and lower, stages of man's spiritual descent. Then comes the ascent, the rise and return to the outer world with its sunlight. One cannot help thinking of Dante, making him along with the Gothic Architecture a kind of expression or interpretation of Saint Francis, who is about the best religious incarnation of the Middle Ages, with a love of God not only flaming but at times furious. Of course I did not neglect the ecstatic frescoes by Giotto called "the Franciscan painter;" impressive but rude was the form of a colossal Virgin by Cimabue, teacher of Giotto. Recollect that Saint Francis, the Gothic Church, Dante, Giotto, all belong to that pivotal century, the thirteenth.

I had myself become a kind of Franciscan monk after passing through the discipline of that church and its art. When I came out, the sun was declining, and I felt its transitoriness and mine, and the vanity of all terrestrial things. Still I had enough mortality left to feel hunger after nearly a day's fasting; so I went into the village for a bite, about which I did think much. Then I took a little saunter, when behold a new phenomenon! Nothing less than an old heathen temple of Minerva with fluted Corinthian

columns supposed to belong to the age of Augustus. What a jerk through the centuries, from one world to another wholly different! It had the effect of tearing off my Franciscan cowl and of making me feel again the breath of classic art, which has the reconciliation of man with earth and its sunshine.

Saint Francis must have often seen this temple, from whose spirit he was perhaps the extreme medieval reaction. But another genius saw it not very long ago, who was in the strangest and strongest reaction against this reaction of Saint Francis, in a mighty swing back toward classic heathendom — German Goethe. He passed through Assisi in his Italian Journey, and has left a somewhat lengthy account of his visit. All his thoughts and all his praises were heaped upon that small heathen temple, whose view was to him “so full of repose and beauty as to satisfy both eye and mind.” And still more emphatically: “the impression which this edifice has left upon me is not to be expressed and will bring forth imperishable fruits.” But for the Gothic pile of Saint Francis he has only two or three contemptuous expressions; he never entered it, merely looked at “the heavy thing” from a distance, and then turned away. O universal Goethe, that is not universal, but quite one-sided! This very Italian Journey will, we think, give thee a great lift toward universality, ere it is done.

But he will not in his present mood even deign to look at the other large church of Saint Francis, to whom as the anti-heathen monk he feels so deeply antipathetic.

Meanwhile I have reached the station and take another view of the Renaissance structure. I cannot like it, an utter discord it makes with Gothic Saint Francis, who at present has become my Saint. When you travel to Europe, you must make a pilgrimage to this spot and get baptised afresh in the fountain-head of your faith. Rome with all its Popes and Cardinals is not half as religious as is Assisi with its Saint Francis: such at least is my feeling. This has been the longest, strongest and most sympathetic dip in the medieval spirit I have taken since I came to Europe.

Undoubtedly the Gothic church with its art is the overwhelming presence on this little spot of earth. Still it is not all even of diminutive Assisi. We may observe here the ancient, medieval, and modern epochs uttered in their artistic representatives, the three architectural edifices, the Greco-Roman temple, the Gothic cathedral and the Renaissance church. Now for your next club write an essay upon Assisi, or you might make it a poem, having that epoch-making genius Saint Francis as the hero, and taking as the text Dante's rapturous account of him in the *Paradiso*.

Chiusi, June 27th., 1878.

Go back now with me, my friend, to about 500 B. C.—only a leap of twenty-four centuries almost. At that time the town from which I write had its one efflorescence, and has never flowered since. It was an old Etruscan city, the chief one seemingly, and the capital of that enigmatic people, the Etruscans. It carries us back to Tarquin the Proud, and early Rome. You, as a young orator, must have heard or declaimed at school Macaulay's ballad:

Lars Porsena of Clusium,
By the nine Gods he swore,
That the great House of Tarquin,
Should suffer wrong no more.

And so it runs on for many verses with a dog-grelish jingle, rather meagre in poetry but delighting (*crede experto*) the school boy's heart by its passages suitable for roaring declamation:

Shame on the false Etruscan,
Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome.

The small town (of hardly more than two thousand people) lies on a considerable eminence and is a chief center of Etruscan antiquities, of which there is quite a large museum in the place.

The inhabitants still take pride in their Etruscan origin, and are reported as equally ready to fabricate a fable or an antique of their ancestors.

Already at Perugia I went into some Etruscan tombs. Chiusi is hardly more than one Etruscan tomb in which the living have a share. The hill is honey-combed with ancient cemeteries. It becomes a problem why that old people should place such enormous stress upon the habitations of their dead. The supra-terrestrial city here seems of little import compared to the subterranean. Again I think of Tuscan Dante with his single emphasis upon the future world, and his vast organization of the Beyond.

Chiusi has its own individuality, being still an old Etruscan town with a kind of ghostly appearance in the present. The type of the forms and faces painted in the tombs I fancy I can trace in the folk passing before me on the streets. That may be only my whim. Still to me there is a kind of spectral element here dominating the real. Lars Porsena was its greatest man, and he certainly has become a dim phantom. I gazed often at the Etruscan inscriptions, which nobody has been able to decipher fully, though the Egyptian hieroglyphics have yielded up their secret to our prying century. But the Etruscan mystery lies deeper. Nobody can tell who they were, whence they came, what were their racial affinities — Aryan, Semitic, Turanian, or some-

thing else? I hear that Corsen's big book about them—which I saw at St. Louis before leaving—is regarded by the experts as a failure. A young German professor passing through, claimed to read their words, but I could not tell whether he was deceiving or self-deceived. At any rate the Chiusans have their unique character among these Italian burghers, and seem to reach down to a deeply submerged vein of humanity, which they tap and bring up to the surface to-day in a little rill. Of course I drink of it, and go away, perchance intoxicated somewhat with my imaginings of old Etruria.

Florence, July 2nd, 1878.

I have been trying for five days to encompass intellectually the considerable city of Florence. I have hardly succeeded in doing more than completing a first survey, and it has worn me out. Besides, I must be off, if I am going to get to Germany this summer.

Let me briefly tell you what impresses me in Florence. It produced one supreme world-historical man, a poet, whose presence I cannot get rid of here — Dante. How this city winds through his poem and through his life! It exiled him, he tried to hate it, cursed it, but still could not help loving it with an intensity which tore his very soul in twain. Going up and down these

streets, crossing the bridges and looking at the Arno, one has to think of him and bring him back again with that face of his which has certainly been in Hell.

Another colossal figure rises up at Florence in the first outburst of youthful genius — this is the late-born Titan, Michel Angelo, whose chief works, however, are found at Rome. I have been trying to trace the lines of his genesis, but am as yet uncertain. Let him pass for the present.

The most attractive visible thing for me in Florence is its Palazzos, which herald the architecture of the Renaissance in its most original manifestation. To be sure there was for it the classic model, which, however, is baptized in a new institutional order, and is thereby transformed, yea regenerated. One feels in these structures the fresh breath of originality, in spite of Roman reminders. I must here pay my respects to my printed guide, Burekhardt's *Cicerone*, which becomes not only instructive, but a most genial and inspiring companion in the strolls among these Florentine structures. Get that book with good illustrations, and you can go through Florence in St. Louis with a sympathising friend who will give the most suggestive insight into its art.

Then you know that Florence had a great political career, the more interesting to the

American because it called itself a republic. Now it is rather a dead city, in spite of its 170,000 living inhabitants. Its latest disappointment was that it did not remain the capital of new united Italy, which it was from 1865 till 1871, when the seat of government passed to Rome, leaving behind in Florence a colossal hope blasted. Still to-day Florence probably stands next to Rome among the great Italian cities.

I shall now have to leave Florence with the strong wish to see it again. I have not yet caught its distinct individuality as an Italian city, there is too much of it, past and present. What strikes home to me now specially is that each of these cities of Italy, even the lesser ones, has its own separate character, which comes of a long evolution through the Ages. Perugia, Assisi, Chiusi, smaller but strongly individualized towns, I have visited, and as it were, conversed with; methinks I have seen their typical man, and know him in outline. But I can hardly yet say that of Florence. Still I must be off — *auf Wiedersehen, bella Firenze.*

Venice, July 1st, 1878.

Riding down the Grand Canal in a gondola, and looking up at the Venitian Palazzos which rise out of the water one after the other, like so many sea-nymphs—would you not like to be in my place? Indeed the whole city emerges from the wavelets as a real Aphrodite born of the sea. My head being full of the Florentine Palazzos, I found myself trying to evolve or metamorphose them into those of Venice, which historically came somewhat later. I cannot tell you my thoughts now; besides, I think they ought to be put to soak for a little while. I caught a glimpse of the Rialto, and what could it recall but the Merchant of Venice, of course Shakespeare's? Finally we landed at the little hotel on the Riva dei Schiavoni, where I heard nothing but German with an accompaniment of the Tyrolean Jodel.

On my way I stopped awhile in famous Bologna, but got nothing out of it, not even a sausage. And yet there must be something in it—music, learning, art. I could not even confirm the Italian proverb which calls it *grassa*, fat Bologna. By the by I heard on the train a kind of Italian *improvisatore*, who made everybody laugh with his broad comedy of the two Popes, the lean and the fat one—representing the present Leone XIII, and the last one, Pio Nono,

who was so good because *grasso*, combining piety and fatness. And yet I doubt if it was an anti-papal crowd, in spite of their merriment over the Popes.

Venice, July 3rd.

I have just witnessed that grand illumination of nature known as Venice by moonlight. During a lengthy walk along the quay in the evening I watched it, and still from my window I can see the colors playing through the sky, in the air, and over the waters. Of course it is impossible to give you a picture of this scene in words, for language is not and never has been the true utterance of Venice; painting claims that honor. Still I may help you to imagine little fragments of its glory.

The moon rises over the lagoons, beaming through a moist atmosphere; this spreads over everything a silvery bluish tint which at once captures the eye with its mystery. There are clouds in the heavens varying from the thinnest fleece to dense folds. With these clouds Luna begins to play, coquettishly hiding her face beneath them, one after another, as they fly past her; sometimes the thin flock scarcely screens her laugh, at other times she is quite concealed. But mark! with each change of the veil, the color of the entire scene changes; the blue becomes deeper, verging into dark, often tinged

with a faint green. Thus sea and city are wrapped in an atmosphere of dim, weird colors, always slightly shifting. Palaces, domes, spires, as well as the sparkle of the waves, take part in this play of tints; seen through them, every object turns to a dream. Look at San Giorgio, with her island yonder across the waters; it is fairy-land, and the huge church dimly rises up into the skies by enchantment, capping itself amid the clouds with its lofty dome. Thus Luna continues to play hide-and-seek in the heavens above and on the sea beneath till she drops under the horizon, with a faint new tinge of blue and green always following her motions. A celestial kaleidoscope perpetually shifting, yet without rude changes of flashy colors; it is the strangest sight in Venice, and gives the prime suggestion in regard to her art and character.

Under such a light flits the gondola whose movement you can see, but at a little distance from it you can hear naught of its propelling power. At most a dull thud of the oar and a slight splash of the water reach the ear; silent, sombre mysterious, it moves along over the dim surface like a spectre. The gondola is painted black, and its box is covered with crape; in the daytime I cannot look upon one without thinking of a coffin. It is a melancholy vehicle, in spite of all the poetry which has been lavished upon it; to me it seems to be in eternal mourning for the

lost glory of Venice. But under the light of this moon it becomes a ghost—a dark water-sprite.

The mood which such a scene excites in the stranger cannot be called cheerful, yet it is not unpleasant. He has too much wonder at the spectacle, and wonder does not admit of gloominess to any great extent. It is a picture which nature offers, and which the artist has but to copy faithfully in order to produce his mood in the beholder. I do not think that I have ever seen nature so much like a painted picture and so full of moods; usually one must be in harmony with her in order to feel what she subtly suggests, but here she forces her spirit upon you and attunes you overpoweringly to her own key-note. In all the shops on the Place of St. Mark are to be seen photographs of views of Venice by moonlight; they are good, but altogether too exaggerated, and of course the main thing, the ceaseless change and interplay of colors, is not and cannot be reproduced. But what a contrast between the old and the new—photography now instead of the living brush, the machine instead of the spirit breaking forth into many-hued utterance! This nature is still before the eye of Venice, but is no longer concentrated and intensified into soul.

Passing to the human centre of the picture, we note the Venetian woman, who can hardly be called beautiful now; she is too lank in form,

too peaked in face. But above all, her complexion seems to have little adumbration of Venetian nature; it is sallow, often passing into a jaundiced yellow, which is not a color of beauty in the human face. Morbid they call it themselves, and attribute it to the moist climate. In general she has, with this morbid complexion, an air of decayed beauty, like her native city. The garments of a high-born dame whom you see with her maid in the streets, have a very ancient look; possibly they are the heirloom of her wealthy ancestors. Thus the past is the only interesting part of Venice. To me it is a most melancholy city—a dead city, whose pallor has sunk into the cheeks of its fairest women. You can often see the blonde of the old Venetian painters on the streets, walking alongside of her raven-haired sister. Titian's golden locks are hardly to be seen anywhere except in his pictures. There never was such a head of hair as flows down the bosom of his Magdalen. He also paints dark hair, particularly in the Madonna. It may be an impious thought, but give me in her stead the artist's golden Venus, in whom alone all his glories are centered. Titian is emphatically the most ideal, and, therefore, the greatest painter that Venice has produced. I cannot endure Tintoretto, and am but partially reconciled to Paul Veronese. Tintoretto has colored what seems to be almost an acre in the Doge's palace. I

confess that I cannot bring myself to study out his immense paintings. But so much one clearly sees: he has lost the ideal concentration of the early Venetian school. One face by Titian is worth thousands by him, because Titian's is a type, and creative in itself. It is the old story of decline; Art is lost in a one-sided pursuit of Nature, in her infinite multiplicity; it becomes realistic, debased, dreadfully tedious. So I turn away from color; for what is color but a means of portraying that which is eternal? But Titian's Venus is his supreme work, nay, at bottom, his only work, for what are those other works of his—called by various names: Magdalen, Danae, Bella—but variations of the same fundamental ideal vision in the artist's soul? They are all one, his one work; Venice's supreme work of art, too. Therein the city of the sea culminates.

Still I confess to another Venetian love; Bellini's Madonna. When you stand before her face and gaze into it, you feel that it too is a true utterance, not an artificial thing. She is not the holy mother,—not a mother at all, I should say; her look is that of absolute virgin innocence, unconscious of maternity; she has not even that far-off presentiment of her lot which lurks in the glance of Raphael's Madonnas. A child herself, just beginning to unfold, you involuntarily ask, What is she doing with that infant in her arms? Still she has it, and it is

hers; nay, the centre of all that she is to be. A coy, wondering look she has, wondering what it all means — such is the glance into that unconscious world of sweet virginal innocence which old Giovanni Bellini gives us. Think of him painting such a face at eighty years of age; the vision of eternal youth which the artist must not only have, but must live in as his own proper element. Bellini's Madonna, I must confess to you privately, has an additional claim upon my heart; she is the type of fair Thusnelda, a young lady who once gave much trouble to my youthful imagination. When I first saw the best one of these Bellini faces some time ago in the Academy, I was stunned at the sight; the old pain darted back through nearly a quarter of a century. Even now I seem to have renewed a former broken tie, looking upon that picture. So Venice has given me her jewel; it is the best present she has for me, I know; therefore, tomorrow I am off with my fond possession.

Riva, July 7th., 1878.

You never heard of this town I dare say. Take down your large map of Italy and hunt up Lake Guarda; at the head of it lies Riva, to which I have just come by a little boat from Peschiera, which is on the south end of the lake. To-morrow we are to strike across the mountains. in an omnibus to Mori, where we take the railroad which is to swing us over the Alps to Innspruck.

I had my last sail in the lagoons of Venice on the Fourth of July, thus celebrating our national holiday, after seeing myself almost to death on Venetian color. I stopped a little while at Padua a town of the past; also I remained a full day at Verona where there is a good deal to be seen. Of course I was in company with both Dante and Shakespeare in that city and saw their houses, that is, the places connected with their names. In the huge Roman amphitheater was a theatrical piece in which the love catastrophe called up that of Romeo and Juliet of course, whose tragedy has colored Verona for every Anglo-Saxon traveler. An inscription on a prominent house designates the actual locality of the lovers, where I thought I saw two girls, supposedly English, gazing upward to see the real balcony. Thus youthful William Shakespeare has created an emotional world and put us all into it, even at Verona.

To-morrow, then, we cross the Alpine watershed which so long divided Europe into civilized and barbarous, and which is still the separating line between two different civilizations, Latin and Teuton, whose strife seems not yet over. I am now to make a sudden dive from one into the other, and I wonder how I, not native to either, but sympathetic with both (if I know myself in such big things), shall take the Teutonic dip. Will the backstroke from the classic world be too strong for me?

Innsbruck July 8th, 1878.

In crossing the mountains a great variety of Alpine landscape was unrolled before us, somewhat like a panorama. Besides a shifting line of high mountains, we had clouds, showers, winds, snow in the distance with the sunshine playing peek-a-boo at us through storms and over summits.

I kept trying all my day's ride to construe these Alps and their people. Has Switzerland or Tyrol ever produced a great man of the first class? Hardy and excellent characters they have nurtured, the inhabitants are all of that sort, and nearly of the same even grade. The Alps seem to be levelers of men, in spite of their lofty altitudes; they naturally bring forth republicans and republics. These towering heights appear to weigh down towering individ-

uals; this picturesque Alpine scenery has produced no great painter, no great poet. Yet poetry and painting seem to lie here waiting to be picked up by the way. This Nature's most imposing architecture and sculpture appear to have found no adequate response in her own children, though she has not failed to inspire foreigners. Switzerland has indeed produced a hero, Willam Tell, but he is now pronounced a myth. And even as mythical he has had to go to other lands for artistic embodiment; German Schiller has written his drama, and Italian Rossini his music. It would seem that Nature's immediate impression is not artistically creative, so that the Alps have to leave Switzerland in order to be reproduced in art and literature. How unlike that other famous cluster of republics in mountainous Greece! The Swiss canton makes a different republic from the Greek city, which certainly had the power of producing great individuals.

There is another striking contrast which I find here between Nature and Man: the works and forms of the one are colossal, of the other diminutive. The Swiss bent is to make little things, watches, carvings, jewelry, often exquisite. Great individuals, greatness of all human kinds seem absent from these great mountains. Are my statements too broad?

Pare them down, and I think you will find in what is left the same truth.

Yet who does not admire the Swiss and take delight in Sempach and Morgarten? The contrast, however, between Nature and Man is what strikes an American of the West in this free land. That the human being should be leveled and a leveler on the level prairie of Illinois is in accord with the environment, in which sprang up Abraham Lincoln, rather the greatest leveler in the World's History, ironing out into a kind of political equality, even two diverse races, white and black. One might expect some individuals born in the Alps to tower aloft not merely over their own land but over Europe like Matterhorn and Jungfrau; but where are they? But let us note the good thing also: very evenly distributed among the people are seemingly the human excellences, and equality becomes the spiritual trait of the most unequal country in Europe.

Munich July 11th, 1878.

For two days and more I have been trying to see and to comprehend Munich on that side which has rendered it famous. It is an art-city made largely to order, determined beforehand to be artistic. I cannot help thinking that this character runs through all its products: intention dominates spontaneity, not suppressing it, how-

ever. I have had to repeat to myself a hundred times that favorite line in German, which I have often heard you quote—in fact I learned it from you:

Man merkt die Absicht und so wird verstimmt.

Pinakothek and Glyptothek I went through with some diligence, but of course too rapidly. I stayed longest with the Eginetan sculptures, studying their place in the evolution of Plastic Art. This somehow is the chief attraction since it always points me ahead to Greece whither my thoughts and my longings now tend. You must take this fact into account if you would understand my judgments, which I express so freely to you on the spot; Germany, your old home, is not my end, but a kind of resting-place on the way to Hellas.

That which I like most here is the Greek Renaissance, quite different from the Roman one, which prevails in Italy. Munich has gone back to the monuments of ancient Greece and has reproduced them rather than the Roman reproduction. Hence it comes that the artistic atmosphere is different from the Italian, though both the Bavarian and the Italian Renaissance reach back to Hellas for their original inspiration. A Bavarian prince was chosen for the throne of New Hellas, and thus a stream of influence flowed between the two lands. Leo von Klenze's Propylæa I liked much, and I believe it to be a

good deal more than a mere mechanical copy ; still its strongest effect was to make me dream of seeing its prototype on the Athenian Acropolis. Germany seeks and has always sought to appropriate, or, in Goethe's symbol, to woo and marry Helen. Prodigious is and has been the German fervor in this regard (like mine, I may whisper to you parenthetically) ; still our Faust remains quite different from Helen, who indeed dies in his hands.

Now I am going to state to you, a German, the opinion which has been dawning upon me here : Formative Art is not and never has been and probably never will be the truest and deepest expression of the German Spirit. I believe its native, profoundly instinctive utterance is to be found in its Music, in its Poetry, and in its Philosophy. In each of these spheres it has produced a supreme universal genius, Beethoven, Goethe, Hegel (or Kant if you will), along with lesser lights who would be the greatest elsewhere. But who is the painter or sculptor to be compared with these three ? They are the genuine, unforced, unborrowed outburst of the German Folk-Soul, welling up from its profoundest depths. But when it comes to German painting, and German sculpture, there remains something alien, acquired, imported, really un-German in it to the last, with all its care, and learning and attention to details. Did you ever

hear of that Maximilian Street in which a Bavarian king undertook to produce a new architectural style by erudite combination? That was here in Munich, and has something typical in it to me.

Glory enough for old Deutschland it is to be supreme musician, poet and philosopher to our modern world. Let me add that the Anglo-Saxon has to give up supremacy in two of these forms of expression; he is no musician, but he is a poet, and he is, I maintain, no philosopher in spite of Locke and Bacon who are more the negation of philosophy than its positive assertion. But the Anglo-Saxon (English and American) is supremely the builder of institutions, particularly of the State; this really has been his grand historic task, which he has performed not only for himself but seemingly for the rest of the world. I find every European nation (the chief exception is Russia) trying to introduce and to work English constitutional government.

So much for Munich and its art, into which I have been plunged directly from Italy, and I confess the dip has made me shiver a little — which indeed may be the fault of the baby and not of the bath.

Wiesbaden, July 12th, 1878.

Arrived to-day. I drop this line to let you know that I shall be here some six weeks or more, and that if you write at once, your letter will easily reach me before I leave. Indeed you can write a long one, telling me specially about our common friend Brockmeyer, into whose land I have now come. This may be deemed Goethe's early stamping-ground, as not far off lies Frankfort where he was born. Somehow Brockmeyer and Goethe have become intergrown in my mind. Also the Rhine flows distant only a pleasant promenade. But best of all, some old congenial friends from St. Louis are temporarily located here, in whose society delightful weeks will soon wing themselves away. And then—but none of that now.

Wiesbaden, Aug. 2nd, 1878.

What is the matter with you in St. Louis? The whole city seems to be sunstruck. As yet I have not seen that any of our friends have fallen, though it is not likely that all the cases are reported in the newspapers. I begin to feel anxious about you all, for it seems from this distance that you are or were going literally to the Infernal Regions. Your last letter gave me some

though by no means complete relief in regard to Alice, in as much as you state that she is at your house and not in the city. We get the *Republican* here, and in the reading-room of the *Cursaal* are some New York papers; but of course there is nothing definite. My mood, which is in a delightful repose in this cool climate, has been seriously disturbed for some days by anxiety. To be sure, it is not going to be in any respect better if I were to return to St. Louis; still I cannot help thinking of the absent. Also our little St. Louis colony here is in no small degree troubled by your burning Western prairies. Something always happens while I am out of the city during the summer; last year my journey was first disturbed by the bank crisis and finally interrupted by the strike.

You will see that I have anticipated your advice and have left Rome for the summer. It was well that I did, for I am recuperating finely and doing a little work besides. The atmosphere is never hot, though sometimes sultry; I wear my winter clothes without discomfort. Then the environs of the city are certainly very delightful; the rolling country and the beechwoods remind me not a little of my native Ohio. Nature here and nature in America are very different; the hand of man coaxing and stroking her is seen everywhere in this land, which fact has its good and beautiful side; but

she never shows the wild untamed freedom which is her trait in America. The attitude of the people toward Nature is also different; the German bubbles over with sentimentality, while the American looks upon her gigantic power with something of a hostile feeling. For Nature, especially the forest, is yet to be subjugated in America, while here she is a plaything in the hands of man. The company usually votes me to be without a love of Nature because I don't overflow at the prospect of a little piece of woods which cannot for a moment bear comparison with the American primeval forest. A really big tree is not to be seen, a western woodchopper would scorn the whole country for its petty saplings. So I give you a little account of our discussions in our daily rambles in the vicinity of Wiesbaden — for it is our custom to take a long stroll every evening. I must confess that here Nature seems rather tame and one sighs for a little more wild vigor. Human Nature has somewhat of the same character, but I do not want to begin that subject now.

I am spending a few weeks with friends whom I knew in St. Louis. They intend to return to America in September. Already they are packing and making other preparations, and soon we shall all be scattered to the four winds. I shall give you a short outline of my plan for the future, subject of course to changes accord-

ing to the circumstances. First a trip to Cologne on a steamer; this will show me what most people say is the most beautiful part of the Rhine, as well as give me a sight of the most famous of all cathedrals, that of Cologne. Return to Wiesbaden till my friends take their departure, when I shall go to Weimar to get a little sniff of the air of old Goethe. Then to Leipzig and Berlin, where my plan grows somewhat indefinite; but I shall probably pass from thence to Vienna and re-enter Italy by way of Venice if I do not conclude to take the Austrian steamship at Trieste for Greece. A visit to the latter country is now my main object; it would cost me a good deal of regret to give up that part of the programme. Another stay at Rome with Naples included, and possibly Sicily, belong to the next season. This seems a good deal but with ordinary luck I shall be able to accomplish it in a few months — but the dates I can not give.

Germany has just passed through a general election for members of the Reichstag, but I gave very little attention to the matter. Politics I let alone with all my might, for two reasons: the whole political fabric of the German Empire is not congenial to me, and in the second place it is none of my business. Nor is it without danger to express one's opinion with freedom. Besides, it is an act of very questionable decency to abuse the nation where you are received and protected

as a guest. Somehow or other I cannot feel attached to the old Fatherland in its present condition, so many ugly, and what is worse, weak traits have developed themselves amid all its splendor. For instance, the recent trials in which the informer flourished with a glory unknown in modern Europe, furnish the most disagreeable spectacle of the kind since the foulest days of the Roman Empire. Who could have imagined that the old system of delation would again shoot up among "the most enlightened people on earth?" Friend betrays friend; the poor laborer for a doubtful innuendo is dragged from his family to pass years in prison; no protection is to be found in the courts; in fact, I should say that the German Judiciary seems the most subservient implement of civil persecution to be found at this moment on the civilized globe. O for an Anglo-Saxon jury and an Anglo-Saxon Judge to put a curb upon arbitrary power! But I have violated my own principle in writing so warmly, so I shall shut my eyes and take a walk. I do not like national detraction, I have kept myself free from it so far; so let me stop here with the statement that I still believe in Germany's recovery from her present obscuration.

Wiesbaden, Aug. 3rd, 1878.

Your letter has at last been received, coming by way of Rome; I suppose that I did not inform you of my contemplated change of residence for the summer. When I learned that you had abandoned your intended trip to Europe, I concluded that you could hardly pay a visit to Rome; so I packed up and crawled slowly and circuitously toward the North. Now I am, as you see, in Wiesbaden, a famous watering place, always full of strangers; in fact nobody seems to live here except hotel-keepers. But I have friends here, and I feel more at home than at any time since my arrival in Europe. The *Cursaal* is well supplied with newspapers, a few being American; every afternoon and every evening there is music by a very fine orchestra. The people stroll through the beautiful park, finely-dressed ladies are scattered along paths or are sitting under the trees, men lounge around engaged in idle gossip or still idler dreams. Nobody has anything to do—no business, no hurry, no struggle; disport yourself in the shade or in the sun if you wish; spend a goodly time in eating your dinner and the rest of your afternoon in digesting it, accompanied by music, dreams, and looking at the beautiful ladies (not very beautiful, I should say, the most of them). Man has become a ground hog, and woman is changed to a butterfly.

Every day I go with my friend to the park, we take a seat on a bench when I draw from my pocket a book of poetry, which soon hoists both of us into fairy land. Dinner drags us down, gently, pleasantly however; then the afternoon nap, after which comes a walk into the suburbs.

The Rhine flows but a short distance from Wiesbaden; I have already paid the old patriarch several visits, and twice have flung myself into his embraces; may I not say that he received me coolly? Sitting alongside of his current in a beer garden, sipping the amber-colored drink of Gambrinus, you will see the water-witches rising out of the stream—that is, if you drink long enough; indeed Sigfrid and Crimhild with the Nibelungen Hoard will begin to dance through your brain to the music of Wagner. But at present I am not on good terms with these Northern Ghosts; I have recently been too much in the company of Classical Spirits who still hover over Italy.

As regards Art, I am now in a state of repose. After seeing so much in so short a time, I began to suffer from nausea, and when I came to Wiesbaden I resolved to see nothing and have so far succeeded. Beautiful visions of the South still float before me at odd seasons, but just now they refuse to appear, so you must do without them in this letter. Hence I have no artistic report to

make at present ; I am in a condition of hibernation, though it be summer.

I have heard of the broiling which you have received in St. Louis—I confess, with no small anxiety ; you will now be better prepared to appreciate Dante's *Inferno*, if that is any consolation ; nay some St. Louis poet may write the new *Inferno*.

I hear nothing from the young lady of Chicago about whom you inquire. Why? Can you tell me anything? Your record of marriages is interesting—I feel much encouraged, there is still some chance for me, for

There swims no gander so gray but soon or late
He will find some silly young goose for his
mate.

Wiesbaden, August, 3rd, 1878.

Think of it! The Frau Stadtrath made a little party, to which I was invited because somebody told her that I had written a book on Shakespeare. I was also informed that Herr Prof. Friedrich Bodenstedt would be a member of the same party, which was to meet in a suburban beer-garden. Everything took place without a hitch, and so in the afternoon I found myself sitting opposite to the most distinguished man whom I have met personally

in Europe — poet, critic, translator from many tongues.

I knew a little of some of Bodenstedt's books. As a student of Shakespeare I had looked through his translation into German of Shakespeare's sonnets, and had read a few of his criticisms. But the chief work of his in my estimation was *Mirza Schaffy*, which had become in its way a kind of household book in my family, and whose brief, witty, pithy verses were familiar to us all. After being introduced, each sat down with a glass of wine before him; I raised mine to my lips, but before sipping I recited a refrain from one of his best known drinking-songs:

*Er ist nicht des Weines werth,
Der ihn wie Wasser trinkt.*

At once the old poet broke loose and began reciting his own verses, intermingling now and then some lines in English from Byron, whom he seems to know well (much better than I). His own German snatches were in the mood and measure of *Mirza Schaffy*. He claimed that they were translations from a Persian poet whom he named; but they certainly sounded like Bodenstedt. At any rate I did not trouble him about his disguise, though he once alluded to it himself.

We walked home together and he continued his recitations interspersed with remarks, often

in response to questions of mine. We reached his door, and at his invitation I promised to pay him a visit soon at his rooms. During this talk he was full of his own things, I did not interrupt him with any of my lucubrations. But I confess to you frankly, my friend, that I wanted to try on him one or two of my epigrams, a couple of which I sent you in a letter not long ago. As he puts great stress upon versification, I desired to hear his opinion of classic meters in modern tongues, especially in German and English. I do not think that he has used them, and I rather imagine that he does not favor them. So I held aloof from the main point in which I was interested. He is occupied with putting the Oriental poetic manner into German; his greatest success, Mirza Schaffy, is of that kind. Well, the Greek and the Oriental are quite diverse, even antagonistic. I suppose I felt something of this kind, for it was on my tongue's end several times to blurt out at him one of my hexameters, but I always backed down at the first onset.

In fact there was something comic in the situation. The old poet could not help reciting his rhymes by the hour; this personal vanity the Muses do impart, so expect a downpour when you meet a person whom they have inspired to versify. Goethe himself, though an Olympian, confesses to the same weakness, and seemingly never tried to get over it. Of course I was charmed

and instructed by Bodenstedt. Still I could not help laughing with my friend at the comedy of the two poets, the well-known and the unknown, the older and the younger, when I came home. Each was bursting with his own conceptions, but only the one could come to utterance; the second fellow, while being burnt by his own inner fire, was scorched at the same time by an outer one, and he did not dare shoot back. The first poet seemingly never suspected the explosive powder-barrel around which he was playing off his pyrotechnics so effulgently.

You must not think that I did not appreciate him. But my part was a kind of fizzle. Now I intend to try again, for I shall see him at least once more and perhaps oftener. There are two things which I would like to get out of him: as he is quite a critic and has worked with Shakespeare a good deal, I would gladly find out what he thinks of a certain kind of Shakesperian criticism; and as he is certainly a poet of metrical skill and delicacy, I desire to hear his view of the old elegiac measure so much employed in German by Goethe, Schiller, Platen and others, and in English hardly touched by anybody except one unknown — you must guess who he is.

Wiesbaden, Aug. 4th, 1878.

This time I shall write you a shorter epistle than usual, for I have nothing to write about, and I am too indolent to rack my brain for any fancies. I have the health of an ox, never miss a meal, and devote myself pretty much to doing nothing. To write a long or a good letter under such circumstances would be a serious violation of my principle, which is to rest. I shall be much disappointed, therefore, if I should happen to fire off any little jest or other cerebral scintillation. This town is not a town of citizens but of strangers, who are met with everywhere. I stroll up and down the streets and through the large park, trying to dream what I shall dream about; very frequently a vision in flesh passes before my eye leaving its glance behind to keep me company. Digestion is excellent, hence my dreams are rainbow-colored, except when I read of the awful heat you are experiencing in America; then the image of Tartarus with dense black clouds of smoke intermingled with red flame-bursts rises up before my imagination. In your next, give me a description of your Inferno through which you have passed, adding a Miltonic touch. According to all accounts, it must have been a veritable foretaste—yet I ought not to speak lightly, for some of you may have never got through.

First of all, convey my profoundest regards to the little stranger on Walnut Hills who has just made his appearance in the world, doubtless with no small ado. His uncle promises him many a little story of travel and adventure when he gets big enough to wear his first pair of trousers. To the happy parents what can be said which will do justice to the event? But the hoary-headed grandfather — he has probably dyed his hair in honor of the occasion and transformed himself into a second fresh-blown youth.

I have received Fred Allen's letter proposing a trip to Greece along with me. It is not improbable that we shall make the journey together.

It looks very much as if the university situation were dubious. I hope that none of you will press my name, but leave it to the board to give me a call or not, as they choose. A scramble for the place I cannot enter into. I feel certain that the board either know or can find out all that they desire about me, so that they can easily determine whether they want such a man as I am. Really I care little for the position.

My future is somewhat uncertain, but I think that I shall stay in Europe a goodly part of the next twelve months. I might as well finish the job while I am at it, for this may be the last chance. I often have a longing for home, but I soon am able to sink it in other things. I hope that you will come out of the hot season unim-

paired in health. I cannot help thinking that it is imprudent for you to stay down in that blazing breezeless basin of a city during the summer.

On the Rhine Aug. 6th, 1878.

I am going to begin a letter to all of you now, just while I am floating on the back of old Father Rhine, though I do not know where it will be finished or copied out of this uncertain handwriting. On board of a steamer, gazing at the hills, castles, vineyards along the banks of the stream; noting the great variety of travelers of whom three-fourths are English and American; chatting with chance acquaintances—such is the occupation of the trip. Yes, I am on my way to see the Cologne Cathedral, hitherto but a dream; that edifice now comes up before me as the grand destination of my present voyage, surrounded by a frame work of very indefinite clouds, I confess.

While I am sitting and talking with a ponderous Pennsylvania Judge, a well dressed lady passes before me—it is a face which I have certainly seen before. But where or when? I begin to go backwards in memory to St. Louis, to Cincinnati, to the war, to college; I can not place her or name her. Let me see whether or not I am mistaken—so I leisurely stroll toward the end of the boat where she is sitting; I give her a good stare which she for a moment returns:

it is clear that she does not recognize me, but I am only more certain of my first surmise. I take my seat; still further down into the dark cells of memory I grope, on all fours as it were—now I have caught the fugitive, dim, insubstantial shadow, and hold it tight in my grip. Come out into light—she was an acquaintance of my boyhood in the little town of Ohio where I was born and passed my youth; her name darts through my head and I at once go up and address her. “You have the advantage of me.” “What, have you forgotten me! Well I shall let you think a little while and then return.” Therewith I pass to my seat a second time. When I went back to her, she had recalled my name, not from any recollections of me personally, but from my family resemblance. Conversation sprang up, I asked after her husband whom I knew—she has been for some years a widow. Ah indeed—romance begins to look out the eye of Father Rhine. But who is that beautiful young lady—decidedly the most beautiful on board of the vessel—that is in her company? It must be her daughter, I thought—though the mother herself cannot be far from my age. What an excellent thing is eternal youth! Once I was young with the latter, now I am young again with the former. I need not tell you the rest—look into that novel there at your elbow. The Rhine is indeed a romantic stream, bringing together

those separated by thousands of miles of space, and by a quarter of a century of time—can any romance do more? But you must not think I shall return to St. Louis mated, I was just spinning a little fact into fancy.

Yet the Rhine is in other regards somewhat disappointing. Perhaps the stranger expects too much; for the German it must always be a center of blessed memories. His people have fought for it, trying always to keep it in their bosom as the very river of their heart's blood. But above all, it is the stream of Northern Romance reaching back to the grey ages of fable; it flows through the old Mythology, through the legends of the great migrations, through the tales of Medieval Chivalry. Modern German Poetry is largely watered by it, has indeed become a little too watery in some cases by excessive draughts from this source. The main charm must lie in associations which are somewhat remote from the stranger, however honestly he may try to work into them.

Also I must confess that my mood is not wholly favorable, for Italy has filled me with classical forms which here find their emphatic contradiction. I can not sympathize with these sombre shapes of towns and castles, of fierce chaotic struggle, whilst I am filled to overflowing with the light, cheerful visions of the South. I suppose that I shall change in the

course of time, but at present the Romantic is quite extinguished by the Classical. This is a one-sidedness I know; but man can only be what he is. A shudder runs through me when I look upon some of these dark edifices, and I really long to get back into the sunlight. So I feel satisfied that the water-sprites of the Rhine will not appear to me during this visit at least; the Nixes will not show themselves in the company of the Graces. For something like the old Grecian grace and instinct of form is what I always am seeking after now; and these qualities do not belong to this region of the world. In this sense the Rhine is still what Propertius, the old Roman poet, called it nearly two thousand years ago—"a barbarous stream."

But there is still another association belonging to the Rhine which must not be passed over—the wine. The vineyards are lying so calmly on the banks everywhere in the sun, that one can hardly imagine that they conceal so much fire and rage in their bosoms. For the wine-drinker the memory of the Rhine is a Paradise, it is connected with all the happiest hours of his life. All these names which he hears while passing down the stream—as Johannisberg, Assmannshäuser, Rüdesheim—recall to his mind many a glorious jamboree. The Rhine thus becomes a source of inspiration from which I am partially at least excluded. On the vessel I looked through a

bottle of the golden Rhenish, hoping to see Sigfrid with his delectable Chrimhild, or to hear the Valkyrs flying to the music of Wagner; but the romance will not come out, let me do my best; I shall have to wait ten years and then return to the Rhine with increased youth, for in ten years more I hope to be much younger and more impressionable.

Along the river and on the tops of hills are situated the castles, now in decay or temporarily restored for the benefit of the tourist. Their age has departed; in spite of modern sentimentality, the stones will insist upon falling asunder and speaking in mournful voice: Alas, I have no business here. Knight and lady, minstrel and clown, hawk and hound have fled; their poetical life has vanished into the dreamland of the novel. But the old barons were robbers, and the castle was a den of thieves; their struggle was to possess this navigable stream and to lay a toll on Industry; hence so many castles. But Industry has completely conquered; she it was who rushed up these summits and dismantled the fastnesses. Look, here she comes in her very latest new dress of iron, puffing and blowing up the valley. A railroad now is seen on each side of the Rhine, running along in the very shadow of the old falling walls of the baronial castle. Shall I help you guess this riddle? That castle on the

Rhine is old Europe going to pieces under the hammer of Industry.

The croakers say that Art, Poetry, Ideal Life are also going to pieces in the same process of disintegration. I do not believe it. Look at the people on this boat — at least one-half of them are pilgriming to Cologne with one main purpose : to see the Cathedral. The dozen persons whom I have spoken to say so at least. There never was so much study and appreciation of Art, though the highest originality does indeed seem just now to be somewhat wanting. It is true that there is much affectation in this love of Art, but affectation is the mere excrecence of something very substantial — affectation is the homage which shallowness pays to worth. It would astonish you to see the number of Americans engaged in this pilgrimage — hard-headed practicality actually going to the shrine of the Muses and seeming to worship there, oftenest only *seeming*, I am afraid.

Aug. 9th. Returned to Wiesbaden and thus have seen the Rhine twice. I feel just now particularly proud of my country-women, as the most beautiful lady on board both in going and returning was an American. She was brought into direct competition with her English sister and carried off the palm with ease. Do you know that the American ladies are also the best dressers in the world, as they appear in public

places? The Parisian may surpass them in the drawing-room or ball-room; in these situations I have no opportunity for comparison; but on the street, in the galleries, at the theater, the American will always win the eye for the grace of her form and the taste of her costume. Subtract a little for my national bias, and there will still remain enough for her glory. But the fact is acknowledged here in Wiesbaden where there are so many foreigners.

You must not think the Rhine to be a clear stream though it is not quite as muddy as our Mississippi. Nor must you imagine its banks to be lined with beautiful modern residences, like the Hudson. All the buildings are old or have that appearance, of course with some exceptions; everything looks mossy, medieval, Gothic. Lorelei is a steep rock with layers twisted and broken and slanting in every direction, giving to it a face fantastic as its legend. But the most characteristic of these Rhenish summits is Drachenfels; here Nature becomes Gothic in the wildest fashion. The hill itself is a delirium, a drunken Titan frozen into stone in the very height of his contortions. That old Teutonic imagination could draw from these tortuous lines many of its fantastic pictures. But the final spasm belonged to the ancient grim baron who erected a castle on this summit — a fancy worthy of Cerberus, the dark, infernal three-headed

watch-dog. There the wall stands, right in a line with the steep precipice sinking downwards; as I look at it against the clear sky, it seems to move in frantic convulsion, and from being prostrate to rise up toward heaven.

On the whole I have not been in the true mood to make the tour of the Rhine a success; the fault is my own. You must be sympathetic, otherwise the most beautiful objects may only excite aversion. Wait for your mood in prayerful silence; most detestable is the snarling traveler, snarling, snarling, eternally snarling at great things which have been the admiration of ages. But I must stop, else I shall get into a snarl myself. You must love old Father Rhine, descend into his waters, hug him, kiss him, hold him tight till like Proteus, he will reveal his own true shape. But the Greek maiden has my heart now, and I cannot resist her eyes or quiet her jealousy.

I was highly elated by your compliments of my last letter. I resolved to make this a good one too, but something has blighted my exertion; perhaps it is just this exertion which has blighted exertion. Expect some leaves and flowers in a few days. I hope you enjoyed your New York visit. I shall gratify your curiosity—I hear nothing from the young lady you mention; now gratify my curiosity by telling me something about her. I have had a splendid time here at

Wiesbaden, during the hot weeks, with my friends. I dare not tell you what I have been writing, you would laugh at me.

I assure you I feel very grateful for your letters; they chase away the devils both blue and black, who sometimes shake their wings over my head and even give me a flap in the face. The next letter you may address to me at Rome whither I shall now soon return.

Wiesbaden, Aug. 12th, 1878.

I have now beheld the reality of the Cologne Cathedral, whose large picture you have seen suspended in my home, and which we have often scanned together. But somehow or other I cannot bring myself into the mood to describe it to you. I hung around it for the better part of two days, inspecting it inside and outside with dutiful industry, and jotting down many notes. But I shall have to confess to you that my knowledge of it will not get fusible. I seem not to have the white heat of conception to make its stoney icicles fluid to the idea, and without that there is little use of writing. The mere facts about it you can get better from the Encyclopedia. The Gothic style had become fairly familiar to me not only from distant studies in St. Louis, but from the actual autopsy of Westminster Abbey at London, and of Notre Dame at Paris. Thus the novelty was not that of the first sur-

prise. I shall have to say that the Gothic style, wandering from its Northern home to Italy, impressed me more deeply at Orvieto and at Assisi, in both of which, however, the artistic accompaniments are very different. How could I help remembering the Painting and Sculpture of the South, for which these Gothic forms were hardly more than a frame-work and receptacle! At Cologne I went also to see some old German pictures which at once produced such a war in me upon Raphael and Fra Angelico, that I took to my heels. In fact the Gothic becomes Golgothic in that Cologne religious edifice where are stored long rows of skulls, huge piles of vertebra, bushels of teeth and not a false one in the lot—the bones of 11,000 virgins, my guide book says. Some of these osseous relics were arranged in the form of an arch under which a priest was saying mass. Pious faces were there, but I also overheard the scoffer Mephistopheles, who stood not far from me and to whom the sight furnished a delicious morsel.

Cologne so far away in the North drove me into a reactionary spell, in which I had a longing almost painful for the South. On the boat homewards I looked at the rolling Rhine with its ripples, and became myself billowy inwardly, with many a splash of emotion, echoing

*Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiss was Ich leide.*

Landing at Biebrich, I hurried across the country to Wiesbaden, and burst into my room. There I snatched up my photographs of the sunny shapes of Italy, which soon put to flight the Teutonic spooks pursuing me from Cologne. And I shall tell you something else which I did. I took out of its little corner a manuscript from which I read for consolation :

All the Muses are dancing a measure around
Hippocrene,

Whose clear waters return ever their shapes
to the eye ;

All the fair forms are divinely set free from
the prison of garments,

With a light veil round the loins, gently they
sway to the wind.

And so the manuscript runs on, recalling for me at least a serene transparent world with fair divinities appearing to and commingling with mortals.

Now before me the world rises up as when
ruled from Olympus,

And to the beautiful halls each happy deity
goes ;

All of the Gods are marching along in the
fragrance of movement

While the Goddesses' forms echo the music
of folds.

This will hint to you the deepest vein of what I have been thinking, doing, and feeling these unruffled days. It is an intense one-sided bent which has to work itself out to fulfillment, whatever that may be.

Autumnal days begin to intercalate themselves already in the weather of this latitude. Little whirlwinds catch up the scattered leaves and spin them into brief eddies before me through the streets — a sign that this Wiesbaden season is drawing to a close.

Wiesbaden, Aug. 15th, 1878.

I did not fail to respond to Bodenstedt's invitation, and to visit him in his apartments, where he is keeping house and doing some literary work. As I took what he called a frugal meal with him, I saw his wife at home. He showed me some quartos of the old Elizabethan dramatists gathered during a residence in England. A love-poem written by himself in English he read to me — I rather thought he was proud of it. Then he handed me a German drama of his own, whose theme was one of the Russian emperors. Said he with a sorrowful look: "this drama is forbidden in the German Empire." "Then literature has its censorship among you still," I replied. "Yes; all these royal families are connected, you know." I had

before noticed his depressed spirits; I tried to turn the talk to his books and asked something about his work on the Elizabethan dramatists. His answer was that it did not sell. Bodenstein was not to-day in his Mirza Schaffy mood. Finally some statement of his implied the dark political situation of the country. I remarked: "Your forecast of the future of united Germany is not bright, then." "Very dark," he said with a look out of his eyes which betokened not only sorrow but anguish. It was for a moment the saddest face I have seen in Europe, and indicated how the best spirits of the land are weighed down with the political difficulties of the time. Already at Munich I had run into the German cloud; the unity of the Empire was bringing its reaction and questionings. A people disappointed and disillusioned was the Germany which I was seeing; that was what could be felt and heard on every side. Poor Bodenstein, sympathetic soul, had a severe attack of the blues that day.

I could understand him for I had gone through the same experience in regard to my own country after our civil war. What a time it had in getting back to order! Who did not often despair of its restoration? I could say to him truthfully that I believed the cloud would pass over and that all would turn out well. After even a victorious war the backstroke must come. I rose

to go, but we both agreed to take a walk together through the Park.

When in the open air I asked him to repeat some verses of his translation from the Persian. This he did with increasing zest, and gradually recovered his Mirza Schaffy mood, which I believe to be native to him. Everything was again in full flow, and I thought my time had come. An elegiac couplet of my own had just started to throbbing on my tongue, when this wayward organ switched off into a question as a kind of feeler: "Herr Professor, what do you think of Goethe's Roman Elegies?" He at once dilated upon their poetic merit, and showed his bent by citing what was for him the favorite distich in the whole collection:

*Eine Welt zwar bist du, O Rom, doch ohne die
Liebe*

*Wäre die Welt nicht die Welt, wäre denn Rom
auch nicht Rom.*

Of course I was delighted, for these very lines I had endeavored to translate and to interweave into an English epigram after the old Greek pattern. But the poet of Mirza Schaffy at once shot off in a new direction, giving rein to his anti-classical tendency: "Yet the meter is bad, there is a continual violence done to the laws of prosody." This was enough, my lines which were pushing for utterance on my tongue's

tip suddenly wheeled about and then sank down hopeless to the very bottom of my consciousness, whence they could not be coaxed to rise again.

So I did not have the courage to try even a single elegiac distich on Bodenstedt, though I was dying to do it. Of course I thought him rather limited in his poetic world-view, and cramped by his notions of versification. He had never gotten into the old classical world and transformed its supreme expression, which is its poetry, into his own modern language and life. Somehow I could not think that he fully appreciated the work of his greatest countryman, Goethe, in bringing Hellas bodily to Teutonia, and in transfiguring German speech with the Greek spirit. Unfortunately we have never had in Anglo-Saxondom a Goethe to make English move to Greek rhythm and break up our desperately monotonous Iambic clog-dance. This is the chief reason for the decay of Greek studies, which the classicists are so loudly lamenting. But it is their own fault. The University professor is usually the most vociferous declaimer against the English hexameter and pentameter. The result is that the classical form which is the great charm, remains alien to Anglo-Saxon life and speech, both in England and America. Hence the practical English-speaking man flings it away with good reason. The Hellen-

ists themselves have dug the chasm which they are falling into, generally with great outcry against somebody else, for instance the scientist, as the mischief-maker. Who can transfuse that beautiful Greek world into our modern life, preserving its Greek form of beauty? Without this, its better half is quite lost. Goethe chiefly has done the task for German and Germany, and in this respect, as well as in others, claims our study. Not Voss, as some say; for Voss is in his depths a formalist; he has many excellences, but not the capital one, while Goethe has many faults, but in spite of them the capital excellence. His classical measures are alive, run of themselves, and even limp and break to pieces with an overflowing poetic spontaneity.

Dear me! I am writing a kind of a treatise in this letter. Well, the subject is most interesting to me, and so it will splash out of me into ink. Indeed it touches the deepest hope of my whole European trip. Is it possible for me to appropriate this classic life and to make it talk, for me at least, in my own native tongue? I have tried Bodenstedt, he certainly has had no such aim, and does not understand it even in Goethe, who had it supremely.

But I must wind up with the conclusion of our promenade. Rather mechanically I at any rate walked on, with some indifferent chat, for I had reached the end of my string, and I imagine that

he felt the gap. Suddenly we met a fine lady whom he knew. He stopped and repeated to her one of his bright, witty quatrains, to which she responded by an exceedingly hearty, but well-bred laugh, calling for another. This was my opportunity, and I excused myself. That was the last I saw of Bodenstedt, and shall not see him again, I suppose, as I leave Wiesbaden in a few days. — [*Editor's Note.* Some years afterwards at St. Louis I saw Bodenstedt once more, and spoke with him very briefly at the Germania Club, where there was a great crush to meet him. He was making the tour of America, which, I told him at Wiesbaden, he ought to visit, as he would find many friends, and would, I thought, make some money by lecturing. He replied that such a tour had often been suggested to him, but his excuse was that he had “no organ” for speaking in large public halls.]

Wiesbaden, Aug. 21st, 1878.

To-morrow is the day set for departure from Wiesbaden, where I have passed six very pleasant weeks, delightfully restful and recuperative, with my friends. At the same time I have been doing a little speck of work in the line of least resistance. As I have had a room down town to myself, and many hours of leisure, I let my present bent have free rein, in order to find out

what it really was and what it wanted to say. If I were with you I would let you guess which one of the numerous interests awakened in me by Europe rose to the surface, and persisted in asserting itself through all my quiet days at Wiesbaden. From what I already wrote you in a couple of later letters at Rome, you might be able to divine the deepest and strongest current in me was the poetic one, seeking to utter in classical measure the antique world-view with its upper and lower realms of Gods and Men, in their peculiar inter-action, of which we catch the earliest and perhaps best glimpse in Homer. All ancient art, especially the statue, is in its creative purpose a means of bringing the Olympians down to the Terrestrials, of making the divine appear in form to the human. The soul longs at some time to recover that part of its spiritual inheritance which actually embodied God in adequate shape, and thus made manifest on our earth the Beautiful. Thereof the grand epiphany was the Greek world, which was through and through artistic, creatively so, and could not be anything else. Zeus the Highest appeared, and appeared worthily, from the hand of the artist Phidias, whose character, therefore, was mediatorial, mediating the Greek man with the Greek God through his art.

Now can I realize and make live within me this conception of ancient art with its corre-

sponding world? Such I believe to be the main scope and hope of this European journey, which cannot end till it has brought me to the fountain-head of all noble antiquity on its spiritual side, namely Hellas. To be sure the modern Greek from all accounts is not the ancient one, still he speaks the Greek tongue and lives in the old setting of Nature, which certainly had its part in shaping that antique art-world along with its institutions.

Such is the purpose which, seething previously rather in the dark and at random, has become settled and clarified here at Wiesbaden. This separation and stay in the North were needed seemingly to drive me back southward with renewed resolution and enthusiasm. Certainly the design of getting to Greece is now fixed, limited of course by human contingencies. Somewhat dreamlike still the whole scheme remains. Originally in America it was all a dream, nothing but a dream, and a tinge of that character it persists in retaining, and I suppose, will, until it harden into reality on the soil of Greece itself.

The result is that I have been making, off and on as time would allow, some studies in modern Greek as it is called. The structure of this language is quite the same as the old one, and words are usually just the same, with some changes and omissions in the inflected parts. The chief difficulty for me is to learn to pronounce it by the

accents and not by quantity—the latter way I have to unlearn, and that is harder than to learn at first hand. Davidson, a good Greek scholar, had the same difficulty, so he told me at Rome.

And I wish to tell you another little secret: I have succeeded in getting a poetic form for my Roman experiences. I mean now not simply the meter, of which I have already imparted to you some specimens, but a kind of poetic organism, into which I can put a totality of life. Many fragments of experience, many images and even expressions, which came showering down separately upon me at Rome, have shown a tendency in this reposeful spot to come together and to coalesce into wholes, which are no longer short epigrams (with which I first started) but completed themes. This movement of radiant Roman atoms into larger living shapes has tickled me immensely, and has probably swollen my vanity so that you will have to prick it a little when I get back to prosaic, unclassic St. Louis lying smoky and careless on the banks of her turbid Mississippi.

Already about a dozen of these pieces have marched themselves together from single distichs or quatrains into good-sized battalions, which begin to maneuver as one body, though I am still drilling them to greater harmony and order. Nothing of the kind I ever did before in my life or thought of doing, or knew of anybody

else who dared such tricks, though I do not for a moment imagine that I am the first in the business.

To-morrow, then, I shall start to complete my Teutonic round or loup, but with multitudinous classical brain-cells exploding and coruscating in my head.

Weimar, Aug. 24th, 1878.

The two greatest heroes of German Spirit tower massively over this piece of Saxon territory, not far apart — Luther and Goethe.

Of course I climbed up to the Wartburg, with which so much history and fable are connected. The famous Lutheran blotch of ink was duly inspected with wonder, and indeed with faith, if I could be allowed to interpret the phenomenon out of my own experience. For I have fully persuaded myself, if nobody else, that I have been throwing inkstands at the devil all my life; I believe that in a small way I am doing so just now. Indeed, my faith goes still further: I believe that the old Father of Lies through his representative has repeatedly thrown an inkstand at me and bespattered me with its diabolic fluid, not doing much harm, however.

But for me in my present mood, the Teutonic hero is not Sigfried, not Luther, but Goethe, in whose main terrestrial environment I am now trying to construe his work, or some small part

of it perchance. I have long regarded his life as a greater poem than any or all of his poetical works, which are indeed only fragments of it, and require to be put together into a grand totality. This will be very different from what we get out of the biography written by Mr. Lewes, who makes himself altogether too much his own hero, instead of Goethe. Not *Faust* nor *Meister* is by any means the sum of Goethe, but at most a moment, or several moments, of him; to build this sum we have to add even the 10,000 letters of his which, an editor has computed, are still in existence, many of them unpublished. Then his published works specially must be *biographed*, showing the many stages and activities transformed into the one life.

Two days I have spent in the little city of Weimar, long enough to impress upon the mind the outward scenic setting of the poet's life. The *Gartenhaus* is localized, and the valley of the little Ilm is repeatedly promenaded, in which I in my present mood particularly note the inscription upon a tablet of stone to the nymphs of the trees and rocks, written in my favorite classic measure and breathing the very spirit of the Greek epigram (which simply means an inscription like this). Here is a sample of a true translation, not merely of this or that old poem, but of the Greek world itself into modern speech and life. Let it be a creative model. Of course

I have seen the Museum, whose gem is the Odyssey pictures of Preller, painted in a peculiar subtle harmony with Goethe's classicism. And the two houses of the two poets on the Public Square with the double statue of the poetic Dioscuri of Germany, are diligently looked at with varying emotions. But Schiller somehow I cannot commune with intimately even here in Weimar, where he is on every side in evidence—my limitation again.

The one great presence for me in this whole region is, accordingly, the most universal of all our modern poets. And even in his life there are portions which drop into the background. That which seizes hold of me most strongly now is his classical period and its message. He also had to take flight to Italy for self-redemption, and to bring that ancient art-world back to his countrymen in a new gospel. They were indeed already learned in Greek and Latin, and certainly very industrious, still they needed regeneration. Mere philology, very necessary as a help, cannot conduct us to the soul of the masterpiece. The erudite professor at the German University Goethe has set forth in *Homunculus* (Second Part of *Faust*) with deep significant touches of satiric humor.

Of the modern German Renaissance I seem to myself to have felt the heart-beat here at Weimar. This is the Teutonic element of culture

which appeals to me most strongly at present, and Goethe is its greatest and most original representative. Hence his Italian Journey becomes typical for the Northerner who is seeking to make himself integral by finding and appropriating from the South what he lacks of a wholeness of human development.

Berlin, Sept. 1st, 1878.

The capital of the German Empire — you will be asking me, I know, what I think of it. Verily a many-sided phenomenon it is, not to be grasped in a half-dozen days. But I can give my first impression, gotten after a long meandering walk on the first day, and still abiding with me after many a turn and tour. Berlin more than any large city that was ever built, I believe, is the product of reflective intelligence, I mean that self-determined growth is hardly felt here; everything seems laid out, directed, supervised from above according to some category of the understanding. I might call it the abstract city distinctively, or the city of the abstract idea, which is here always beforehand, and may be seen materializing itself in the vast area of new buildings which are now going up everywhere. I came upon something of the same kind in Munich, under whose formative art — architecture, sculpture, painting — always ran a basic

substrate of intention versus spontaneity. But Munich, as it seems to me, never categorized itself in its productions so definitely and so overwhelmingly as Berlin. I recollect of reading in some book by a native that Prussia is supremely the intellectual State, and has to be so in order to exist, being founded upon its Public School System with many educational layers between till the University. The Prussian State according to its great Philosopher, must be self-conscious, is that "which knows itself and wills what it knows." This citation you will recognize as Hegel's.

By the way I have often had to think of Hegel in perambulating this city. I maintain that he is still its philosopher, though he is said to be dethroned at the University. And I still further maintain that Berlin was Hegelian before Hegel, that the philosopher only formulated its real character from the beginning. To be sure, he came to Berlin from Southern Germany, but each was really born for the other, and each at last formed the other. No philosopher since his time, it is said, has been in such vogue here, and with good reason. Hegel found his true actuality in Berlin, and Berlin found its true ideality in Hegel. He was for a time the State philosopher, and Plato's dream came nearer to being realized than ever before or since.

I must tell you that I went to call on Prof. C.

L. Michelet, one of the editors of Hegel's works, and one of the last survivors of the old set of Hegel's apostles. The *History of Philosophy* in the complete Works of Hegel came from his editorial hand. He was friendly, chatty, reminiscential, and showed eagerness to hear about our American Hegelian movement at St. Louis. I could not help thinking that he manifested once or twice in his judgments a streak of the old jealousies which helped destroy the Hegelian school from within, for it went to pieces not merely by blows given from without. Fortunately we in St. Louis know little of this disintegrating element. He gave a dig at Rosenkranz and seemed to think Strauss was still the genuine Hegelian article.

You are aware that Brockmeyer came from Prussia, of which he often speaks "as my country," especially when he wishes to give point to some national excellence. I have frequently thought of him here, and tried to identify him with his State. I think I may say that both have a tendency to absoluteness, if not to absolutism. Still I like him better than Prussia, who is powerful, conscientious, intelligent but not loveable, certainly not at first sight.

To be sure I see Berlin and the German Empire under very unfavorable circumstances. The old emperor is during these days lying dangerously wounded by an assassin who at once com-

mitted suicide. And this was the second attempt upon his life within less than a month. A deep religious unrest prevails in the land on account of the conflict between Church and State, which seems to have started afresh the old animosities of the Thirty Years' War between Catholics and Protestants. But the chief political shock comes from the struggle with the Socialists who are a decided majority of the inhabitants of Berlin. I cannot help feeling that a volcano underlies this city. The newspaper which I read yesterday is suppressed to-day. I recollect the article which caused the suppression, it certainly was moderate in tone. But such is the tense political situation that any trifle irritates and may start the outbreak. Every person who enters the city is subject to police surveillance. I was careful to have my papers in order, but two ladies who had come to see the old Fatherland from St. Louis, and whom I knew, were not so fortunate. I went with them to the police station and had quite a little brush with an overbearing official before I could secure their release, with permission to see the city. At this center of the Empire the nervousness seems greatest, and the shadow of the political situation, which I saw and felt already at Munich, is deepest. Still I believe in Germany. The people are sound to the core, and are not yet going to die; in fact they are not going to lose their

hard-won unity, and to relapse into their former divided condition.

Berlin in spite of all these troubles is growing at a prodigious rate, and I spent many hours in looking at its manifold new structures, to see if they were really saying anything new in architecture, which is here in great popular demand. Certainly this is the opportunity of the German architect. But it seemed to me that I could trace every important structural motive to Italy or to Greece. The style of the Renaissance is the all-dominating one, which undoubtedly fits the New Birth of a people. But you would almost think that it was the New Birth of the Italian people, quite as this occurred some centuries ago, so close is the imitation. I hunted in vain for some distinctive architectonic signs of the New Birth of Germany which has taken place. Schinkel seems here to be regarded as the great constructive genius of recent times. He is a close follower of Greek forms, but I could not feel as much spontaneity in these Berlin edifices of his as in the Bavarian, though both are reproductions inspired by Hellas. Again one perceives the erudition of art rather than its originality. I believe that the most typical object here is the University with its large body of learned professors; really all Berlin is one vast University, which is by no means the worst thing in the world, on the contrary is some-

thing very good in its due limits. To be sure the soidier is everywhere in evidence, and I am often reminded of our own country during the Civil War, when the blue-coats were to be seen on all sides, I wearing one myself. But how quickly they vanished at the word of peace! It is more than seven years since the Peace of Frankfort, and still all this militarism. But this is not exclusively a German, but a European malady, of which Europe will die some day unless it can somehow change its regimen.

A bodeful prophecy, you may think, for closing a letter; but I may add my strong belief that Europe is going to change its regimen. Enough of the part of Isaiah for the present.

Vienna, Sept. 3rd, 1878.

The train from Berlin on which I was riding stopped long enough at Dresden to let me run out to the Picture Gallery and take a look at the two famous Madonnas, Northern and Southern, Teutonic and Italian, that of Holbein and that of Raphael (the Sistine Madonna). They stand in a certain rivalry, one thinks, yea opposition, but the latter is the universal favorite. It was of course something to see the originals, but there are such good engravings of these masterpieces that one is familiar with them already. At any rate I was rather surprised at my want of sur-

prise on beholding them. When the train sped onward, and I had time to reflect, I concluded that I did not get much that was new. Still the two pictures brought up again that dualism which runs so deep in European art, and which finds a loud echo in me at the present time.

The difference between Vienna and Berlin is felt at once. The Austrian capital has been supplanted as the head of the German world, and shows it in a certain public lassitude, and perhaps also in its surrender to gayety. On the surface it seems very dissolute; enormous, indeed, abnormal is its pleasure-seeking. No wonder that the scepter passed to sterner Berlin. There is more sensuous resignation here than I ever found in Italy. And there is more here to titillate bodily desire than appeared to me in Paris, usually deemed the queen of scarlet-women. Yet Vienna is amiable, which Berlin is not, and does not try to be. Moreover one now gets out of the German political shadow, which hovers so ominously over the whole new Empire, though Austria is not without her problems.

Vienna has also the craze for extensive building, though in a different way from Berlin, where it springs directly from the needs of the growing city. Vienna has removed her old walls and fortifications, and is putting in their stead fine edifices, which still have their scaffolding around them.

The grand creative excellence of Vienna has been in music, which is not so easy to be picked up in a brief stay. Beethoven and Mozart, Hayden and Schubert belong here, with other composers of almost equal distinction. We have the right to think that Vienna is or was once spontaneously musical, and that is something into whose upbursting fountain on this spot I would like to penetrate, if I could. In music German genius has expressed itself far more deeply and naturally than in the arts of outer spatial form. But these are the arts which I am desperately seeking, and to whose birth-place in the sunlit South I feel myself drawn irresistibly by the chords of destiny itself. I listened, however, at Vienna to some public orchestras, and went twice to the Grand Opera, whose season has just opened with *Armida* and the *Prophet*, both of which I heard, or rather saw, for the scenic effect somewhat overbalanced the song.

Good-by, musical Vienna! The next time may I hear thy soul uttering itself creatively in music — which has not been my lot this time. Doubtless my fault again; I am not in the right attunement myself. My two art-senses, sight and hearing, have had a tremendous war and the former has literally crushed the latter for the present; I was once ear-souled too, but now I seem to have become wholly eye-souled. So I

sing to myself: begone, off to the limit-illuminating South!

Trieste, Sept. 8th, 1878.

Another day spent in whirling around and over lofty mountains and through Alpine valleys, till we sweep across the watershed and run down hill to the sea on which lies this city! Trieste has its peculiar character; it is a center in which several nationalities meet at a point, from different directions. The German (Austrian) is in control; the urban masses are Italian; the Greek is strongly represented in commerce; the surrounding rural population is said to be chiefly Slavic. There is a fine Greek church in a prominent place. I went into it and heard the service for the first time in my life and looked at the people, especially at the women, among whom I already sought to pick out fair Helen. Also I tried my first spoken Greek (which I have been studying from books) on a Greek shopkeeper, who easily understood me but corrected my accent in his reply. So I have actually begun talking the language of the Gods! Trieste is claimed as a part of the so-called unredeemed Italy (*Italia irredenta*), over which there is some political agitation. Really it is a sort of trilingual point in the transition from the Teutonic world into the two Southern Peninsulas, Greek and Italian.

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Accordingly at this city I find myself passing out of Germany, where I have been lingering some two months. Naturally I look back as I cross the border. I have felt the contrast between the two civilizations of Europe, the transalpine and the cisalpine or the Mediterranean, both of which have expressed themselves quite fully in their respective Fine Arts. It is this expression which attracts me now. Indeed I feel my chief interest at present quite confined to one phase of this expression, namely, the visible Arts, those which embody themselves to sight in spatial forms—Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting. It is somewhat of a mystery to myself why I should seek so violently to behold and to commune with nature transformed into shapes of beauty. You my friend, as you know me well, can think it over and out, and tell me. Sometimes I say to myself that this strong inclination to the external forms of Art is a rebound from an equally one-sided pursuit of internal forms of spirit, that is, a reaction from my previous study of philosophy, and even of poetry. For philosophy deals with the abstract concepts of mind, and poetry deals with its inner images. But at present I seem not really happy unless the image rushes into body, and by the same psychology the imageless category must become incorporate. You know that I have never seen Art in its originaive home before, and

never felt it in its primal act of creation. I have only heard echoes and seen copies, often copies of copies. But in Europe one comes into communion with artistic genesis itself, provided that he really needs such an experience and is ready for it. Thus I cannot help feeling that a great void in my soul, a hitherto undeveloped part of me, is getting its own, yea is demanding its right and place in the totality of human life. Perhaps every person feels or ought to feel himself only a fragment of a soul without the discipline of Art.

It has become deeply impressed upon me that around this Mediterranean Sea, over which I am now looking beyond and beyond, lies the generative fatherland of the seen Arts and of all their typical forms. The North has at bottom merely imitated them, undoubtedly with a good deal of skill and diversity. On the other hand, Teutonia is born musical, poetic, and philosophic. These three ways of expression are native to her, bursting up spontaneously from the deepest depths of her Folk-Soul, and speaking to her and to all the world as no other Art.

Somehow without my intending it or even thinking of it at the time, I have visited in succession the three German homesteads of Poetry, Philosophy and Music — Weimar (Goethe and Schiller), Prussia (Hegel and Kant), Vienna (Beethoven and Mozart). You are aware that

in St. Louis I gave years to these forms of expression. Often you have been in my home and know that we had a household devoted to music, as our most congenial pastime. In my vocation I taught poetry (Shakespeare especially) and philosophy at the High School for many years. Quite internal and subjective are all these Teutonic modes of expression, from which I have now turned away to their external counterpart, to the outer forms of Art in the South. I am trying to find my other lacking half of culture, and I have glimpsed it and its dwelling-place, I think. So you see I am in a manner reacting against what I have been and done before.

Another difference between these two sorts of artistic utterance, the Northern and the Southern, has come home to me with a good deal of stress: the one is transferrible, the other not, or only partially so. I can get the creative Shakespeare in St. Louis, if I read him creatively, as well as I can at Stratford; likewise I can commune with the genetic soul of the philosopher immediately through the printed page. The same is true of the musical composer, though by the nature of his art he has an interpreter as intermediary between his soul and that of his hearer. But these Southern arts are fixed in space and confined to a locality. Their original creative impulse can hardly be transferred to a copy and carried away. In this sense they can-

not go to St. Louis, but St. Louis must come to them. Moreover they have no inner process in Time, as have Music and Poetry and Philosophy; at most they stand crystallized in a given moment, and cannot march forward. On this side they are still external matter, though matter transfigured and endowed with soul and self.

Here I must break off this retrospect and leave you to supply the rest as you may choose. I am stepping over the boundary-line between Teutonia and Italia, which, though fluctuating somewhat, has existed from old Roman days and still exists, making Europe two-fold and rendering her history and art dualistic.

Venice, Sept. 10th, 1878.

I remember addressing a letter to you from this city some days more than two months ago, for it was about the Fourth of July. At that time I started from here and wheeled westward and northward till I touched the Rhine. Then followed a sweep eastward to Berlin and southward through Vienna, till I have gotten back to my Italian starting-point. This round embraces almost the whole body of Germany—I call it the German loup of my European journey, the latter being by no means yet complete. From the loup at Venice I conceive a string to be hanging down to Rome, namely the railroad by which

I came and by which I shall return. Enclosed is a small map on which I have traced by a pencil-line this German loup, which without my intending it, insists upon being an integral part of my experience in Europe.

I have again begun to make dives into this Venetian sea of color both in nature and art. I tackled Tintoretto once more in that enormous picture of his called *Paradiso* with its vast population of faces, which looked down from the wall upon me standing alone before them. But I shall have to let Ruskin keep his Tintoretto, so much praised by him. I turned away and began to muse upon the lonely grandeur of this Doge's Palace, and indeed of the whole city. What is the source of the fall of Venice? It is not yet a ruin like ancient Rome but it is a shell colossal, a many-colored sea-shell quite abandoned, though still entire. We feel that the life which once dwelt here and built for itself this fair abode, has fled. In the medieval time Venice succeeded in making herself the chief commercial middleman between East and West. Other Italian cities sought the same prize and hence their wars with one another. But when the Cape of Good Hope was rounded, Venice and all Italy, yea the Mediterranean itself was flanked, and thus they all lost their function in the world's commerce, whereby they lapsed slowly into the poverty of to-day. My gondolier even could say: Venice is

dead, and new Italy has not brought her to life. The contrast rises before the traveler every where: present indigence and past magnificence. Once the money of Europe flowed through Italy, a great deal of it through Venice, which kept enough of it to build for itself this iridescent sea-shell peering above the waves.

Well, here comes the little boat which is to carry me to the *Lido*, where Venice, or rather the strangers in it, are taking a summer-bath in the waters of the Adriatic.

Venice, Sept. 11th, 1878.

Scarcely is the excessive heat past when a new scourge makes its appearance among you; now it is that horrible pestilence, the yellow fever, which racks me with anxiety. Truly St. Louis and the Mississippi Valley are laboring under a divine judgment; the wrath of the Gods ceases for a moment, only to reappear under a new form. What sins have you committed in my absence? For you are certainly cursed in the eye of Heaven, if infernal torments are any signs of angry punishment from above. No news has yet reached me that the plague has really entered the city, and I hope it may be kept out. My thoughts often turn to you and I wonder how you may be doing; the little girl,

that well-spring of solicitude, sends an anxious rill through my waking hours, and then in person enters my dreams. This morning I rose heavy from a night's wrestling with the unchained demons of Care.

But let forebodings be now dismissed in the presence of the merry world which capers and chatters through this city. I am lodged on the fifth floor overlooking the *Riva dei Schiavoni*; my window entices the eye far seaward, through islands, lagoons, edifices of stately magnificence. In this net work spun by Nature and improved by the cunning hand of man, lies the Venetian spider, once the greatest of the species, but now very feeble, if not quite dead. I see the monster arachnoid issuing from her labyrinthine web and smiting her prey, dragging it into her inextricable toils, till she becomes the wealthiest and most hated city in the world. There is much that is great and noble in the history of Venice, but its fundamental political principle — secret murder by the State — is most revolting. There is still something spider-like here; a sullenness, a silence, a secretness — no streets hardly, no wheeled vehicles, no rumble and roar of a city. The spider sits gloomy and solitary, till she makes a dart and skims swiftly over the surface of the sea and returns with her spoils, out of which she built these palaces — such is the image which I can not get rid of here.

Still the people can not be melancholy; they are Italians, the lightest-hearted nation on the globe. Under my window stretches the long quay, upon which the population are assembled; the sun has just gone down and the breeze is blowing freshly from the sea. A band of minstrels is singing in chorus; very good is their song, I think, given with a natural sense of rhythm and melody. As it grows dark, a Bengal light changes the color of this scene for a few moments, since without a change of coloring, the Italian here can not exist. He seems, as I have observed him, to be least able to endure monotony of color: he tires quickly, unless new tints arrest his vision and gratify his keen pleasure in the sense of sight. Fire works are most perfect in Italy, and perhaps most intensely enjoyed. Sailors of all nations, Oriental costumes, well-dressed foreigners with dignified English miens, beggars in rags, sallow Venetian women make up the display.

But there is another character here who has probably reached the lowest tier of the lowest species of our genus — the pimp. As I recline on a bridge and look at the sparkle of the waters, this human reptile approaches me, and recognizing my nationality speaks in broken English. What he said need not be told, but he gave a new glance into a very old vice of this Mediterranean world.

While writing this letter late at night, I have many reminders of St. Louis buzzing round my ears — mosquitoes. Here he is, the indefatigable serenader and blood-sucker; I confess that I am inclined to entertain him as an old acquaintance. There is no protection in my room against him; such a thing as a mosquito net does not belong to the poetry of Venice. Comfort anyhow is prose, to be uncomfortable is to be romantic; hence I cry, away with all comfort. This is one reason why Italy is so full of attraction; everywhere you have poetical adventures outside of the conveniences of home.

The *Palace of the Doges* which I pass many times every day is not unlike the political edifice of Venice; the structure is indeed an image of the spirit by which it was erected and inhabited. The architecture of the Renaissance has in general the tendency to become more open and free as it rises toward the sun; but this edifice grows darker and more close as it ascends. The upper story seems to refuse light; it is a secret to the beholder below; gloomy and forbidding is its look. The Head of the State must be a mystery, its workings are not to be looked upon by human eyes. Time even has not been able to throw light into these obscure dungeons of History; only vague forms of victims writhing in the dark may be seen there. But the lowest story is an open arcade where the whole people

may enter under the protection of those above; the middle story is more enclosed, yet broken through with a curious Gothic tracery suggesting dim riddles inside.

Who now has possession of the building? Not Doge, hardly Venice; it is the tourist who is seen traversing these stately halls, where kings and emperors appeared before the proud mistress of the Adriatic. What does it all mean? I can read only one inscription here: God's justice. I walked alone through the chamber of the famous Senate; the echoes of my solitary footsteps sounded like the chuckles of old Satan.

Another highly characteristic monument I saw to-day: the equestrian statue of the famous Condottiere, *Bartolomeo Colleoni*. On the whole this is the best work of the kind that I have seen anywhere; it is best because it is the most perfect representation of the man, the country and the age. It is the bold robber, not as an outlaw, but in the pay of the State; proudly he raises himself in his stirrups, with a look of self-conscious importance, such as belongs to the first man of the land. Though the mighty leader of the armies of the State, still he is but a robber and hireling; these are the contradictory traits which the artist has made to interpenetrate so subtly; Venice herself can find her historical character adumbrated to no small degree in that statue. Such is a true work of art, re-

fleeing in the individual form the spirit of nations and epochs. There is indeed more history to be read in this statue than in mountains of official records. Notice too that he stands in a sacred place, before a church as a pattern for the people. Good bye, old Colleoni, I confess I like you and I shall not soon forget you, and I ought to keep in mind the artist who made you, Andrea dal Verocchio.

I am getting a little tired of traveling, I have lately swept around too much. But I have still one task to perform, which being done, I shall be ready to return home at any moment. I must yet see Greece and breathe its atmosphere; for in it there is or was some subtle exhilaration not elsewhere known upon our earth. Still more, I have a very strong desire to learn the modern Hellenic: to be able to speak it a little and to understand it a little when spoken. I have always wished to bring to higher perfection my knowledge of ancient Greek; to make it live within me, if possible—to make it an instinct and not a reflective process of translation. But this feeling of language can only be attained, I am satisfied, through the tongue and the ear; that is, by being able to speak the language and to understand it when spoken. As long as I live I shall read Greek more or less: it will be a saving of time to finish the matter now as far as possible. The modern Hellenic offers the only means, not a

perfect one perhaps, to attain this end. So my thoughts now daily go out towards the extreme limit of my journey — Athens. I bought a modern Greek conversation book to-day, and I begin to talk with myself about my dinner, about my clothes, and haggle about prices in the language of the Gods.

Moreover I feel that I am laden with as much material as I can work over in many years. Indeed most of it I shall probably never touch again. I have learned a great many of my limits, and there is no use of trying to do what can never be accomplished. A sense of satiety fills the mind when you simply shovel in food without digestion. I desire to return home and put this European trip to sleep for a time; then we may see into what sort of a thing it wakes up after its repose, if indeed it ever wakes up.

Venice, Sept. 14th, 1878.

Before I leave this city, I feel as if I must sit down and tell you my chief delights. In Architecture of course the church of San Marco comes first into the eye and then sinks deep into the imagination. Its name is splendor, to which we may add a surname, calling it Oriental splendor. The gorgeous details inside and outside possess you from the first; decoration is heaped on decoration without internal connection: acres of gilt

and richly-colored mosaic, forests of the most precious marbles, sculptured reliefs of every variety press upon you for study and recognition till the mind is stunned and refuses to look at anything. San Marco thus is a little like the army of importunate guides and venders who loiter before its doors, and waylay the tourist with so much importunity that he will not employ any of them or buy their wares.

What inspired all this luxury of ornamentation? The thought will force itself upon you that much of it is without any inherent necessity, that is, without any true principle of life. At least I could not find any reasonable thread to connect it together after many hours' contemplation. Taken by itself, a great deal of it is very fine, and all of it curious; but I am smothered in this tropical jungle. San Marco is not therefore a work of the creative imagination in the highest sense; its range lies in the realm of the capricious fancy, and hence is Oriental. But what a history of the Venetian State and of the Venetian religion does not this church write? Pomp is the God worshipped here, whatever other titles he may have.

So one grows bewildered and perhaps a little impatient with the details, for they lead nowhere, for they do not take our soul by the hand as it were and conduct us deeper and deeper towards the central thought, to the veritable Holy of

Holies in a work of art. Next I occupy a seat inside of the church and banish all this endless ornament; I see only the grand proportions of the edifice. Now its secret comes to light, the truly noble and very simple architectural principle furnishes a perpetual enjoyment to the mind. You see the central dome surrounding itself on each side with four lesser domes—the mother with her four daughters clinging around her body at every significant point. This gives the square shape as fundamental which now rises before the eye in many repetitions, furnishing the proportion for the height, length and breadth of the edifice. The round arch, when we cast our eye upwards, is seen joining these square forms; the square passes geometrically in the round. Still further we must see this arch evolving into the half-dome, finally into the full dome which is an infinitude of arches held from one point, from one key-stone. So the architecture begins to hang together, and becomes great, noble, inspiring. Now I cannot see the diffuse decoration; only the true grandeur of the edifice falls into my eye; whenever I catch up a thread now, it leads me upwards into the heart of the whole. So I think, but let me add, I feel certain that not one of the fifty visitors who inspected San Marco to-day, would agree with me. It is the ornament which seduces the eye.

After fixing the architectural proportions in

the mind, we turn to the enormous surface of Mosaic on the ceiling—a perfect heaven of gold, filled with radiant angels. Forty thousand square feet, it is said; every part shines with gilding or with colored figures. Here the old Byzantine style can be studied along with the methods of painting—for these Mosaics were executed at very different times. Soon the eye becomes trained and finds a new dialect for the expression of a new era; Painting too is an utterance which like language is transformed by each succeeding new age. The Mosaic in the South seems to be a kind of parallel to the painted Gothic window of the North; I am inclined to prefer the latter, for the light of heaven shining through the saint or angel painted on the glass fills the church with a new illumination which can only be received through these sacred sources.

I have taken up so much space in talking about San Marco that I can only indicate to you my favorite secular edifice—the so-called Bibliotheca of Sansovino. It too suffers from excessive ornament—the great vice of Venetian Art; but what delightful proportions! The eye at once catches them, revels in them and can not be seduced from them by the superficial decoration. There is no building which I have seen that so perfectly expresses happiness; it makes one happy to look at it. No struggle, no contorsion, indeed no effort can be seen; satisfied with the

earth, with the beholder, above all with itself, it does not want to be any better off than it is. What a graceful and luxuriant play of classical forms! Such work throws more sunshine into the human heart than Phoebus Apollo himself; I feel a kind of spontaneous gladness every time I look at it when I pass in the Piazza.

I am sorry to say that after repeated effort I can not arouse in myself any enthusiasm for the Venetian school of painting as a whole. The fault is my own, it lies in my present mood which refuses enjoyment in anything but classical clearness and severity; play of color for its own sake I can not delight in. I am ashamed to say that only one picture of the great Paul Veronese has attracted me; it is the Rape of Europa in the Doge's Palace. The grading of that picture is very fine, but one motive in it is in the highest degree both humorous and true: the bull licks the beautiful naked foot of his fair rider—what a kiss! As I was standing before it, laughing at the conceits of the artist, a pretty English girl who had lost her way in the maze of rooms came up and asked for information. I set her aright, and then she wanted to know what there was which was so funny in that picture. I asked her if she knew of the story of Jupiter and Europa; she said no; and of course, I could not tell it to her—that rather free old love-story. So I continued; “That animal is an American lover who

is going to carry on his back a beautiful English girl across the ocean to his home; you see her first with maids preparing her toilet; next she is on the way to the shore in the distance; thirdly you see her now in the middle of the ocean still on the back of her lover, but with hands upraised in terror and eyes anxiously turned back toward old England. She wants to return, but her sturdy lover, well knowing the worth of his prize paws and paddles ahead for for the new world." She reddened a little and answered. "If I had an American in that situation, I would never turn round." Doubtless she perceived my nationality, then that English blush was the finest painting I have seen in Europe.

To bring before you a total picture of Venice, just imagine a huge tank of eels. Did you ever see a large trough full of these beasts, winding, squirming, darting in every direction? Take a map of the city, which, you are aware, is cut through by an indefinite number of irregular crooked canals. First you will behold an immense eel running through the centre of it, and making two big curves in the passage, just like the bend of an eel's body you will say; this is the *Canal Grande*. Then from this big eel the little eels run out towards all points of the compass with every possible variety of twist, flexure and tortuosity; these are the small canals which take the place of the streets of other cities.

Through them the gondola moves, the Venetian carriage. Into one of these boats the traveler at once throws himself, and goes winding, winding; winding, through and through, between lofty palaces, under low bridges — “bobbing for eels.” The head begins to swim, as we say wrongly; for it is Venice which begins to swim—tank, eels and all.

Here I am reminded of the markets of cities on the sea; they are always worth a visit. What monsters do not these people devour? Generally too I try to make a repast of some of the most curious and repulsive of these monsters, cooked in the native fashion; but I am a little shy since I got sick over a dish of some unknown species of cuttle-fish, selected only for its devilish shape.

My two Venetian loves, for I have two, are Titian's Venus and Bellini's Madonna. Both are glorious types of women; each is different yet ideal in the highest degree. Most of these fair shapes, which the artist has often repeated, have wandered far from Venice; Titian is perhaps seen better in Florence than here. His Venus is to me of a higher nature than his Madonna; she is no mere Goddess of sensuality though she be undraped. You can see in her face what painting can do, and how it becomes an utterance peculiar, noble, unapproachable by any other Art. I feel that Titian found in Painting the sole possible

expression of the ideal within him; he did not want poetry, nor sculpture, nor any other artistic method; he, like every real genius, was complete and happy in the limits of his Art. What impresses me is his absolute ease and serenity; I hate to hear anybody speak of his skill in color, his management of light and shade, or his merely technical dexterities. Why talk so much about his tools, and so little about the thing he has done? Some time, if I can find the difficult word, I shall try to hint to you from afar what he has wrought; now I cannot do it, I have not the word. Nor must one forget that his true utterance is there, in the picture, of which language must always be a very bare, inadequate translation. Titian, I hold to be the greatest of all Venetians, in whatsoever sphere of activity you may take them; for his sake I love Venice more than for her own sake; the mother which brought forth such a man is adorable, as the mother of a divine genius.

The time has now arrived when I must leave Venice the second time, for I was here on my way to the North during the past summer. Of course I have not exhausted a tithe of its glories; but I have done enough for a short study. A lively but melancholy picture it leaves in my mind—poverty, lack of energy, filth. How can a great people become so utterly emasculated? The loudest complaints about the taxation of the gov-

ernment are heard, yet the city does nothing for itself. It allows the commerce of the Adriatic to settle at Trieste in the hands of Austria; yet Italy now wants Trieste. But political matters I have abjured, so I must break off this strain.

This afternoon I went out to the Lido or Coast where the open sea bounds the tract of lagoons. The view was delightful, the air invigorating, and many a stately structure seemed to spring up out of the sea in every direction—one would say they were floating on the surface of the water. After enjoying the sight for a time, I entered the large bathing establishment where the wealthier Venetians and also many strangers cool themselves off during the hot season. I purchased a ticket and entered the water; Lord, what an indiscriminate crowd of men and women in the strangest costumes—some in almost no costume at all. I, diaped only around my loins, felt at first a little ashamed to go into the company of ladies; but as nobody paid any attention to me, I plunged in. Of course I had lots of fun, particularly in diving for the feet of a young Italian Miss, who screamed like Andromeda at the touch of the sea-monster.

Bologna, Sept. 15th.

I rode through the morning twilight in a gondola to the railroad station; I felt a shudder in passing through these narrow canals with lofty palaces built straight out of the water on both sides. What chance of escape in case of accidents! No friendly land, no open entrance to any house; a perpendicular wall and deep water confront you. Your gondolier breaks the silence by a shout of warning whenever he turns a bend or corner; it sounds something like "ahoy," —otherwise there is nought but the muffled splash of his oar, always a boding, funereal sound. Once on a train, I arrive in a few hours at Bologna, where I have just inspected the gallery.

You know the school of Bologna has a very prominent place in the History of Painting. It made the desperate attempt to resuscitate an Art which was sinking — sinking for a good reason; it had uttered itself and had really nothing more to say. Such I take to be the state of Painting after Raphael, Michel Angelo, and Titian. The consequence is that this school everywhere bears the mark of struggle, of effort to do more than its Art can do, a restless unhappy school. In this city it can be seen perhaps at its best; I tell you my impression: everywhere is written on

these works—Christian Painting is dead beyond resurrection. This was about 300 years ago—has not the death sentence been confirmed? Men of very high gifts—the Caracci, Guido, Domenichino — were here, and they were determined, desperately determined to paint great things. Alas, we see chiefly their desperation. The subjects were mostly horrible—dead Christs, slaughters, martyrdoms—and they were treated in the most horrible manner. But here I must break the current, which has perhaps shocked you enough for once.

Rome II.

Rome, Sept. 16th, 1878.

Back in Rome the second time! and lodged in my old room within a stone's throw of the Fountain of Trevi, whose roaring waterfall I can hear! I thought of stopping at Florence for some days, in order to give a more thorough study to the art of that city, but the impulse to reach Rome was too headstrong. Still during the delay of a couple of hours I saw again the finest Florentine Palazzos of the Renaissance, which are probably the most original achievement of Florence in the line of art. They are indeed a rejuvenescence of ancient Roman architecture, but with a spirit of their own, in which one may read that the modern world has dawned.

They glorify the secular Family, which the medieval Church with its celibacy could not specially celebrate in its art. So I had another view of Florence in her highest creative expression.

My room already begins to look like a workshop. The books which I left behind are piled on my table, my helps for grasping this old world are at hand; I prize specially a picture of the human body, with all its parts duly measured and proportioned—a great aid in the study of sculpture. Indeed anatomy is very necessary for the right appreciation of art. Especially the statue reproduces man's organism, which in its spatial fullness must be the bearer of the sculpturesque ideal. Do you know that I once actually entered the dissecting-room at the old McDowell Medical College, and there cut up my man? I was not at the time a student of medicine there, but of universal Nature, whose whole domain I wished to compass. I find the knowledge then obtained to be useful now in the study of Sculpture. Very significant is the fact that these sculpturesque shapes are not literal copies, are not simply reproductions of some individual body. You feel that they are not portraits of a living model. What are they then? Aye, just therein lies the crucial question of the entire realm of art. The very organism is not alone particular, but strangely exalted into universality; this

statue is not merely an image of the human but of the divine too. Such is indeed the contradiction which all true Art reconciles: the mortal appearance is eternized, the human divinized. The old artist possessed the secret power of making the God appear as man to man, and still remain the God. That is verily the open secret of this beautiful classical world: the transfiguration of Nature into Art, by making that Nature reveal and incorporate its original source, its Creator. How often have we together pondered over the abstract statement of the philosopher who says that the universal must individualize itself in order to be universal. Socrates has the thought as well as Hegel. I believe that I am getting to see with my eyes just that thought in the statues before me. What are they but the thousandfold incarnations of the God to human vision? My call is, then, to behold a divine epiphany in each of these shapes sculptured with the faith of the old Greek.

After such an abstract dissertation, you may think it strange when I confess to you that I am growing impatient of abstractions, especially in this real unabstract world where I can actually see—see the unseen becoming the seen, for instance in the face of *Juno Ludovisi*.

I went to-day to the Vatican Gallery of Sculpture in which I had not been for three months. What a pleasure to look upon these old friends,

all of whom I knew from many former visits, and some of whom seemed to recognize me! I had a curious, perchance whimsical experience. The whole Gallery somehow turned to an Olympus of all the Gods sliding deftly into their white shapes, and welcoming me back to Rome,

Well, that is enough, I hear you cry. I think so myself, and so I shall stop, hoping that I may yet be able to tell you, after Homer's way, what the Gods said to one another and to me in their assembly.

Rome, Sept. 20th, 1878.

I have been expecting a bit of news from you but none comes; so I shall sit down and send you a few words about myself. It is quite probable that some of my mail matter has gone astray, in trying to follow me through my perambulations. These within the last few weeks have been quite varied—I have gone zigzag through Europe, like a streak of lightning which breaks, twists and writhes in every direction. Now I am safely lodged once more in old Rome which seems almost like a second home.

I found my room ready to receive me, looking quite as I left it last June, almost three months ago. The bed had its white cover, which the traveler seldom sees in the ordinary inns; on the headboard was still the dove with outstretched wings, symbol of the Holy Ghost; and

over me, as I lie in slumber, is a small relief of the thorn-crowned Christ which the piety of my landlady has placed there for my nightly protection. Faith in these things I may not possess, but I do have the fullest faith in the good will which put them there for my sake; this is a solace which adds not a little to my repose. I am always more affected by these simple marks of attention than by the most ceremonious display of hospitable phraseology.

But she, poor woman, has changed, yet in a perfectly natural and not unexpected way. She is a bride of not quite a year's duration; the three months of my absence have brought her within a few weeks of her time. I congratulated her in all sincerity upon her good appearance: but she turned my congratulations into a laugh, which, however, was soon followed by a sigh. Her husband came in and I then found out that she was laboring under a strong presentiment of death; she imagined that she would not survive her trial. To this is added another terror; she is afraid she may have twins. Not long since it seems she read of a case of triplets, and that possibility is haunting her also.

I have one more grand lurch to make from Rome before I can think of turning my face towards America: I must pay a visit to Greece. Athens is my objective point; I think daily of the fairest bride of antiquity, now rather old but

still alive there on the Ilissus. I, too, want to go into her presence once in my life, and behold her, though she be wrinkled and haggard. If I accomplish this final part of my journey with success, I can truly say: "Now I have seen the day of the Lord." After that, there is no telling with what rapidity I shall return home, for I shall regard my chief task as done. Nor shall I feel like delaying in Northern Europe, lest I may have all the Attic honey brushed off my thighs in its fog and underbrush. I am now busy studying modern Greek; is it possible that I shall ever compel these words, nearly all of them old Hellenic, to order me a dinner? or shall I ever be able to make love in them — the hardest test of a language? Somehow or other the Greek tongue has about it the aroma of eternal youth; it was spoken in the youth of the world, after infancy yet before manhood; the Greek people were youths, as long as they were a people; Greece opens with the heroic youth of fable—Achilles, and ends with the heroic youth of history—Alexander (so says Hegel, you know). Then we study the language in our youth; to me it recalls school-days, youthful aspiration, the period of young undeceived Hope. Of course I am going to that land of promise, to me now more of a Holy Land than Palestine, I am afraid.

I have just returned from Piazza Colonna, where the Post Office is situated, with your letter,

which has thus come to hand. In this Piazza or Public Square Rome is celebrating to-night the anniversary of its liberation from the Pope's authority. The place is jammed with many people, who cheer and shout and clap in order to rid themselves of their superabundant patriotism. The best thing of the evening was a chorus for male voices, rendered with a color and spirit and at the same time harmony, that placed it above any male chorus that I ever heard. As I listened to it in the seething multitude, it seemed impossible for music to chime into and control so many diverse sounds. Yet it did most successfully; the chorus seemed to attune and absorb into itself the murmurs and noises of the populace, so that they added to the vigor and depth of the music. After all, the Italians are naturally the most artistic people, and the most susceptible to the influences of Art. Music here appeared not merely to tame the elements but to incorporate and to assimilate their power into itself. I noticed that a number of palaces were not illuminated; their owners probably sympathized with the Pope. The Vatican I did not see, but it was reported to be dark, darker than usual—which many people think is pretty dark. I was reminded of the festivities in St. Louis at the close of the Civil War, when the incorrigible rebels in many houses still refused to hang out the flag.

It is almost impossible to conceive of the hatred existing between the clerical and national parties here in Italy. The priests are really despised and often insulted in the streets, to my strong disapprobation, I must say. In the Corso, the great thoroughfare of Rome, I saw a line of students for the priesthood who were marching quietly along, hooted at and called vagabonds. This is to me a violation of the right of personal liberty. "But" said a well-educated young lawyer to me, "they are the enemies of Italy, therefore my enemies." I answered, "yes, still you must not destroy your freedom in maintaining it." He replied: "but the clergy are employing the present freedom of speech and opinion in Italy, to destroy it." "Well, let them, if they can; but don't you destroy it; for it seems to be a struggle between you both which one shall get the first chance." For my part I talk to the priests and monks on the railroad and elsewhere at every opportunity. Sometimes I find them ignorant beyond belief, yet always honest and simple-hearted—that is, when they are ignorant. Near Ferrara several monks entered the car where I was; I began a conversation with two of them—I told them that I came from the banks of the Mississippi—where that river was, they did not know. They had heard of America, but of its distance from Italy they had no conception. Even of Rome, whither

I told them I was going, their ideas were not very perspicuous.

Rome, Sept. 22nd, 1878.

I recollect of hinting to you in a letter from Wiesbaden that I believe I have gotten hold of a poetic form in which I may be able to express this classic world of art and its significance for me in my present state of mind. I go among the people of statues assembled in the galleries of this city, and listen to their utterance, when many a scene and expression rise vividly before me.

Stones with voices, columns with music, temples
with language,

Open your lips once more speake me your
spirit's still word!

Threading your ancient piles, I always come
back to the modern,

Hunting for aught far away, I have discovered myself.

Such a self-discovery one must make at Rome if he discovers anything. I confess to you that the trial and development of the before-mentioned poetic form is what occupies the most and the best of my hours at Rome during this new stay so far. The antique shapes of marble which I before sought to penetrate with thinking, I marshal now into some sort action and make

them speak with mortals and moderns. Can I even remotely, reproduce the faith and life which lie behind and create this art-world, anciently so universal, and cause it to sing a little? The measure I have found, and have sent you several specimens.

The name of this kind of poetry in English gives me some trouble. The meter was invented and employed by the old Greeks for a variety of poetic themes and called elegiac. The name and thing passed to the Roman poets, who used this verse chiefly for amatory subjects. From the latter it came into modern German poetry and found its culmination in Goethe, who calls his chief pieces in this style *Elegies*, which are certainly keyed to the opposite of a mournful strain. Now it so happens that we have elegies in English, but almost no elegiacs, the meter having never been naturalized in our literature. Gray's famous poem has coupled the name of elegy with the pensive melancholy mood, very different from its classic and German character. Then the *Elegy in a Country Church-yard* is not written in the elegiac measure at all, but in the tyrannical Iambic pentameter, used to satiety so often in the rhymed couplets and quatrains as well as in the blank-verse of English poetry. Its rhythmic monotony has made me desperate and I am trying to break it up, for my little self at least, by introducing

classic measures. I have even tried some Horatian meters here at Rome, making the refractory English outwardly keep step to the Latin.

So you must understand me when I say that I am in an elegiac mood; I do not mean that I am melancholy, rather the reverse. The classical serenity finds its best utterance, according to my judgment, in the rhythmical flow of the elegiac distich. I am not brooding after the fashion of the well-known couplet:

*Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.*

However there is one point in common: I am, like Gray, in a graveyard, in the colossal cemetery of a past civilization, and everywhere about me I see its ruins. But strangely it does not make me sad, because even in death the old Greek was not sad, his very tombstone and coffin he decorated with life and the festal dance. Here again Goethe has hit the mark for me:

*Sarcophagen und Urnen verzierte der Heide mit
Leben,
Faunen tanzen umher, mit der Bacchantinnen
Chor
Machen sie bunte Reihe.*

That is the true elegiac mood expressed in the elegiac stanza, reflecting ancient life and art, as

we see them still portrayed on the old monuments, which are themselves decaying. But in spite of all this death life is triumphant.

*So überwältiget Fülle den Tod; und die Asche
da drinnen,*

*Scheint im stillen Bezirk noch sich des Lebens
zu freuen.*

Yes, even the human ashes still seem to rejoice in life. And so “the old heathen of Weimar” begs that his sarcophagus, too, be engarlanded with his elegiac verses celebrating the joy of living. Now that is the genuine elegiac mood even in this vast sepulchre of antiquity, which I am traversing, attuned to a different key-note from that struck in the most repeated line of the English language:

The curfew tolls, the knell of parting day.

Rome, Sept. 23, 1878.

I have just received your last letter in which you express a desire to have some news from me at a shorter interval than previously; here is the fulfillment of your wish, I hope. Do not be surprised at this scribble, beginning nowhere and going everywhere; circumstances control my pen if not me. You cannot imagine the pleasure that I feel in dwelling once more in the shadow of St. Peter's; and if I, a heretic, pos-

sibly a heathen, have such emotions, what must be the ecstasy of the true believer? I hope you will not consider it wickedness or affectation that I am inclined at present to deem myself a heathen; I mean only that I live in antiquity and have not yet got down to the Birth of Christ. Indeed I seem to be going backwards further and further in those hoary epochs; my trip to Germany, very pleasant in its friendships, gave me a tremendous disgust as regards the modern political fabric, and also, to a certain extent, as regards the modern intellectual tendencies. I swore to myself: No more of the latest news, no more of recent publications, no more newspapers, chiefly devoted to noting the infinitesimal gyrations of the diplomatic weathercock of Europe, the most capricious bird since time began, hourly flopping around all the points of the compass; *anathema*, if I watch him any longer. No more new editions, no more new books of any kind; I am resolved, when I am well settled again under Roman skies, to read no book which is not 2,000 years old at least. Furthermore I pledge the Olympians, if they be propitious to my hopes, to make a pilgrimage to their most ancient noble shrine — Athens, to me now the holiest spot on earth.

If you wish to know about Bologna, I would say that in some respects it makes the best impression of any Italian city that I have yet seen.

There is less beggary, poverty and wretchedness; everybody too, seems to have something to do; commerce is very active, and the intellectual energy keeps pace with material progress. In other words it is a flourishing Italian city, which is a rarity; it reminds me of an American city. Then too it is clean, very clean; people and houses are not in a state of dingy interesting ruin; it is a refreshing wonder placed between those two beautiful piles of decadence, Venice and Florence. What pleases me particularly is the system of arcades extending over the side-walks through the entire city and protecting the busy people from sun and rain. Business thus goes on, being wholly independent of the capricious weather-god. It rained while I was there but nobody seemed to know anything about it. No other city in the world as far as I know, has adopted such a system; there it has been in vogue apparently for centuries, and still it has been kept up in the new structures. I must say that it is the best solution of a grave problem for all Southern cities; much better it is than to make the streets so narrow as in Rome and elsewhere. Think of St. Louis having covered arcades for the side-walks on Fourth street only, not to speak of the entire city, instead of the wretched awnings which the shop-keeper uses as a temporary and wholly inadequate protection

against sun and storm. Adopt it, thou hard-headed, practical American.

I wrote this letter backwards, and in order to understand it you must read it in that way. I have now been in Rome over a week, very busy in writing letters and studying modern Greek. I have barely begun to look at the monuments with care for the second time, I am a little curious to hear what they will say now, and to discover whether I understand their language better than before.

I suppose that you are now busily engaged in the old routine after a summer's repose. How does the High School begin? What is the true *inwardness* of its condition anyhow? I have received the School Report; there must be some enemies where there is so much cannonading. In regard to Mrs. —, who is coming to Rome you say, I am but slightly acquainted with her, and of course shall not disturb the pleasure of her Roman visit by any attentions of mine, unless at her own request.

Rome, Sept. 30th, 1878.

I have just returned from a trip on foot among the Alban Hills, in which I sought to get a few draughts from the bosom of good mother Nature. It is here the turning point of autumn, the leaves are just beginning to change color, and a stray one sometimes falls, but this is a premature death. The chestnut trees are loaded with their peculiar fruit, and low down the mountain some of the burs are beginning to crack and the brown nuts take a sly peep out of their prickly nest. I pass under one of these trees, find a good-sized club and fling it up at an open burr, the prize falls to the ground, and I am not slow to test its excellence. But the Italian chestnut is not as good as the American chestnut, though much larger; it is coarser in grain and flavor. Still the abundance of the yield is astonishing; everywhere down the sides of the mountains, in all uncultivated places these chestnut saplings shoot up, for they are not large forest trees. Under their shade yesterday I wandered many a mile; they became at last friends whose kindly protection was never looked for in vain.

The vineyards, for which this part of the country is famous, are now closed to keep out thieves and intruders. The grapes are mostly

ripe and in a week or two the vintage begins. Still I succeeded in getting into a vineyard where I took great delight in observing this branch of industry, as here it has a peculiar phase. I had a taste of the grapes fresh from the vines, out of which the famous Frascati wine is made. Passing through a patch of woods I suddenly came upon a vineyard without the necessity of leaping over a high wall or a hedge-fence. Not without the danger of a little personal inconvenience was my adventure. I strolled out of the vineyard into a lane where I met a peasant and inquired of him the nearest way to the next village. Says he: "There is a private road through this vineyard, but you had better go round by the highway, for if you are seen here, you may get a bastonading." Then looking at me from head to foot he continued: "No, I do not think they would whip *you*." But I preferred not to take the risk and struck for the main road. The peasants seem to be much annoyed by the petty thievery of boys and others—the truth is, I really deserved the castigation, for I had plucked two fine bunches of grapes. When the vintage arrives, I am going to see the process, if possible; connected with it are many curious customs and no little poetry.

So after considerable wandering I come to a curious old town called *Rocca di Papa*, or Rock of the Pope, named, it is is said, from having

been a fortress of the Popes in early times. Tedious is the winding ascent, on foot at least, and there is a pretty hot fall sun. Strangely deceptive too is the approach; you look up at the town nestled in the rocks, it seems almost as if you could reach out your hand and touch it; still you go on and on and on, but it never grows nearer, till at last you begin to think that the whole town is a mirage lying along the top of the mountain. But at last you do arrive, entering one of the alleys, as you think, so you try to get into a street, which, when found, is worse than the alley. On the whole, this is the most primitive town that I have ever been in. The people here lead a life of Nature indeed; mules, chickens, cows, and swine live on the most friendly and intimate terms with the human species; there seems to be a sort of democratic equality among all animals, man included. As the face of the stranger enters one of these alleys, the whole brood comprising the young of the population, namely calves, pups, kittens, pigs and children rise from their play and run like the young of wild animals, each to his own dark hole where they disappear. I shall not soon forget the scamper at my appearance, a little two-legged creature leading the panic-stricken herd. The streets are filthy beyond description, making virulent assaults upon all the five senses at once. Oh for the mud of an Illinois

town, where at least the nose is spared from cruel persecution! Passing through the place to the other side, I saw some hogs wallowing in the mire; it was a refreshing sight; indeed I take it that they had come out of the town to get a decent place to live in. Yet mark! I have to eat in that town; it is long after dinner-time, I have traveled on foot since early morning without food—I am ravenous. So I find *one* pretty fair street in which there is a tavern. I shall not describe any further—but I did eat, eat heartily, washing down morsels with wine. Now I consider my internal arrangements to be copper-lined, through and through, beginning with the nostrils.

The most pleasing sight in the town is an old temple, now turned into a church, but it still has its Doric frieze, as if to remind the beholder of what it once was. But really the town carries the mind back still further; I can not help thinking that this was one of the ancient Latin villages existing long before Rome, and perched upon these heights for safety. Here are people who have never left their native village, as I found by a little conversation; doubtless their ancestors never left their native village; you can behold the direct descendants of the men who talked with Romulus and Remus. The air of perdurable antiquity rests over everything. The people live a granite life, unchanged and un-

changeable by the modern world. When I went out of the town and viewed it from an adjoining height, it seemed to grow out of the rock, some of the houses are indeed hewn out of the living stone if my eyes did not deceive me. Where the rock passes into the house built out of it and upon it, nobody can tell, the transition is so gradual. Man is thus seen springing from the earth, his primitive mother, and his habitation is seen growing out of the rock whose caves were his primitive dwelling. A sort of a stone axe, still used for some purpose which I do not know, makes me believe that these people yet belong to the stone age. But one thing must be praised: the wine—under whose influence I am *not* writing this letter. But it did strike a delightful chord in me, one which no other drink ever quite reached—in fact I did not know before that I had any such chord in my body or soul.

But the main objective point of my trip is not yet reached—which is to ascend to the summit of Monte Cavo where stood an ancient temple of Jupiter, to which the Roman generals ascended after obtaining the honors of a triumph. I am going to follow in their path without the triumph. The view from the top I recollect from last spring when I was there: it is on the whole the most satisfactory and healing of all the views that I know of. Here come a gentleman and five ladies who are just returning from the

summit; they are mounted on mules with easy side-saddles for the ladies; the young people are laughing, chatting, enjoying the sport and the romance, but there is one older woman, fat, timid, with face as red as fire and perspiring in streams; for her the trip is torture, as she comes down the steep side of the mountain, leaning rather than sitting on her mule. A little further on is a country woman, also mounted and going to town; she has a much more independent look, and is, I dare say, far more firm in her seat, for she rides a-straddle. This peculiar new style of ladies' horsemanship I have seen only in Italy, here quite frequently. At first it excited great curiosity in me, and I looked, rather immodestly I confess, to see how the matter could be managed in female costume. I can only report, very skillfully and properly, but somewhat oddly. Now I come into the old Roman road, built of huge flat stones, still as perfect as on the day of its construction, except where the rain-storms of two thousand years have undermined it in patches.

On the summit is now a monastery, built of the ruins of the ancient temple by Cardinal Yorke, the last of the royal Stuarts, an act of Christian vandalism perpetrated as late as the last century. It is indeed a place to worship from, I could have joined those old heathens in their devotions. The air is more invigorating, the eye

broadens out into immensity, if not quite into eternity, the heavens become clearer, more open, and you would say, more accessible. There is a natural religion in the spot, which, however, is to my mind, disturbed by the presence of these monastic black-robed shadows who are now taking a walk after vespers—shadows in this otherwise perfectly clear light; often they do not worship God, but an earthly thing called the Church.

In one direction is the Mediterranean, lying calmly in the sun and laughing with a thousand-fold sparkle, which you can just see in the distance; at the foot of mountain are two small lakes, Nemi and Albano, not far apart—both blue-eyed, very blue-eyed, and looking up, like a Madonna in prayer, I should say, into the skies. But in the opposite direction are the mountains, chalky and gray; as they ascend toward Heaven, they gradually whiten and rarify themselves into clouds. So ancient life tipped itself off with the Ideal. Scattered along the valleys and hillsides are the villages looking white—they seem like marble colonnades of ancient Halls and Temples. Then those mountains, rude, irregular, with many ups and downs, but always sunny, defiantly sunny—they are indeed a classic tale. But why shall I undertake to describe Nature to you when everybody knows that the so-called descriptions of scenery are the dullest, emptiest, most insuperable reading extant; who does not skip

them in a novel of which they are merely the padding? But let me add one word more: Yonder by the Tiber lies Rome—what was in that little hamlet which gave to it the power to absorb the whole world, first politically, then religiously—what could it be, what could it be?

Rome, Oct. 1st, 1878.

I shall tell you by an instance how I am using every little incident which turns up for the purpose of furthering my main design. I was talking to a young lady visiting my hostess about the Roman Galleries of Sculpture and their contents, of which she knew, though born here, very little, except that they contained heathen Gods. She was a good Catholic of course, and naively asked me, if the people of my country believed in such deities. Something put it into my head to say, I do. She was a little shocked, for she had heard that the Pope had once taken them all prisoners in war, and had changed them into stones. “Do you say mass there?” she asked. “Would you like to go and see?” was my answer. She reflected a moment and concluded that she might if she could take her rosary along “in order to put the Devil to flight” (*per fare scappare il Diavolo*). I replied: “Perhaps it will put me to flight.” She innocently responded that she did not think it

would hurt me. "Very well, then, I think we shall be able to get through, if you will be sure to keep the old Sinner off." At these words of mine she professed her ability to make the whole cohort of demons take to their heels by a single act: whereat in very animated gestures she drew a full cross upon herself from head to foot, and struck an attitude of downright combat against the infernal hosts. "That will do," I cried, "you can protect us." So off we started for the Vatican Museum, which is a kind of Homeric assembly of all the Greek Gods. I pointed out Zeus, the supreme God, she turned up her nose at him, and at the other Olympians; the Apollo Belvedere did not have his hair done up aright; in the Laocoon it was the snakes that caught and held her eye, and she seemed to glory in them "punishing one of those heathen Gods." We came to the reclining Ariadne, whose story I told, dwelling on her unhappy lot deserted by her lover Theseus. This drew her interest; she looked at the statue again and dropped a sympathetic sigh ending with *poveretta*. Soon she turned to me with a question: "Tell me, did these Gods and Goddesses *love*?" "That is just what they did," I answered, "there is even a God of Love — and here he is." We stepped a few paces and found him, who is never far off.

There is no doubt that her interest in the

Heathen Gods increased enormously in a minute. She was telling on herself, I thought I could read a little bit of private history in her looks and actions. She had at least found something which she had never possessed before, and which filled perchance a void in her life, for "our church has no Love-God." And yet she recognized the deity then and there, and could not help herself, as it probably was the deepest fact of her past existence. On the way home even more pressingly she wanted to know if I was not "a follower of the old Gods," and whether I actually did not believe that "the little baby (*bambino*) there was the God of Love." She thought his mother ought to be there, near-by, and then he might pass for the Christ-child with the Madonna. And so the Christian and Heathen images began dancing in a strange medley through her brain.

But the chief point which I wish to tell you is that in my own brain the whole occurrence began turning into a poem, in which the old Gods, the modern Roman girl and myself were the characters of a little drama to be written in elegiacs, which are now swallowing every other interest. I told you of my epigrammatic mood when I was here before; now I cannot rest till all these floating shreds organize themselves into something like a poetic whole which metamorphoses the old into the new, interweaving and

reconciling two diverse worlds in a common harmony.

If the thing ever gets itself into possible shape, I shall send it to you, who have always listened so patiently to my various lucubrations. Some thirty or forty lines — hexameters and pentameters — have spun themselves out, but much remains to be done, and I cannot tell you at present how much. But you will catch from this what is and has been my central interest during this second residence at Rome. [*Editorial Note* The poem remained a long time unfinished and unfinishable, not less than thirteen or fourteen years, meanwhile going through many hammerings and additions and attempts at improvement. It grew gradually to 182 lines, and it first saw the light in 1892, being printed in the book called *Prorsus Retrorsus* pp. 32-45, which book contains the Roman poems, or Elegies previously alluded to].

Rome, Oct. 6th, 1878.

I am much obliged for your very full and excellent letter, it removes as much of my anxiety as can be removed by any process. Since your letter arrived I have received additional particulars concerning the little girl; it seems that she has had an unusually healthy and happy summer. Also that all the friends have hitherto escaped the plagues of heaven which have re-

cently been sent upon the West. Now I feel very much rejoiced, and no note of discord enters my orchestra of happiness to which I am listening under these Italian skies.

The truth is that I now enjoy Italy and Rome more than I did last spring; because, I suppose, that I am more capable of enjoyment. I have learned much, I find, much that I cannot tell you of, because it is something which does not admit of expression, or only of my inadequate expression. How can I describe to you the sharpening of my vision which has resulted from viewing so many great works of art, particularly those of the ancients who at least had eyes—whatever else they may not have had. Motives which I at first stumbled over half-blindly or without seeing at all, now stand out with the clearness of noonday; attitudes, gestures, looks, in general form begins to have a meaning for me. I always look into it now as into a mirror which reflects the whole work; so that each part to my eye and not to my abstract reflection, begins to have significance as that which reveals the totality. This vision is not by any means the mere external sense of sight, for the latter I had before.

The great object is to look at these works through the eyes of the ancients to whom they were addressed, and for whom they were an utterance—utterance of the Highest and Noblest as

well as of the Trivial and even of the Bestial. What an impulse they had to form! Like the bee, they wrought and built, putting outside of themselves that which lay inside—here is its expression. Now, to reach this eye of theirs and still further to reach the formative instinct which lay behind the same, is one of the hardest tasks of the modern mind. Something has gone from us; in one of its phases at least we have lost true vision. A slight perusal of the criticisms on the great works of sculpture will show how cross-eyed, wall-eyed, blear-eyed even, we have become, looking in all directions save the right one, and when happening to look in the right direction, not seeing anything. Learned archeologists who have spent all their lives upon these subjects, and who ought to arrive at a faint glimmer of vision, usually *see* the worst, even if their historical labors be valuable. All is outside, trivial, accidental, with rare exceptions; you are made to look around, never at or into the thing.

I believe that my distrust of and disgust at mere erudition and merely erudite men have increased since my stay in Europe. You know that previously they were not small; I found from my Shakespearian experience how great a part of erudition is utterly empty and worthless; indeed I was well aware that often it was very harmful, on account of its making people believe that it was the supreme and only thing worthy of at-

tainment or having any real existence. I sometimes wonder what the world is going to do with all this learned lumber—will burn it up, I suppose, in some grand conflagration, as actually happened to the old erudition massed in the Alexandrian Library.

But I do not intend to destroy my classical serenity by growing petulant over the follies of the learned and of learning. Enjoyment was the old Greek mood; what you cannot enjoy, throw aside. This artistic enjoyment does not by any means signify mere animal pleasure, it is God in the Senses, the Divine in the Feelings. But these words are mere abstractions and will persist in remaining so, until language becomes a stone from which the sculptor hews a form.

To-day is Sunday, and I took a long walk out of the Porta Pia to one of the earliest Christian Basilicas of Rome—the church of St. Agnese. The curiosity about it is that nearly the whole structure is underground and you descend by a long stairs into the aisle. To the faithful it is a sacred spot on account of its martyrology; for me it was soul-stirring chiefly on account of having many beautiful reminiscences of the Pagan world. The columns of the aisle were most attractive, being composed of different colored marbles; some of them were finished with a love and sympathy in the smallest detail; thus even a column becomes warm with feeling. These col-

umns doubtless were the plunder of some ancient temple — and were transferred to this church where they do not belong, for they show Pagan hands and Pagan senses. With all respect for Christianity and the good which it has done the world, one begins to find certain limits of it here, to see what it did not accomplish, nay, to feel that it sometimes destroyed what was better than itself. I tell you, its asceticism is not the solution of the world-problem, though that asceticism buried antiquity in ruins. These joyous fluted Corinthian columns, sighing for sunlight do not belong in this dark cell of the monks, in this catacomb of martyrs.

I continued my walk to the famous Mons Sacer where the plebeians are said to have established themselves when they seceded from the patricians of Rome. It is no mountain at all, simply a knoll at the foot of which flows the Tevere: it was selected doubtless because of some religious sanctuary there, if indeed the old narrative be not a fable. But if it be a fable, it is better than history; this event always has been and still is a type of the organism of society, composed of classes which are necessary to one another. History cannot do more than furnish in its occurrences such enduring types; too often it fails just in this.

The landscape by itself repaid all the trouble of the trip; one never tires of looking at the Sa-

bine and Alban Mountains from Rome or from the Campagna. The clear atmosphere, the deception which it practices of placing objects miles away right under your nose, the outlines of the hills, the repose of everything, put you in a mood which may be called classical, since it is similar to the mood of classical Poetry and Sculpture. So intimately are Art and Nature connected here; you have but to go into the fields in order to find the primitive inspiration of the artist.

But there is a remarkable contrast also, a dissonance it may be called. The Italian has not the repose of this landscape, not the pure sense of form which all these classical surroundings inspire. He is intensely emotional, sentimental; a chaos of formless, or extravagant feelings. I have with me a young Italian poet, it is not serene enjoyment with him but wild ebullience; he utters the very frenzy of human speech in his admiration of scenery, and then bursts to go farther, after having exhausted the subject. He is full too of citations from modern Italian poets; nought is it all but vague, amorphous struggling, often with Titanic flashes to be sure; to me it is the chaotic night of poetry, or rather the nightmare. Long ago the rising Olympians under the lead of Jupiter flung the Titan down into Tartarus, and the result was a Grecian world; but here they are again, those sooty divinities,

belching forth brimstone odors and thick smoke into classical skies.

However, you must not think that I am entirely devoid of modern sympathies. Outside of the Porta Pia, is a tablet in the Roman Wall which contains the names of the soldiers who fell near the spot in the conflict with the Papal troops for the possession of the Roman capitol; sealing with their blood (*suggellando col sangue*) their love of country. The reading of this list of obscure names brought strong heart throbs; what hero has ever been able to do more than give his life for his principle? Santa Agnese yonder with her crown of martyrdom possesses no such power, at least not now; fatherland in Italy is stirring deeper than religion, or rather these are desperately fighting each other — not a happy condition.

My study of modern Greek continues; I find it difficult for the ear but not so difficult for the tongue. I have a teacher who teaches all the modern and ancient languages, a veritable polyglot. He wants to go to America, but what could he do there where the people have only one tongue, and do not like too much of that? He had better stay in this Roman Babel where all languages are in use and abuse. So I hinted to him.

In about a week it is my intention to set out for Athens, going first to Naples, as it is said

that Vesuvius is giving signs of an eruption. I would like to see the old Titan right sick and giving some of his heaviest belches. Of course there are many other attractive things in Naples and its neighborhood, of which one is always hearing. But I shall not stay there long, for my eagerness to reach Athens, the Eastern limit of my journey is growing painful.

When I first came to Rome about the middle of September, I was somewhat afraid of the malarial fever, which is said to be most prevalent in that month. But I have found the city very healthy and pleasant, indeed it is more comfortable than Venice at this season of the year. Certainly my health has never been better; the only trouble is, I sometimes work too long with the brain without sufficient bodily exercise; then I become a little nervous, and sleepless. I have been trying to prepare myself for the Greek trip, by reading some Greek authors, and by reviewing my studies in Art; I work continuously, but not always according to programme. Last week I felt an intense thirst for Pindar which had to be satisfied, though I ought to have been studying Pausanias. The demon will control; perhaps he knows best, so I let him run. It is a Greek demon which now has possession of me, he tunes my feelings, fills my thoughts, creates my world, surrounding me with the very air which I breathe. If I would tell you how he affects me

at times, you would laugh at me. I worship the Goddesses, dance and sing with the Muses, and woo the Graces.

Rome, Oct. 10th, 1878.

I hardly know when I have felt so well as I do now. The weather is delightful, neither too warm nor too cold, neither too wet nor too dry. The Roman autumn, if this be a specimen, is truly the golden crown of the year, not merely on account of its harvests and fruits, but also for the delightful color which it infuses into the soul. I am veritably happy, both in the reality and in my dreams, except that a troubled vision sometimes arises up from across the Atlantic. The dream which fills not a few of my waking hours just now is Greece.

I have just been talking with a man, who I think would please you in particular; for he is above all things the self-sufficient man, unconquered by what he calls the comforts of life, free of the law of demand and supply which has our modern world by the throat, a man who has reduced want to the very last pinch of leanness; yet he is happy, healthy, serene as a God on Olympus. I mean, he lives here at Rome, in the 19th century, on about seven cents a day — the hero untamed by civilization. Yet he is not wild, or uncouth, or even ill-dressed, though as

he tells me, he eschews underclothing, and wears no stockings.

He is a German from Magdeburg, about fifty-five years of age, I should judge; his wife being dead and his children all married, he concluded to get a slight glimpse of this world, before he passed into the next. He has too in that rough-haired pate of his an idea: this idea is that man through excessive needs becomes a slave and that he for one will be free. With the pair of legs bestowed on him by Mother Nature, he sets out from his native Magdeburg, crosses the Alps, and passing through the cities of Northern Italy, has reached Rome without having ridden a mile on the railroad or employed a vehicle of any kind.

He has been in Rome several months; he stayed all summer here and found the weather excellent. He has seen everything, is a lover of the Fine Arts and of antiquities, all for less than half a lira a-day, paper money. Still it is not penuriousness which actuates him; he could earn money here, but will not—giving instruction in German free. Besides he hints to me that he is well-off, if not rich. No, he is determined to prove in his own person that man should not be the victim of needs, and to offer in his own example a cure of social wretchedness and individual unhappiness.

And whom do you think to be his great pat-

tern — the light by which he sees the things of of this universe? Pythagoras — an old Greek Heathen, living more than five centuries before the birth of Jesus Christ. He told me that he was a Pythagorean, and that he lived by the precepts of that old philosopher, not indulging in meat or wine, doing his own cooking and washing; he is a physician to himself, and also a great lover of music. Always the self-sufficient man, unenslaved by his wants; next he proposes to go on foot to Naples, then to Southern Italy, the home of Pythagoras. Nay, he spoke of visiting Sicily and even Athens, but the difficulty was he would have to ride, since he could not well swim the distances.

The idea which he has in that shaggy pate, still drives him on; he is a wanderer in search of knowledge also; he will realize the life of Pythagoras in himself; indeed it is likely, though he did not tell me so, that he believes that the ancient philosopher has transmigrated into his body, after some 2,400 years, there at Magdeburg. But is it not strange that the old Greek should still work so potent a spell, that in these days his idea should actually transmigrate into a soul and take possession thereof? This is the true transmigration of souls, unlimited by Space or Time; so I felt like greeting the heathen sage in the shaggy-haired German from Magdeburg. He is not a Christian but a Heathen; Christ was

born 500 years too late for him. What impulse has pushed him out of cold foggy North Germany and guided him hither into these sunny Greek lands—what impulse but the desire of hearing the music of the spheres in that part of the universe where it originated, and where it still may be heard most melodiously attuning the spirit?

I confess, I feel a strong sympathy with him in several ways. I like the idea which he has in his head, preaching by life and by word that man must have dominion over needs and not needs over man. Then as to transmigration—shall I declare it?—I am almost disposed to think that some Greek has passed into me; I coax and caress his spirit and beg him to be at home within me. I tell him that shortly I shall visit his fatherland, that he with my eyes shall behold, I hope, all the ancient glory of his country, that I want to see by the aid of his vision the Gods on Olympus, and the Fauns in Arcadia, and above all to get a glimpse of the Graces and Muses.

Don't take me to be crazy on account of these rhapsodic utterances of mine; I am simply enjoying myself in a sort of Hellenic day-dream. Then who can help becoming hilarious in this weather and amid this people? Below my window a ragged youth goes singing and springing; he stops to sneeze, sneezes five times and counts them off—one, two, three, four, five; then on

he goes resuming his song. Capricious overflow of spirits marks this autumnal season, sometimes the overflow turns in the wrong direction. For instance, yesterday I saw a street-fight in the market between six women, venders of vegetables—fierce hair-pulling there was with some awkward blows, while all around the arena were strown potatoes, tomatoes and grapes from their upset baskets. About a hundred men formed around them an amphitheater and witnessed the gladiatorial combats as in the olden time.

I have just been studying my guide-books for the trip to Naples and perhaps Sicily, on the way to Greece. I can not fix all the points as yet, so I need not tell you anything but the outline just mentioned. Fred Allen, it seems, has given up the trip, so he intimates in a postal card written from Geneva. I shall of course go on alone, which perhaps is the best way for me, though I often like a companion. Still my habits are so different from those of most people—habits both of living and of studying—that I am a little afraid even of the best associate. So far I have traveled entirely alone, with pleasure and I hope with profit. A solitary bird I am anyhow, seeking a peculiar prey—which when I have in my talons I shall some day drop down upon you in Cincinnati.

I shall add another sheet to what I have already written, for it will not trouble you much,

since it takes much more time to write than to read. I have been expecting a letter from you during the last few days, but it does not come, and so I shall send this one away without hearing from you. Old as you are I wish you were here with me to enjoy some of these things; you would still be my best companion. But you had better put off this journey at present till the next world, when you can make it unencumbered with baggage, even with flesh. I am glad that I have made my trip here on this side of the Beyond, as I am uncertain about my travels in the Hereafter.

I have just returned from a morning walk on the Pincio which is the eighth hill of Rome, from which the beholder sees the eternal city in all its glory. The air is fresh and bracing; you rest in the shade of classical trees, the ilex and the laurel; the red flowers of autumn seem to burn with a modest secret passion. Very often you meet a rosy-cheeked English girl, beautiful for her blushes far more than for her grace of person. You stand above the mass of churches and palaces till you cast your eye across the Tiber, — there in the distance before you rises St. Peter's, the grand world-cathedral; it seems to be above the roofs with its colossal proportions; Rome and everything else including yourself dwindle beside it. Yet it is not haughty or pretentious in its grandeur, I should say it in-

spires a friendly, sunny feeling in the soul. There is nothing austere or dark about its appearance; indeed it laughs, looking downward toward the earth rather than striving upward toward the skies. On the whole you can best see St. Peter's from the Pincio, which is not far from a mile distant; near by the church is so huge that you cannot take it in, you lose every criterion of comparison, you no longer compare it with a building but with the universe. Walking away from it a mile and getting on top of hill, you begin to be able to see the immense structure and to place it alongside of other edifices. Still it is not the magnitude of it which delights most in viewing it from the Pincio, but its good-natured smile as it looks down upon its neighbors. At first I hardly knew what to do with the monster, but now I have become much attached to him, knowing how to take him. He stands up yonder like a huge Newfoundland dog amid a litter of pups; the latter scarcely hide his feet, while he with a good-natured look regards their puny pretentious barkings.

I have now passed nearly another month in Rome, employed not so much in seeing as in studying. This is a pity but cannot be helped. You should use your eyes in Rome, for nowhere else in the world can they be invited to such a banquet. Still I had to make some preparation

for Greece, and I have only done what I would do over again if I had the choice.

Rome, Oct. 16th, 1878.

Your letter has made such a happy impression upon me that I feel like devoting some lines to you specially. I rejoice exceedingly at your recovering from a state of illness and despondency; your letter gives every indication of the full return of the sun. I should judge that you are now happy, enjoying something like a classic serenity of mind. Keep it as the divinest of boons, for I tell you many people travel over the whole world in search of it without finding it; the nearest most Christians come to its attainment is to *hope* for it in the next world. But hope is merely the shadow of realization; happiness should be found here below, if even hope has any meaning. Those happy expressions of yours lie in my memory alongside of the Tuscan hills which I saw not long ago; they will be a part of my journey here, interwoven among many other sunny recollections of these Italian days.

Doubtless I feel the stronger sympathy with the bright spirit of your letter because I was sick myself when I left America, sick, not so much in body as in soul. To confess the matter openly, the world refused to me its delight, and I would much rather have left it than have stayed in it.

I had been driven out of the Heaven in which I once dwelt, not on account of any Satanic sin that I know of—not by any wrong of my own, but by the rude hand of external fate smiting me without cause. I could not see through my tears the justice in such a government of the universe, and at the same time my emotions were so broken that they often refused all control. I frequently woke up in the morning with such a weight resting upon my soul that I could not keep myself from tears; and if waking cost so much pain, my wish was to sleep forever. *The Soul's Journey*, written to relieve myself of these feelings by some faint utterance, does not tell half the story. At last the time came and the circumstances conspired to bring about this new and health-giving journey to classic lands. It too is a Soul's Journey, but in what sense I have not time to tell you now, nor do I think I could tell you if I were to try. It is not yet terminated, at the end of it there will be time enough to look back. But so much I may say of myself at present: I never have lived in a happier mood than during this last month here at Rome. I feel cured; in the morning I rise without any spiritual qualms, go out into the fresh air, stroll along under the ilexes of the Pincio, looking at the sunshine and St. Peter's. Indeed I am often up in time to see the day-god raise aloft his glorious head from his couch somewhere behind the Sabine mountains,

and start on his heaven-attaining journey. Everything which I touch in this happy climate sends out a healing influence upon me—at least such is my fancy. Just now too I am drinking huge potations of divine nectar—the hope of seeing Greece—to me the most exhilarating of all draughts. I talk to myself in modern Greek, renting a room, ordering a dinner, bickering with a hack-driver, doing all sorts of prosaic modern things in a language not very dissimilar to that of Homer. Then I cut loose from grammar and conversation book, and start to playing with a Pindaric ode. I hear the ancient chant accompanied by flute and lyre, with processions and festivals and dances of beautiful youths in the Public Place—what a joyous world!

I do not expect the Greece of to-day to realize this picture, nor on the other hand to destroy it; I only want a sniff of the air, a look at the islands of the sea, together with some views of the hills and springs, to find out whether they actually exist or not. For Greece has been and still is the ideal world of our European culture; it is hard to believe that there is anything of it but poetry. You ask me when I am going to return home; how can I tell? You see that my face is still turned toward the East; wait till I wheel around, then we may begin to calculate the months or perhaps the days. Now I can only say, I must first behold Greece if possible;

she is a coy maiden who will by no means show herself at the first glance, though I think that I have had some glimpse of her beauty from the distance. How long it will be before she will reveal herself or whether she will reveal herself at all, are problems beyond my power of computation. I am at least going to the spot where she once was, to her dwelling place, as it were; even though she be fled out of the house beyond all vision of mine.

I desire to remain there long enough to let the influences strike deep into me and work a permanent cure. With my return to America I hope that there will be no return to what I fled from, journeying thousands of miles towards lands blessed with a spiritual as well as a natural sunlight. It was a vague instinct which drove me — for I really did not know what I was doing — like a slender vine in a dark cellar which sends up a lone weakly shoot in search of the light of day. Of course I can not tell what the future has in store; it may be that America with its Hell of Restlessness will again infect me, for it is the happy balance of activity and repose which constitutes true living. What I shall then do I cannot say; but I can tell you what I shall feel like doing — I shall feel like abandoning forever that spot of earth which Providence has done me the disfavor to set me down on, though it be my native country. But to arouse these

snaky-haired anxieties does not accord with my present mood; so let them be driven off into their obscure cavernous retreat. With them clinging about me, I never can win the Greek maid aforementioned, for she always flees from such a brood of ugly monsters. Least of all can they endure the happy sunshine of your letter; when I think of it just now, they all take to flight and disappear.

I believe that there are some spiritual troubles which the ancients knew better how to manage than we; they were not dark brooders but happy enjoyers. Their life, their poetry, and above all their art called man away from himself, turned the feelings outwards instead of allowing them to prey inwards. A view of those transparent, plastic shapes must have cleared up the soul after the wildest tempests. The other day after an absence of some months in the North I went to the Vatican Gallery of Sculpture; how can I describe the impression! It was as if you would visit a divine friend who sees through Heaven and Earth, and who knows exactly what chord to touch in order to make you happy. The visit was a communing, an imparting of the celestial nature. Now I can see what the genuine worship of the heathen was, and why they could adore a statue as an Apollo, as an all-healing God. But even here in the decline of Art, and of Faith which gives

birth to Art, unhappy brooding and struggle enters; for instance the Locoon represents terrific conflict with evil, and the final victory of the old serpent whom we know so well from the Bible. Life thus is a battle in which the Devil is always the victor; yet this is not the serene Greek world any longer, but caught in the toil of Fate and destroyed like Locoon

Rome, Oct. 16th, 1878.

I send you some very slight reminiscences in the shape of leaves. It is hard to say in what condition they will reach you after traveling so many thousands of miles, tossed about on land and sea. I might send something better, but it would be apt to be confiscated on the way by the officers of the revenue as an article requiring duty. Leaves, I suppose, do not pay any tariff even in our tariff-ridden country.

The largest bunch of leaves was plucked from the olive, which abound in this part of the world, as you know. I hope that they will retain their double color, as well as their shape, for both are modest and beautiful. The under side of the leaf is silvery with almost a metallic luster, yet milder; while the upper side is of a soft green dotted with an infinite number of small sparkling points. To see an olive tree, or still better an olive orchard under the rays of the sun with a slight breeze

moving the leaves, never fails to arouse the keenest natural gladness; there is such a tossing and tumbling of the foliage, such a sparkling play of their tints that each tree-top seems like a bevy of merry children. It laughs, yet always with a winning comeliness—for notice the slender graceful form of the leaf; it never moves in an ungraceful manner. There is no object in nature here more attractive than the olive; then its utility is beyond all computation, for it really furnishes to this population *meat* in its vegetable oil—meat here grows on trees.

How often have I stopped on my journey and watched the dance of the leaves! I have even lain down under the trees and looked at them playing on an Italian sky as a background. It was the tree sacred to Minerva, and the ancients have celebrated it in many a legend. The Goddess of Wisdom planted it on the Athenian Acropolis, whence it furnishes refreshing shade and nourishment even until this day to man, and a crop of poetry.

The cluster of four leaves is from the ilex, or the holm-oak, a tree which you will encounter in Virgil and other classical writers. It is distinguished for its thick foliage forming a dense shade—a very useful tree in this hot climate. The Pincio which, as you perhaps know, is the elevated park of the Romans, is planted with them; this twig was plucked from one of the

trees near the Villa Medici. Now they are filled with acorns.

The other two leaves are from the laurel, being also taken from the Pincio. The garlands of Poets and Conquerors were made of it, and it has become the symbol of all that is beautiful and noble in human kind. Though we have no laurel in America, yet we often hear of laurels; the word has traveled far out of the region of the tree. It also has a special interest on account of its connection with modern Italian poets, Dante and Petrarch for example.

Now with a little aid from your reading and your imagination, you can enter the classical woods and look upon the trees which have been sung about so much that they themselves seem to sing. Listen to these leaves and you will hear a voice which perchance may set you even in America to singing of the olive, ilex and laurel. Do, for once in your life be a little sentimental; I am sure that I have set you a good example in this respect. I see that you are somewhat alarmed at my increasing youthfulness; you seem to fear that I shall return even to babyhood. Just what I want to be — somebody's baby. "Unless ye become as little children," etc. — that is the Heaven which I am entering. Something too much of this — so adieu.

Rome, Oct. 19th, 1878.

I have broken away from Rome again, this time southward. More than a month I have tarried in the Eternal City, and somehow I feel that I shall see it on my return. The emotion on leaving it is very different from that which came over me when I quit it last summer for the North and Germany. Now Hellas floats before me in all sorts of bewitching forms, which cause me to live in a world of glorious anticipation. I am writing this in the Railroad Station, while waiting for the train to Naples, and I have time to look back a little.

Let not my confession astonish you when I say that I am in a kind of reaction against Rome; I begin to feel its limits, especially of its art and culture. I must get out of it, back of it, beyond it, to the original source of that stream which pours through it down the ages, and which has been not a little discolored by the passage. A feeling of satiety has come over me, it seems to me that I have a touch of that Roman world-pain (*Weltschmerz*) which runs darkly through the Latin poets, and which becomes the direct motive of the statue of Antinous, truly the great work of a Roman soul of the imperial time. But my face this morning is turned away from Rome toward Hellas, and when I think of that, satiety will sink back into Orcus, I suppose,

while Joy and Hope flap their rainbow wings before my eyes, beckoning me onward.

And now as a parting shot I am going to let fly at you over the Ocean, a little epigram which has been rollicking through my brain as I have wormed through this variegated Italian crowd at the Station, and has at last danced itself into existence through the point of my pencil.

Swinging on high between two visions seemeth
my journey,

As the pendulum swings back from a tick to a
tick;

And on the clock of the world I am marking the
weightiest moments,

As I sweep to and fro through the dead ages
embalmed;

Substance fades to a dream but the dream soon
hardens to substance,

Huge Coliseum recedes, Parthenon rises to
view.

Monte Cassino, Oct. 19th, 1878.

Rome is now behind me and I am making my way towards Greece; just at present, however, my destination is Naples. But I could not pass by the famous monastery of Monte Cassino, which was perched upon this high mountain like a lighthouse during the Dark Ages. From the railroad down in the valley I see the coronal

of buildings capping the summit and overlooking the country far and wide. As that summit is my objective point, I at once start for it by the shortest way, when I step out of the cars. Guides are there offering to conduct me on foot or to furnish me a mule for riding up the steep and weary ascent; but who with eyes can not see yon building or who with legs can not walk up a hill? So I push on alone, after having deposited my baggage at the inn.

It is Saturday and the peasants from the surrounding country have flocked to the town which lies at the foot of the mountain, in order to dispose of their products. The men have an ancient costume, usually variegated with patches of many colors; shoes are not in use, but a species of primitive sandal made of oxbide. The women have an elaborate toilet of its kind, with great variety of tints; upon the head is laid a white cloth like a towel folded after ironing. They can not be called beautiful; very early they are subjected to severe out-door labor; the result is, they are deeply tanned by the sun, wrinkled, distorted; they look like dried-up oak-knots. Full of bustle and chatter and chaffering they offer their wares; I push through the market to the foot of the hill where the road leads upwards. Here too are leather-visaged women with heavy burdens skipping over the rocks, barefooted and happy.

Around the mountain the road winds like a spiral; this seems to me too long, so I conclude to cut these spirals by a straight line to the summit. Over walls, through olive orchards, up we go till about half way; a sense of fatigue begins to make itself felt; but I turn around and look at the glorious landscape, and I am refreshed. A long peaceful valley surrounded by mountains which alternately play or fight with the clouds is reached over by the eye. On a neighboring hill is an old castle; here you see side by side the types of the Middle Ages, Cloister and Castle — the one furnishing the men of thought, the other the men of action. Both are placed upon steep high places for security; each is divorced from the other, yet both dominate the houses below where the people reside. From these structures and their situation you can quickly catch the spirit of those who built them and of the times in which they were built. So true is it that man can construct only what he himself is, not what he is not. At present, however, both Castle and Cloister are in a state of decay, even of ruin; Authority, religious and political, has descended into the plain below, to abide among the people. For what else does a ruin say but this: Alas, behold me with sympathy; I am but a dead body whose spirit has fled; unless thou preservest me, soon even my bones will disappear into the elements. My day is past — woe is me.

But the hardest part of the ascent remains, precipitous, rugged and henceforward uncultivated. Still I go straight up, often scrambling on all fours in order to pass a difficult place. My only company now is the lizard, a very agile and not ungraceful little creature who has an undisturbed paradise amid the rocks. I grow tired, very tired; I begin to think that it was the impetuosity of youth which caused me to undertake such a tramp. But I am soon in breath again and begin with fresh delight after a look over the country; I glance toward the summit, it does not seem far, though I do not now see the monastery. But when I reach the point upon which my eye rested, behold, it is not the top but merely a projection of the side of the mountain. Still there is quite a distance to the summit, which seemed always to get higher, till I thought I would enter the very gates of Heaven. So doubtless thought the old monks as they climbed this mountain: the entrance to their monastery was the entrance to Paradise.

At last I reach the court, fatigued and heated; a large cistern offers abundance of water which I am afraid to drink, but I bathe my temples and arms till my thirst and perspiration are assuaged. A servant comes along, I ask him if he can give me a little wine; he bids me go with him, we pass through long corridors lined with the cells

of monks, till we come to his little chamber. He was a curious old man, this servant, with a mysterious air of cunning about him; concerning the most trivial matters he assumed a secret look of importance. He never talked above a whisper; he slipped through the hall on tiptoe; he never used a word when he could employ a gesture; his information was never conveyed plainly, but always with some ambiguity. Still he told me that he had been thirty-six years in the service of the monastery and had learned something. Here was the genuine Italian clown, who gives a comic reflection of what he finds in his master; for I could not help drawing this inference from his actions; he had seen the cunning of his superiors all his life—he would be cunning too. I knew him from Italian comedy previously, but here he was in person, in actual flesh and blood.

But there was no ambiguity in the wine which he served up to me, nor was there any ambiguity in my drinking. I tell you it did me good. I rewarded him with a handsome quantity of coppers, which pleased him so much that he at once conducted me to the notable things of the place, of which the most notable is the church. It has the most gorgeously decorated interior that can be imagined; no church in Rome equals it in this respect. The effect is peculiar, you are dazzled, indeed benumbed for a time by the splendor.

The colors take absolute possession of the eye; form, proportion, symmetry, not to speak of the thought, are unseen in that glare of magnificence. Pillars and walls are inlaid with every variety of colored marble; every inch of ceiling is covered with paintings; where there is nothing else, there is gilt; the whole forms a wild, I should say, feverish, phantasmagoria of color.

I do not think, however, that the delight in such a structure can be permanent, for it does not appeal to that which is permanent in man. It was not long before I felt its violations of nature and good taste, such as flying cherubs hung by the back from the ceiling; far different does the Apollo Belvedere fly. Everything is subservient to ornament apparently; in themselves these objects have no ground of existence. Indeed the church finally makes the impression that it stands there only for ornament, without any spiritual necessity; it might just as well be something else, some other kind of scaffolding for hanging ornaments on. Still it is a wonderful work; color by itself can hardly do more.

This monastery belongs to the Benedictines — founded, it is said by St. Benedict himself in 525 A. D. It is thus the cradle of that great order which has really done much good in former ages. One can not help comparing these structures with those at Assisi, the home of St. Francis. The church at Assisi is in every way

different, more earnest, more deeply religious, yet more sombre. Whether this architectural difference fairly adumbrates the difference between the two founders or between the two orders, I can not tell; but the comparison is not fair on account of the great difference of age between the two edifices. One thing is certain: this church of Monte Cassino is worldly, is devoted to enjoyment of the senses; its external magnificence is without any deep, earnest spiritual principle. It is not yet a ruin, but the monastery is now secularized by law; Time can not long keep off his hand.

But the view from the summit will remain, whoever may dwell there; this has a natural gift of holiness, as I may call it, which made men well when the mountain was crowned by the temple of Apollo in antiquity. To-morrow I start on my way to Naples with the intention of stopping a few hours at Capua.

Transit.

Naples, Oct. 22nd, 1878.

Last evening I reached the New City, which still bears its Greek name somewhat mutilated (*Neapolis*, in Greek, *Napoli* in Italian). This means that I have crossed the first line from Italia into Graecia, that is, into the transitional territory which may be called Italic Greece and which lay anciently in Southern Italy, particularly in the Greek cities along the sea-coast.

Do I find any traces of that old Greek origin and character still remaining among the people? I have already come upon something which has impressed me in that way. Around the most frequented Public Square stand many little booths which are places of amusement for the

populace — jugglers, sword-swallowers, ventriloquists and all that sort of artists ply their trade there. Sauntering around I stroll into one of these booths, lured by a show-bill which spoke of the Wedding of Thetis. I said to myself: "What! is that old Greek tale still told here in Naples to the common people, most of whom cannot read!" I enter the place for a penny, and behold! here comes hoary Neptune with his trident heading a procession of sea-deities. A young fellow tells the story, which is illustrated by scenes, introducing the Nereids, Galathea, and the rest (some of whom I could not make out). Then Peleus the mortal bridegroom entered and carried off the fair Thetis from her divine wooers. Out of this marriage, you know, sprang Achilles, the supreme Greek hero at Troy, who somehow came forth on the stage at the end, when the performance closed to the great satisfaction of the little audience. As soon as I reached the street, a beggar who had been present at the show, asked me for alms. I said to him: "I shall give you this (showing him a copper coin), if you will tell me who was Achilles." The fellow knew of him as the slayer of Hector. "Another piece of money here, if you will tell me about Proteus." That beggar replied: "two cents more and I will show you his transformations." So I saw old Proteus turned into a crawling snake, a devouring

lion, and a fluttering tree in about two minutes. You know that the Neapolitans are great mimics, and can talk better by grimace and gesture than by word.

Now the interest of all this to me was that it showed the Greek Mythos to be still alive among the people here, and employed as an expression of life. The Neapolitan dialect is beyond me, so that I cannot say to what degree language is still affected by the old Greek tongue. But there are said to be villages in Southern Italy and Sicily which to-day talk Greek, though corrupt.

Naples, Oct. 25th, 1878.

The popular art of this city has a tendency to the small, to a great skill in making dainty little objects. Sleeve-buttons, and buttons of every kind, jewelry, and many petty utensils are wrought exquisitely out of common materials, such as lava and sea-shell and coral. This fact, I am inclined to regard as an old Greek inheritance in which the whole people participate. There seems to be a formative sense here which is well-nigh general, a plastic feeling which has come down from another time and faith.

The decorations which are found in Pompeii appear to point to the same fact. They must have been mostly made not by artists, but by common artisans, to whom the Greek mythical

world was familiar not only in its story but also in its sculptured and painted shapes, the works of the best Greek artists for hundreds of years. What a training! In fact the Mythus was once the chief education of the people, and still ought to be employed as an educational instrumentality.

Now I shall tell you what this universal sense of form in the minute things of life has recalled: the Greek Anthology, which has preserved the versicles, themselves often little works of art, which the ancients turned out on every little occasion. Fortunately in a second-hand book-stall at Berlin, I came upon a selection of the best of these by Frederick Jacobs, a German classical scholar of distinction. His *Delectus Epigrammatum Græcorum* with Latin notes is now a kind of manual with me, and furnishes a striking counterpart to what I see before me in the pretty artistic shapes carved on a thousand little articles both of decoration and utility. Previously I had to work through the whole mass of these little poems good and bad, but now I rejoice in an Anthology of the Anthology by the German pedagogue of Gotha *in usum scholarum*. This is a great boon.

As a result of all these favorable circumstances the epigrammatic mood has overflowed me again with considerable intensity. Naples is to me the epigrammatic city in its art, in its life, in its

stimulation. And the sea here moves to the same measure. I rode out on the waters of the Mediterranean, and the boat rocked in the waves to the tune of an epigram :

Merrily under the touch of the rudder is rocking
the vessel,
Rising a little above, falling a little below,
Eager to dance on the sea with the billow and
romp with the sunbeam,
While the wares in the hold safely to haven it
brings.
Epigrams, rise, your voyage begins, now rock
with the vessel,
One with the sway of the ship, one with the
storm and the calm.

So I invoked the little sprites all day, and they buzzed around me in hundreds of flitting sportive shapes teasing me to catch them and to put them into the fettered word. Of course many escaped my grasp, leaving no trace in memory or only a little shred of radiance, a mere film of the humming-bird's wing. But many I caught and caged in writ, and sometimes an hexametral line would sing itself fully out in an easy laughing way when

All the sea was a smile and a twinkle was every
wavelet.

Naples, Oct. 25th, 1878.

I came to Naples with my heart set upon three things, namely: Pompeii, the Museum and Vesuvius. To be sure there are many other delights here which can be included in a trip; for this city is peculiar in not a few respects. Mobility is the characteristic of the population; such a chaffering, jolly set of vagabonds can not elsewhere be found upon the face of the earth. The degree to which cunning is carried has excited my wonder to the highest pitch; I have been outrageously cheated three times with eyes wide open in spite of myself, deception is here the finest of all the fine arts, as far as my experience goes. Then the impudence of these people deserves the highest praise for its grand proportions; after deceiving you they are ready, in fact, they think it a part of the comedy, to let you know how completely they have humbugged you. A peddler, in the most ingenious manner succeeded in selling me a pair of sleeve-buttons for five francs; in a few moments he returned and offered a similar pair for two francs, "for says he, it is always well to have two pairs in case you lose one." It was quite the same as telling me to my face that he had cheated me out of three francs.

On the second day after my arrival I took a

jaunt to Pozzuoli, a town on the sea-shore ten miles distant from Naples. On the way is the tomb of Virgil (said to be so at least) to which I paid a pilgrimage and plucked a twig from a laurel which is in the grounds, and which rumor declares to have been planted by Petrarch originally. Here too my sentimental mood was marred by an attempt at *skulduggery* on the part of the guide. Passing through the grot of Posilupo, I came in a short time to the sea whose waves soon washed away all petty vexations. Here Neptune revealed himself in certain wonderful forms which I had never seen before. As the billows came rolling and breaking upon the coast, it seemed as if there could be in them something of what the old Greeks beheld in the water of the sea. So I trudged along the shore occupied pleasantly with my fancies, till Pozzuoli stood in the way. Here as I entered the market-place, half the women of the town were engaged in a street fight; I looked on a while, but I could not understand the cause of the trouble in the Neapolitan dialect. A return to Naples on foot threw me into the night; but I saw across the harbor above the summit of Vesuvius a glowing red crown, the reflection from the crater below.

Two days already I have given to the Museum without having seen half of its treasures, not to speak of having studied them. That which at-

tracts me most is the paintings of Pompeii; they reveal a new art, indeed a new world. Both the subjects and methods of execution surpass modern painting; I went through the gallery where they are displayed, in a sort of fever of excitement. Here was an art which naturally grew out of the theme, and was really a part of the life of the people. I now became conscious of what I had before vaguely felt, that the so-called Christian painting, with the exception of a few works by a few masters, has little real significance for me. I have tried to work into it with my heart as well as with my head here in Italy, but I feel satisfied that in my present condition of mind there is no use. After all, these descents from the cross, martyrdoms, crucifixions with the whole tribe of saints, monks and church-fathers are not congenial to me, and hereafter I am going to leave them alone. As a purely historical development, the history of Modern Painting has an interest, but a view of these ancient works, though merely copies and in a half-ruined condition, has given me a delightful foretaste of what I have been vaguely hunting. In the Museum is a large collection of old Italian pictures; I did not have the heart to look at them after seeing the Pompeian collection, though there are three or four which I must yet see.

Naples, Oct. 26th, 1878.

I have seen him, the fire-breathing demon Vesuvius who has done so much good and so much evil in the world—his worst act being the destruction and his best act the preservation of Pompeii. So closely are good and evil chained together in our world, so readily does each assume the form of the other! Already I had caught a glimpse of the top sending up a column of steam, when the train wound slowly into Naples; I then had a longing to make a closer acquaintance with the monster; to-day the plan was carried out.

Starting from Naples I first went to Resina, a town lying at the base of the mountain; after a toilsome drive the Observatory was reached, from which point carriages proceed no further. A mule is offered, but I preferred to walk to the foot of the cone. Now begins the steep ascent for which it is impossible to employ even a mule. Three ways of getting up the cone: to be carried up, to be pushed up, or to walk up; the latter was my way. You often slip back in the yielding ashes; at points, if you look back, it seems dizzy down the precipitous sides; you grow tired of the struggle against a mountain—but courage, you will conquer; here is the summit, or rim on which you look over into the crater.

Dense fumes composed of steam and gas with

a strong sulphurous smell greet us ; brimstone at least is in that fire which leaps out of the earth. At a short distance is the second small crater ; here is the mouth, the hole of the monster. You hear a detonation like that of heavy artillery ; high up into the air are hurled stones red-hot and lava accompanied with smoke ; the fragments are scattered in every direction, most of them, however, falling back into the small crater. It was as if the monster just spirted out a few small mouthfuls for our entertainment ; we feel that he could blow us all up into the air if he would only try. So Vesuvius continues throwing out his little scattered masses day and night ; you imagine him to be asleep and only breathing somewhat heavily ; what if he would wake up and in anger !

After watching this pit for a time, one becomes familiar, even friendly with it ; so I concluded to descend into it, and lay my hand on its mane, as it were. You must now imagine the locality—a large crater in which is situated a small crater, from which alone the fire is sent forth ; between the two rims of the craters is quite a little plain covered with the crust of hardened lava over which one may walk. Figure to yourselves a large wooden bowl in which is placed a teacup ; thus you will have a picture of the two craters and the plain between them. So I descend, preceded by my guide, into this plain by a very steep path,

through ashes which still smoke ; putting my hand into them I feel that they are uncomfortably warm. I run through them down to the edge of the crust beneath which the fires are still glowing.

The guide steps over on this crust ; I follow, I confess with some diffidence. Spitting on it to see how hot it is, I observe that the spittle is at once converted into steam ; still it is not too hot for leather, if you move about. Ramming my stick into a crevice at my feet, it at once takes fire ; indeed the lava can be seen there still red ; I stoop down near it and give it a friendly glance. But it is evidently going to sleep ; in a few more days it will lose its blooming color and turn dark. This stream of lava is the product of a recent eruption ; it is said by the guide to be some ten days old or more.

Notwithstanding the proximity of all these devilish forces, a person becomes indifferent, nay reckless ; so I run over the crust as freely and carelessly as over the ice on a skating-pond. In fact your experience very much resembles your first attempt to go on ice ; you hesitate, you are afraid, till at last you become imprudent. I conclude to see the small crater from a closer view ; so I pass over the intervening plain of lava, lured by the demon as it were, for it is a fascination to see him tossing out his red-hot rocks and to hear his deep grunts at every heave.

A good-sized stone falling not many feet in front of me gives me warning to retire; the guide too calls a retreat, so with some unwillingness I separate from my new acquaintance. Now I wish that I had stayed longer there in his presence. I only mean that one leaves such a scene with regret, as the only thing of the kind which he has seen, or is likely to see again.

To get out of the crater is a short but very toilsome piece of labor. Looking back at the twisted lava as it lies there cooling, shapes of the most remarkable kind come to view; very often the limbs or trunk of the human body seem to be prostrate in every variety of contorsion. No sculptor could improve upon some of these forms; then their colossal size inspires terror, when combined with so much writhing. Truly these are the old Giants, pierced by the thunderbolt of Jove—the hundred-headed, the hundred-handed monsters scattered over the plain and dying in the intensest agony and convulsions. One of these shapes I recollect—it was the only thing that made me shudder in the whole spectacle of these tremendous earth-born powers—it was merely a mighty arm strained to the last limit of tension and struggle. But here I must break off suddenly for reasons which cannot be given on account of the want of time. Enclosed I send a laurel leaf from the tree before mentioned, that

is planted near Virgil's grave. Still address your letters to Rome, Poste Restaute.

Pompeii, Oct. 29th, 1878.

I have now taken a fairly complete survey of the resurrected city with its unique character. I imagine that there is nothing like it elsewhere on the globe. This is an image of antiquity which should be stamped upon the brain as giving a view of ancient life which nothing else can. To be sure Pompeii must be regarded mainly as a rural town Hellenized, and belongs to a given stage of the old Greco-Roman civilization. It shows how completely art had been taken up into the life of the people, who lived and moved in a world of artistic forms greeting them on every side, at home and abroad. But the domestic architecture is shabby and wholly undeveloped, especially on the outside. Evidently the time for the Family actually to appear has not yet come. Still it seems to me that I can see the Florentine Palazzo evolving out of the Pompeian House internally, for the latter externally is hardly more than a hovel.

There is no doubt that Pompeii drives the soul often to spells of pensive reflection, even to brooding perchance, over the providential order. The supereminent thought here is Resurrection, yea Resurrection of the Body, for

the material part of the old town rises out of the earth, though skeleton-like and imperfect. Even our happy, light-winged little epigrammatist grows meditative in an elegiac distich :

Many believe hereafter will be resurrection of
body,
But of the old buried town, look, resurrection
has come.

Three days I have devoted to its study and direct inspection, not returning to Naples but staying at the Hotel Diomede which stands just at the entrance. For my studies I have my very full guide-book in German, Gsell-Fels; but this seemed hardly enough, so I purchased at a German book store in Naples a copy of Overbeck's considerable book on Pompeii, also in German. By the way, it should be noted that in every large city of Italy we find the German bookseller, altogether the best and most enterprising of his tribe in the whole world, I believe. The fact would also seem to indicate that the Germans, intellectually, have far more intercourse with Italy than any other nation, though it is probable that more English-speaking people (English and Americans) visit Italy, and it is certain that they disburse far more money, than the Germans. Thus the Teutons of both great branches have again overflowed Italy, but this time they are not conquering, destroying

and robbing, but paying their way, to the delight and profit of impoverished Italy.

The course of the lava down the sides of Vesuvius I have been much interested in tracing. From the vineyards here is expressed the juice of that famous wine which bears the name of *Lacrima Christi*. At a little wine shop by the wayside I called for a drink of it, which the tapster furnished, of course, though it was probably not genuine. You know they have in Italy many articles connected with Christ, for example any quantity of wood of the true cross. I asked my cupbearer: "You are a Christian?" "Yes, a good Catholic." The name of the wine had given me a little twinge, and so I enquired further: "Then how dare you sell Christ's tears?" His response was naive: "We sell our guests what they call for." Good, thought I to myself; *vult decipi et decipitur* — I asked to be deceived, and got it, of course, by paying for it.

But the multitudinous shapes which this lava takes are tremendously suggestive. They carry me back again to the old Greek world, and bring up a part of its mythology whose real side never dawned on me before when I read it in Hesiod—the war between the Gods and the Giants (or Titans). The latter were depicted as monsters of enormous strength, many-limbed and many-headed, and were hurled sprawling and writhing and indeed dying upon the earth. Well, here

they lie, stiffened in their last convulsions, with their limbs stretched out in a kind of agony — truly a terror to behold.

Titans I saw whose limbs had been scattered all
over the mountain,

Writhing still they lay skewered by bolts of
high Jove.

There, with bundles of limbs wound together,
lay huge Hundred-Handed,

Knotted in wrath are his thews, vain is his
effort to rise.

Thus I actually saw to my own satisfaction the Giant Briareus lying there, the mighty monster with his hundred hands clutching seemingly for Zeus, who has, with his thunderbolt laid out the first anarchist. Here then is an awe-inspiring colossal image of Destruction, yea, of Destruction destroyed — image made by the first artificer, Nature, in her primordial work shop, and copied, it seems to me, by the Greek Mythos, especially in its Hesiodic vein. For Homer is different and portrays a different world, even if he summons up Briareus in a noted scene, and gives a glimpse now and then into a Titanesque background of his clear, sunny Olympian world.

Brindisi, Nov. 3rd, 1878.

I concluded to wait here three days for the Austrian steamer which passes through the Ionian Islands and the Cyclades; thus I shall be able to get a view of the insular part of Greece, which forms such an important element in its history as well as in its physical aspect. Also I desired to bring up a little. I had seen so much at Naples in so short a time that it was necessary to have some quiet hours for mental digestion. When I see too much, without giving adequate reflection to the objects seen, I become confused in mind, and everything gets insipid or at least uninteresting. To observe and to think are the Siamese Twins, which cannot be separated without the risk of destroying both. So the three days have passed very quietly but not disagreeably; only when I took a walk down to the sea shore and looked across the waves, did I experience a longing to be off for the land lying beyond.

So I again went through that wonderful town, Pompeii, with its treasures of art and domestic economy. But I must not at present attempt to describe it to you; it has to be seen, for it is not words—it is life. Though its inhabitants are all dead, it is a vast dictionary of antiquities turned into vivid images or rather into a sort of vital activity. I regretted leaving it so soon,

but I have promised myself a full feast there on my return from Greece. As I look back upon that buried city, I begin to feel the first real astonishment; while I was walking through it and looking at it I did not fully appreciate its wonderful character. So the first view seldom initiates you into the heart of the thing, or any mere view; thoughts must follow in the wake of the eye, if the latter is to have any true vision.

But my mind has been turned rather to what I am to see next than to what I have just seen. Soon I shall be in the waters of the *Odyssey*: just think of it!

So I was careful to provide myself with a copy of that old Bible, as it may be called—Bible at least for the ancient Hellenic race, and I am inclined to think that of Holy Books it is one of the best. It is the great storehouse of typical forms which have passed into the language and consciousness of the European peoples; probably more of moral and intellectual symbols it has furnished than any other book. But I am done with all these terms, which I shall try now to throw away, and simply enjoy the book, thankful above all things that it has been written and that I may read it, nor shall I have any quarrel with my neighbor who may prefer another book. At present, however, the *Odyssey* is going to be my *cicerone*, the oldest of the kind, I venture to say, also the best;

for with all its indications of times and places, it is an inner spiritual guide book, and its outer forms and movements are only as a setting for the cunning lore within. Still what a delight it will be to snuff even the air of those isles of the sea where its scene was laid! Thus I pass my time here in a sort of dreamy anticipation, which may be far more pleasant than the reality, particularly if sea sickness should happen to set in.

On my way hither I stopped in the seaport town of Bari, which shows the difference between old and new Italy in the most striking manner. The one part of the place has dirty narrow streets, with houses like pig-sties and with denizens of Darwinian tendency; you feel narrowed, choked, and incarcerated in a pinfold. But the other part of the town is active, broad-streeted and white; how white it looks beside its neighbor! This I hope, pre-figures new Italy everywhere. Also I was glad to see the ancient filthy dens yielding before the white houses and wide streets. But the conflict was bitter, bitter as the clerical conflict in Italy.

Brindisi, Nov. 3rd, 1878.

Horace's trip to Brundisium has kept this place in my memory since school-days. Little did I then think that I too would make the journey from Rome to Brundisium (modern Brindisi). Horace was in company with his patron, Mæcenas; Virgil and other poets went along; also a Greek rhetorician, Heliodorus, *Græcorum longe doctissimus*. What shall we say to this set of men? Hardly more than a decorative fringe to Mæcenas, the prime minister of the new Empire, traveling on affairs of State. All Greek art has become decorative at Rome and for Romans, whose business is to rule the world, not to body it forth seriously in artistic forms. That one feels still today, and is what has driven me out of Rome to Hellas, whose deepest vocation was that of artist, not only to Rome but to all Time. Even the Greek marbles in the Vatican began to cry out to me audibly with a sort of protest:

Art must be a true worship of Gods, not
merely enjoyment.

Goddess is the high Muse, scorns to be used
for desire.

Enough of that strain; but let me give you one or two glimpses of what I have just passed through, looking back from this half-way house

on the road from Rome to Greece. Three things have roused in me a good deal of thought and more of excitement, which has risen at times to a kind of fever: Naples, Vesuvius, Pompeii. Do you know what this trinity now calls up to me imperiously? They show Life, Death, and Resurrection, separately yet working together and bringing forth a strange harmony and unity in my pre-attuned soul. Naples with its half a million people is the most lively and variegated coil of human wrigglers knotted closely together that is to be seen in Europe, probably; unrolling a panorama bright and ever-changing on the whole, but darkened through and through by beggary, lazzaronism, and secret crime. Over it hangs the Destroyer, Vesuvius, at present flaming red nightly, the most striking embodiment of ever-threatening Fate that can be conceived. Here came up that ancient world-view which put such fearful stress upon the tragic Nemesis of existence, which actually seemed suspended over all antiquity and finally destroyed it, for really it was a tragedy, as Aeschylus long beforehand mightily conceived it, and as both Greece and Rome mightily realized it afterwards. Vesuvius and Pompeii smote me crushingly with the idea that the ancient world is one colossal tragedy, from which its great poets and artists have simply cut off this and that fragment—in the single little action or event imaging and in-

deed pre-figuring the one great tragic fatality. Another question can not be wholly kept down, though unanswered and unanswerable: Is modern Europe on the way toward making of itself a far more colossal tragedy?

Many an image doth lie in thy ashen embrace,
Pompeii,
Sleeping the aeons away till the awakening
comes;
But of all of the images that lie hid in thy
bosom,
Greatest by far is thyself—Destiny's image
art thou.

Off Ithaca, Nov. 5th, 1878.

On the steamer we are now plying through the seas made world-famous by the Odyssey. At Corcyra (Corfu) where the boat stopped some hours, I was made aware that we had crossed the line from Italy to Greece by a number of changes. The Greek costume (fustanella) began to appear frequently, though it was by no means universal; I had seen it already in Venice and Brindisi. The business signs over the doors of the shops were in Greek, and excited my curiosity hugely. I saw the Greek equivalents for cigar store, candy shop, grocery etc., in Greek letters. Here pours out suddenly upon me the language of the economic world, which is certainly not prom-

inent in the old tongue of Hellas, as it has come down to us. The bill-boards I ponder and puzzle over, often taking out my pocket dictionary for help, and sometimes not getting it. At Coreyra I first got hold of a Greek newspaper, and am still digging away in it, devouring advertisements as well as editorial. What can give a better picture of the daily life of a community than a newspaper? On the whole I read it without much difficulty, though I had to laugh over what seemed to me at first its grotesqueness. For these old, old words are still bubbling up from the living fountain of human speech, and caper about youthfully in wholly new relations. For instance the hack-driver will ask you if you want his *hamaxa*, the very name which the Odyssey gives to Nausicaa's vehicle. In the main the newspaper employs Xenophontic Greek, as I diagnose it.

Glancing back at my post-Roman trip so far and reviewing my notes, for which I have time on this voyage, I am astonished at the number of epigrams I have spouted forth out of my inner Artesian well. More than two dozen fairly complete I have counted, with fragmentary dashes and splashes amounting to quite a hundred. The whole way is strown with these frisky little imps which keep dancing through my brain and give me no peace. At Brindisi they took up most of

my time, plaguing me for utterance. And they will have their way.

Yonder in the distance a sailor points out to me rocky, sunny Ithaca, low-lying above the surface of the water, home of Ulysses and chief scene of the *Odyssey*. But our vessel is not going thither; it does touch, however, at a town in Cephallenia, an island which, though considerably larger than Ithaca, is comparatively fameless. Perhaps its best known act was to send its contingent of suitors for the hand of Penelope.

Again the *Odyssey* has taken hold of me in its own waters, and dominates me more strongly than ever. I recollect, in crossing the Atlantic, that the old Greek sea-poem, came up to me mightily on view the Ocean, and drove me to try to realize its manifold marine deities, and to put them into some kind of form for my imagination. That seems now to me a sort of dumb instinctive groping after the chief boon of my European journey. I did not then attempt to shape into any utterance those fleeting images—I had no form for doing it. But now I have, methinks, my poetic mould into which I can pour the very elusive, changeful divinities of this watery world. So you see the epigrammatic mood still haunts me, and insists upon making me a species of plastic artificer in words. In fact the whole *Odyssey* is running through my head, transmuted to epigrams. Ulysses, Alcino-

ous, its three women (Penelope, Arete, Nausicaa) have each claimed a separate versicle, and have gotten an epigrammatic shred at least. I am sailing through the Greek sea-world thronging with an untold multitude of billowy shapes, a few of which I try to catch and hold in an epigram:

Look far out on the line of the waves, there
rises Poseidon,

Heaving the billows suggest presences subtle
within;

Proteus ancient, daughters of Nereus, thousands
of daughters,

Triton, who blows on his shell to the deep
music of seas,

Old Oceanus, Tethys the mother with floods of
her children,

All know their worshiper new, peer from the
waves and salute.

Such is my divine company; do you not envy me? But I must tell you the counterpart. I have become acquainted with a human company on board the ship, Greek too, nay Athenian. A man and his wife from Athens have furnished me more amusement than I ever got out of a comedy of Aristophanes. The husband speaks Italian well and also Greek; but the woman can talk only Greek, which is the tongue I want to practise. So I had been conversing with her, innocently enough, when she, without warning,

began playing the part of match-maker. She had wormed out of me that I was a single man; of a sudden she turned upon me and declared that she knew, at home, just the woman for me, who had also a splendid dower (*proika*). Thus, a new "Maid of Athens" started to hover around me entrancingly even before my arrival. The wife mentioned the scheme to her husband, who seemed to approve. He was a man of some education, and knew at least the names of the old Greek authors of whom I was full. Something led him to say that an author or professor was highly esteemed at Athens. I took the hint, thinking I could add another scene to the comedy. I went to my valise and from it brought the two neatly bound volumes of the "System of Shakespeare," and threw them down before him, declaring my authorship. He looked at them carefully, though he could not read English, and then surveyed me from head to foot, saying finally: "that work will bring you a dower of 40,000 drachmas." He spoke to his wife, implying that the first girl had too small a dower for such a book. So, you see a second "Maid of Athens" advancing into my horizon with charms more irresistible than the first. Do you expect me ever to get back to St. Louis again? Of one thing I feel certain: never there shall I have even the prospect of such a prize (or price) for my book.

Syra, Nov. 6th, 1878.

Our vessel has reached the island of Syra (ancient Syros) lying almost in the heart of the Cyclades which are scattered about in every direction. These islands peer above the surface of the sea like high stepping stones for helping man across the *Ægean* out of Asia into Europe. In the movement of the race from Orient to Occident this islanded Greece must have been an important stage, training a primitive people to a mastery of the sea. Man here has to be a waterman as well as a landman.

In the bay of Hermopolis, chief city of Syra, we have been transferred to a little Greek steam-boat which is soon to start for the Piræus. Thus my transition from Rome to Athens will be concluded today if nothing happens. Part of the way has been by land and part by water, but I have been floating the whole distance on a sea of epigrams which have indeed been to me quite everything.

Ye are the soul at the helm, and ye are the
voice of the helmsman.

Ye are the sea and the land, ye are the present
and past.

From Naples, then, where I came upon this peculiar sea (or rather it came upon me) I have been sailing on an upper epigrammatic voyage,

a counterpart yet also a reflection of the lower terrestrial journey. [*Editorial Note* — Under the name of *Epigrammatic Voyage* the above-mentioned collection of epigrams was printed in 1886, and afterwards (in 1892) was embraced in the book called *Prorsus Retrorsus*].

Athens.

Athens, Nov. 7th, 1878.

Yesterday evening our little boat, after a tumbling passage which upset everybody except the toughest sea-dogs, sailed into the harbor of the Piræus, which has so great a place in the World's History. A little railroad carries the crowd to Athens, where I am now located in fair quarters and have started to work. Passing from the station, I could see the Parthenon and the Theseion, the two remaining ancient temples, whose look seemed to convey a friendly salutation to the stranger.

That I would push eastward as far as Athens, I hardly dared dream in St. Louis. And yet I wished it, and indeed was more deeply bent upon

it than I was aware of. Looking back, I can see that a European tour would lose for me its true purpose, would be but a fragment, a pitiful torso, unless it penetrated to the heart of Hellas. And now the end has been reached, though by no means yet fulfilled. Still I feel a satisfaction here that I did not experience at Rome, though my delight there was great and prolonged. Greece is certainly the fountain-head of European culture, and should be the fountain-head of a European journey which is seeking to follow the stream of that culture to its source.

Today I have been borne back in memory to my college days, quite twenty years since. The instruction in Greek was passable, but not very stimulating. Still, as a Freshman, I read not only the four required books of the *Odyssey*, but the whole poem in Greek, and took some dips into the *Iliad*. I have never lost the Homeric dialect and the hexametral swing from that day to this; indeed, every year since then I have kept my Homer alive by fresh reading, or by instruction. And I shall tell you something more, as I am in the line of recalling my youthful experiences in Greek. Though my words may have the appearance of boasting, I cannot otherwise fully account for my presence in Athens today. As a young student of about 18 and 19, I felt strangely drawn to the old Greek Historian Herodotus, whose theme is the birth

of the Greek historic world through the Persian War. As a modern commentary on the ancient narrative I read Grote's History of Greece; I had also Rawlinson's translation and notes, as far as they had then appeared. I believe I may say that the spirit of historic Hellas was born into mine through those studies of Herodotus. The names which I hear everywhere ringing around me — Salamis, Aegina, Acropolis and hundreds of others — are as familiar to me as if I had lived here all my days, or rather as if I had been here in some former existence whose impressions I am now recalling by a kind of Platonic reminiscence. It is indeed a unique feeling to go to places in which you know you have never been before, yet which are well-known to you, and even dear. I have pored over, in my life-time, the map of Greece more than the map of my own country, and Greek cities, provinces and seas are engraved upon my brain so deeply that I seem now to be coming back to my own, rather than going forward.

Herodotus is, therefore, my guide-book still, having given me the original idea which is now simply taking on before my eyes the vesture of reality. But here I may tell you of another youthful exploit of mine in Greek. After Herodotus comes Thucydides in the natural sequence of History, probably the most difficult Greek author, with the exception of Aristotle.

Him, too, I read during College days, though he was not in the course at all. He gives the inner disintegration of that historic Greece of which Herodotus gives the integration, as far as it ever did integrate. It is on the whole a melancholy negative book, especially in its Athenian part, whose tale is the unmaking of that of which Herodotus tells the making. Still, I once read it with an absorbing, yea, deeply emotional interest—that unemotional, impassive History. And the reason was that my own country was passing through a crisis of inner separation similar to that of the Greece of Thucydides. In 1861 I was staying at a little Ohio town, Iberia by name, engaged in teaching Greek as the main branch. South Carolina and the cotton states were seceding, Lincoln entered upon the Presidency, when the whole Union seemed to be falling to pieces. In such a time I tackled Thucydides, undoubtedly with the help of translations and commentaries. Very often his words would directly apply to the political situation in my very presence. His long story grew darker as it went on toward the close of the Peloponnesian War (which close he does not quite reach). Is that to be the course of our conflict? Will our war last twenty-seven years, or the tenth of it? Thus, during that destiny-laden time I brooded over Thucydides, whose impartial tone had the power of thrusting into me dagger blows of

painful anxiety, whose cold words could often throw me into feverish thrills of frightful presentiment. So, I have good reason to remember Thucydides and also his Athens, which was at the start that of Pericles, and which continually stands now before me in the Parthenon as its supreme visible manifestation. By the way, I ought to add that Thucydides does warm up very perceptibly when he comes to that fateful turning-point for Athens, the Sicilian expedition, in narrating which he grows *pathetikos* (the word of old Greek critic). Of course the result of our Civil War turned out the reverse of the Grecian, so that Thucydides was not its prophet in spite of my many forebodings.

These two Historians, Herodotus and Thucydides, form the background in my own soul-life for ancient and also for modern Athens. As such I am bringing them up before myself, as well as recounting the fact to you, who are interested in what is going on within me. Still, my strongest creative impulse does not run toward history, but toward poetry. And what I wish particularly to penetrate is not the historic expression of Greece but the artistic. I would certainly take delight in reading again those old Historians here at Athens, to which both of them essentially belonged, even if Herodotus was born at Halicarnassus. Then, it is still their language, fundamentally, which I talk on the

streets, hear at the University and read in the newspapers. Thus those two old friends of thousands of years ago begin to have a presence for me and even to talk to me with an intimacy which is not elsewhere possible. Also to go over Grote again — that old Athenian democrat damning the aristocrats and defending the demagogues of Athens in modern London, with a partisan conviction which makes his big book very interesting to me — I would certain like, but I dare not think of it on this trip. I am too much occupied with something else, another end is impelling me, and the epigrammatic mood dominates me still.

Athens, Nov. 26th, 1878.

I am now pretty fully established here, so that I begin to feel at home. Just now I am lodged in the house of an American Missionary who has left the city for three weeks and who asked me to occupy his quarters till he returns. He hardly knows what a heathen he has taken under his roof, else he might have found missionary work at home. I have often tried to laugh at the incongruities of this world; I, for instance, have traveled so far in order to behold, study and reverence the works of heathens, and I often long to attain some portion of their culture and excellence; while a number of my good friends here have traveled so far in order to convert the

heathen. Somehow I have fallen into a sort of colony of these American Missionaries who have their headquarters at Athens; they are certainly very kind and agreeable, and I like them much. But I can not help thinking of the almost infinite difference between their aim and mine; this necessarily prevents, or has prevented thus far, the ultimate bond of sympathy, yet my attachment is growing.

My thoughts, however, are wholly in the ancient world which had its outer appearance here in these old edifices, streets and hills. The imagination acquires the habit of throwing your life back into that remote period; when you look at an object, you always try to think how it appeared then and who beheld it then. Nor is there much here to disturb your reveries; trade does not intrude itself with its thousandfold noises upon you; no manufactories darken these sunny heights and plains with smoke and soot; everywhere Nature seems to say: "I am as I was 2,000 years ago—look upon me."

As to myself personally, I am now wrestling with the language—this is my chief business. Not that I care so much for modern Greek, but through it I hope to acquire some of the instinct of the ancient tongue. Of modern tongues there are many which compete with modern Greek; but the ancient stands alone in the history of culture and has no competitor. I go daily to

the University where I hear a lecture or two; this is good practice for the ear. I visit sometimes the *Bouleterion* or House of Representatives; there I chiefly hear the noise, in making which the members are very successful. Then I take a stroll among the booths and among the artisans; here I see many a lively picture which probably has come down from the ancient city.

But my chief delight is to take a long walk in the valleys and on the hills with which Athens is surrounded. To-day I went to the Piræus, the seaport of the city, and passed through the fields and vineyards instead of taking the main road. There was a mood in the landscape; it was quiet, yet varied, and I may say, happy. In the fields along the Ilissus were many larks, gay with songs; in the vineyards down by the sea the grapes were still hanging; some peasants, you would think by their rude jollity, were celebrating a festival of Bacchus. A boy plucked a bunch for me, fresh from the vines; in eating them I thought I discovered why the old Greek had a God of grapes. However I suppose it is the atmosphere of the imagination which is subtly spread over this scenery and which gives it such a peculiar poetical tone, for you seem to be reading a poem all the time. Then these draughts of Attic air—there is something in them which transforms you; you begin to see how this

nature, transmuted through the feelings and fancy, furnishes a setting for an art-world.

Athens, Dec. 7th, 1878.

It is an actual fact—here I am in Athens and have been here now a month. It seems hardly credible to myself; till recently not even my dreams had the audacity to promise me that I should ever tread the streets of this city. But I am gradually getting used to the situation, and the land is passing out of the borders of the dream-world into a reality. Many prosaic matters have to be looked after; a dishonest shop-keeper destroys your humor for a time by a piece of roguery; but the worst trouble is the dogs prolific here beyond calculation, and infesting both city and country. As you wander through some ruin enjoying your fancies, or saunter along the road looking at the rural scenes before you, suddenly you are called upon to defend yourself against a cur which has slipped up behind you and is trying to take a slice of fresh meat out of the calf of your leg. But these are small matters, very small indeed, compared to the delights of a visit to this country—merely fleeting spots on the sun of your happiness. There can be no doubt about the matter. Greece is different from all the other lands on the globe, different even from Rome; for beside its own glorious

atmosphere given to it by Nature, it has also an atmosphere of Poetry, which belongs to it and colors it with all the hues of the Imagination. Mark this second atmosphere which you are always breathing here, and out which you never come, except by some rude jostle—this is the boon of Athens which she still gives the stranger, peering out of her ragged and ruined shreds.

Just to the east of the city lies Hymettus, a mountain famous both in ancient and modern times for its delicious honey. Through the clear air it seems to lie next door to you; but it is really several miles distant; then the ridge of it runs along so distinct against the blue sky beyond. I can see it from my window, and often I have longed to ascend its summit and to walk the whole length of the sky-line, planting my outlines as it were on the Heavens. Well a day or two ago I rose early and started for the mountain. I believe I shall always remember that day; it was certainly one of the happiest of my life, yet I was all alone, walking over rocks and brushing through brambles. The delight lay in the mood which the mountain, the scenery and the sunlight excited within me; but how or why such an effect was produced is more than I can tell. It was as if an idyl of Theocritus was humming through me all the time; the day was glorious, flowers were springing up through the crevices, the bee and butterflies were out—it was

spring in December. To the view there was no obstacle; here on one side lay the sea with the islands Ægina and Salamis tipped with a light blue haze; in front lay Athens crowned with the Acropolis; while far up the valley of the Ilissus villas and hamlets sent forth white glimmerings from among the olive trees. Nature played upon me as upon an instrument, attuning me exactly to her own mood — what if I could only utter her music? I tell you it is no wonder that those old Athenians had so much harmony within them; their poetry, their art, the Acropolis are simply the exalted expression of what I heard on the Hymettus. So I wandered all day over that ridge against the blue sky, alone yet in good company, I think — disturbed only once by a solitary goatheard with his flock. But that hum which kept running through me, lighting up its way by all sorts of radiant images — I wish I could convey it to you in some manner; then I am sure you would hear a touch of Apollo's lyre and see the Nymphs and the Graces dancing in his train over the fields.

But I am afraid that I have no instrument to convey such delicate sounds so great a distance; so I can only tell you that I have eaten of the honey of Hymettus, the poetical honey gathered by the Grecian bees from the flowers of the mountains. The difficulty is that it has to be

consumed on the spot, not being an article of commerce. Still I may be able to compress a little of the sweet dew into some little box or other, by which I may bring you a small sip, just enough to make you glad once. What do you think I am talking about?

A few evenings ago I was invited to a Greek supper, on the occasion of some festival. Of course the roast beef and turkey were quite what they are everywhere, perhaps not so good as in England or America. But around the floral decorations and the fruits there was a certain Oriental air which is always, to the mind, filled with the fragrance of strange sweetmeats and spices. The confectionery has a peculiar taste derived from an aromatic gum named mastic, which comes from the island of Scio; it has a pleasant languid flavor which recalls the idle luxury of the Turkish harem where the ladies are said to find their chief amusement in chewing this gum. Then a box was brought before me filled with the figs of Smyrna mingled among kernels of nuts which I had not seen before; their fragrance was delicious and subtly diffused itself through the whole room. But my chief surprise was excited by a new kind of sweetmeat — new to me at least, namely preserved roseleaves. Did you ever hear of any such thing, my dear Miss? They tasted quite as the flower smells; they seemed to possess the quality of

transferring a pleasant odor to the tongue, thereby delighting two senses together. Thus flowers are preserved here, preserved doubly, in these rose-flavored sweetmeats; they furnish their fragrant repast to the Greeks and to the guests of the Greeks; so we have become flower-eaters in this happy clime, feasting the days away like the ancient lotus-eaters. But rose-preserves are a reality, believe me.

There are no galleries of art in Athens, and the antiquities are not so plentiful, or in as good condition as those of Rome. Still the ancient remains have a charm of their own, the charm of originality. On this spot were produced the types which control the Fine Arts today; there has been no improvement on the Greek column, on the Phidian statue, and probably the old painters were equally great in their line. The Acropolis is still the center of interest, as in the ancient days. Certainly, of the beautiful things which have been produced on our earth, this was one—shall we not say, the one? It rises up over the city like a Heaven, it hangs yonder like an ideal world toward which the people below in the valley must ever strive, and which they may by happy effort attain. On its summit are the temples of the Gods, still lying in repose and sunlight; it is the realization of the Olympian residence, with its many palaces of the deities, toward which the old Greek turned up his eyes

in lofty aspiration. It is strange how the Acropolis dominates the city below; everywhere you see it and seem directly under it, while it forces you to carry your look upward to the abodes of the Gods on its heights. Was not that an incalculable means of culture in itself—to have such objects falling into the eye whenever it looks up? The Athenian populace had thus a training in the sense of beauty and harmony which they carried over into Poetry and into Life; they were the best judges of the Drama and of Art generally. Sunny Olympus turned into marble—that is the Acropolis.

I usually take my morning walk around the Acropolis, and look up to its summit not without a feeling of reverence. Even its ruins breathe a harmony which perhaps no other structure can produce; and when lit up by the rising sun, while the city below is still lying in the shadow of the eastern hills, the heights begin to sing, the architectural harmony becomes vocal. It is no longer a wonder to me that the old statue of Memnon was gifted with a voice when struck by the first morning ray. I had intended to take you inside of the Acropolis today and to show you around a little on my pen's point; but I have already filled up the space of my letter, and you will have to remain outside now some weeks probably. In the meanwhile I intend to give it a great deal more study, for its edifices, like all

great works of Art, refuse to reveal their best secret to the first glance of any observer.

I have only one little flower to send you this time, I plucked it from the top of Hymettus, and laid it in my note-book over a piece of poetry; so you must imagine it possessing a double fragrance. It remains in bloom during the winter months, as some people told me; it is also the main flower to which the bee resorts for his stores during this period. To thrive on the rocks, to grow during the winter, to offer so freely its bloom, its odour, its honey — what a brave little flower! I cannot help comparing it to some imaginary Greek maiden who in the olden time came out of her cabin on these hills and offered to the wayfarer sweet refreshments and her sweeter presence. At this picture I must quit you. Good bye.

Athens, Dec. 7th, 1878.

I am very much obliged for your kind offers; and it may be that I shall accept some or all of them. But at this distance I can not make any definite plans; I shall first have to find out the state of my finances, to see what the outlook is at St. Louis; in fine I shall have to wait till I return to America before beginning to live there. Also I agree perfectly with what you say about the little girl; she must learn to make her own things

and to be economical, along with her education and other accomplishments. These matters you must aid me in looking after, and your help will be most gratefully received both by her and by me.

I would certainly like to remain in Cincinnati with my kindred when I return; but if I can not, there is an end of the matter. If I do stay, it will not be to lie around and wait for a situation as a Professor. I do not wish you or any other relative to push any claims of mine; people can find out far more about me than you can tell them, for my career both as a teacher and as a writer has not been wholly in the dark. But there is time enough to talk over these matters when you see my face lit up by your parlor fire.

Under any circumstances I shall try to arrange my affairs so that I can pass some time with father. It will certainly be my greatest pleasure to be with him in his old age. I want his company while he is here in this world, even if he is so certain that he will not be separated from me in the next. I have gathered a good deal of material abroad which, I think, would entertain him, possibly would rejuvenate him a little. For this is the effect of the journey upon me: it has brought me back to youth, to the studies, feelings and dreams of my boyhood, even when some hairs are beginning to bleach upon my temples.

A few days ago I was called upon by a Cincinnati boy who has made extensive tours through Europe on foot. After remaining several months at the Paris Exposition in the employ of the American Commission, he concluded that he would spend his little cash in seeing the world. One of his feats was to walk from Munich to Padua through the Tyrolese Alps, stopping at the houses of the peasants on the way for his food and lodging. He came down the Danube by steamboat, making, as he said, only one short trip in Turkey on account of dearness of living and on account of the desolation caused by the recent war. "One short trip" I asked—"how far?" "Only 200 miles." I did not consider that stretch so small, particularly in unsettled, barbarous Turkey. From Athens he was going to make the tour of Greece and then go over to the Holy Land. A boy with so much courage and adventure is the growth only of the American soil; Europe, as a rule does not produce him. He wanted me to go with him over Greece, but I was so tied by other engagements that I could not accept his proposal. So he set out alone, and is now probably weathering the snows of Arcadia.

I have just come from church where I heard a Presbyterian sermon in Greek preached by a minister here who has been very friendly to me. His wife is an American lady from Boston,

though he is a native Greek, educated chiefly, I believe, in the United States. I also go to prayer meeting, not, alas! to pray, but in order to learn religious Greek. The nearest I come to devotion is when I look up to the top of the Acropolis, or when I enter the ruined colonnade of some Heathen temple. Christianity, as manifested here at Athens in the Byzantine mummery of the priests and in the frightful dishonesty of the people, seems a relapse into barbarism compared to the ancient Hellenic world. Yet I like the Greeks exceedingly. They are trying to redeem themselves, they have aspiration; they are improving, and they are certain to bring about the great *Palingenesis* in their nation. Any people which shows as much ideal striving as they are doing, can not help winning in the end. But just now the reality is not attractive on all sides; the truth is, if you wish to enjoy Athens, you must flee back in imagination to the old Heathen City and People.

You speak of snow and cold weather. Nothing of the kind is here. As I look out of the window now, the sun is shining with a mild autumnal glow, flowers are in bloom, grapes fresh from the vine are still hawked about on the streets, no fire is required in the houses; so the weather continues, with a few interruptions, through the whole winter. It is a bland climate, though the heat of the summer is said to be severe. How

long I shall remain I do not know; long enough at least to gorge my brain with pleasant images sufficient to last through life. Every day I take long walks through city and suburbs and am sure to meet with some little incident or object which leaves behind an agreeable memento for the future.

Athens, Dec. 10th, 1878.

I suppose that this letter will find you in the very muck of prose — casting up accounts, making out balances, weighing and calculating, with all the other activities of the vigorous businessman. How do you like such work, after having taken your grand flight through the poetical regions of Europe? Let me beg you to keep your pinions in practice and spread them often high in air; don't let them get sticky by flapping too much on the earth. As you see by the superscription of this letter, I have pushed still farther toward the sun; this dull terrestrial clod of mine may now be truly said to be in *perihelion*, whence, however, it must soon recede. That is, I have reached the extreme point of my travels toward the East, the next is to return.

You, as the lover of Art, will first ask me about the Parthenon. Though I see it many times every day at a distance, looking down from its serene Olympian height; I have been inside of it, as yet, only once, and it would be blas-

phemy in me to judge of such a great work on one slight inspection. But I may give you two words which sound hollow by themselves as mere language, but which, when interpreted by this structure, have an Oceanic depth of meaning: these words are simplicity and grandeur. Fuse these two terms into one vivid thought and imagine to yourself its perfect representation in Art—and you will begin to see the Parthenon before you.

It is battered to pieces, marks of cannon balls can be seen on the walls of the Cella, many columns are lying prostrate and broken, it has been calcined by fire and eaten by the air, and worst of all, it is rent or rather exploded asunder in the middle, so that the finest lines for the eye are lost—still it is now the most beautiful of temples, not the largest, not the most impressive or awe-inspiring, but the most beautiful. Every part is treated in the same free large style which reminds you of Pericles and the great age; it is not a world of small details in whose infinitude the grand Whole is lost. Your foot stumbles against a piece of a broken column in the rubbish—it is a mirror of the total edifice. Even the steps are a delight to look upon, and are one with the temple and with the arms of Helius; the large round letters engraved in the marble as well as the columns breathe the same great spirit in the happiest harmony.

We involuntarily inquire after the men who could plan and build such works. For the Parthenon lay in the soul with all its beauty and proportion before it sprang into reality; it is only an utterance of a harmony which already existed in the spirit of some individual or nation. You say to yourself on that hill of the Acropolis: Pericles and his associates were the most harmonious characters that ever lived. His Age was the great musical Age; at its touch everything turned into music: speech and stone, body and soul; truly an age whose statesmen even were inspired by the Muses.

The sensation here is different from that of Italy, though it would be hard to tell in words wherein the difference consists. The mood is lighter, more rhythmical; you have a Pindaric lyre in you all the time, which begins to play quite loudly when you go out on a fine day into the mountains. My chief delight is to climb the hills and wander through the valleys near the city. There is something which sets me to vibrating inwardly whenever I take a walk in these happy places; the influence is very subtle and hardly traceable; I only know that I often wake up, as it were, and find myself played on like an instrument. I imagine that it is the mild yet sympathetic Nature around me adorning itself with the memory of ancient things. As I saunter along over the rocks and around the fields, a

series of pictures, moving to a sort of rhythm, laughingly dances through my brain and attunes me to the happiest humor. Of course, I look upon the objects of the outer world, and generally with a good deal of attention; but they are soon transmuted into some image different from, yet in unison with themselves. Never can I see the grapes, which are still hanging on the vines and are brought fresh to market, without thinking that they were a poetic thing to the old Greeks, and that these justly celebrated Bæchus with festivals, dances and songs for his great blessings. Nature, too, is here so friendly and beneficent that man may well deify her in her most worthy manifestations. It is now winter, but the air is mild, the sun shines pleasantly, and the fruits of fall are still displayed in the stalls fresh from their branches, oranges are ripening, pomegranates, broken open, show their red heart on every street-corner. The olives, another truly divine gift to this land, for which the ancients conceived a divine bestower, still hang amid their silvery leaves, some just ripe, some still green, but some have been long since gathered. As I look out of my window now, I can see long rows of the pepper-tree without one withered leaf, and whose green is like that of early May. Indeed I should say, were it not for the almanach, that this morning was a morning of early spring, for all Nature seems to be re-

joicing in a new life, rather than preparing for the death that winter brings. Now this outer mood of natural objects goes inward, and there rises in you the feeling of eternal spring. Doubtless there are here, too, dark and disagreeable days, but they have been very few since my arrival. This climate of youth attunes the humor of the man, makes the atmosphere which he breathes, and its full effect is reached when memory adds her colors from the past.

In this long monologue, I am in doubt whether I have been talking to you or only to myself. But I will tell what I have been trying to do: to give you some dim, flickering notion of my sensations here in this Athenian air, and, if possible to throw you for a moment into an Athenian mood. I know the difficulties of your situation for any such enjoyment; in the horrible rattle of St. Louis the soft notes of Pan's pipe or of Apollo's lute are quite extinguished, and through coal smoke of industry never can be seen the dance of the Nymphs, or the transparent motions of the Muses.

Well, my dear friend, let us now take a walk to the hill nearest Athens, which at the same time overlooks the other summits in the neighborhood. It is a steep jagged rock without trees, almost without vegetation; speedily we go half way up or more, and then look around. Why should I confuse you by trying to describe

all the objects which now rise into the vision? There is the city—select just one point in it—the temple of Theseus. From this distance you see only the whole structure; even the columns are no longer standing separated from one another, but they have all locked hands like a chorus of beautiful youths, and are dancing some graceful measure around the fane of old Theseus. I tell you they are moving, moving in harmony, and if you have the right kind of an ear, you can hear the accompanying song. Beyond the temple lies the happy valley of the Cephissus, with its olive orchards following the stream as children do their mother. Beyond this valley and backing it like a wall lies another range of mountains, behind which is a valley which can not be seen, and then beyond is a second range of mountains whose tops are just visible in the blue haze—where no doubt you are lost, and so we shall go back and continue our walk up the hill which, I forgot to tell you, is called Lycabettus.

In our ascent we next come to a grot in which, we may suppose, the Nymphs once dwelt, who from their rocky abode delighted to look upon the joyous valley below. Why else is this cavern so hollowed out like a dwelling? Here is the high doorway, their work clearly; here is the rude fretted ceiling; here too come drops of water trickling down. But what sound is this—what

lacrymose nasal whine turning the very air we breathe into a hideous monster? Near by the cave of the Nymphs there has been built a Byzantine chapel against the rock; this it is which has frightened the festive Nymphs away with its harsh dolorous chants of struggle, of pain, of death. I can well imagine how they fluttered in consternation when they first heard that rude bell echoing over these hills. So the joyous Nymphs fled, fled long ago; and they have been succeeded by the cry of the suppliant and the moan of the priest. They were the happy festive beings of Nature, of Life; they could not endure the thought of Death.

Let us now ascend to the very summit of the mountain, and look down. Yonder in that grove of olives was the Academy where Plato was wont to discourse—about what, do you think? Immortality—since the Individual, however joyous and beautiful, *died*; but is this the end? Is the grand conclusion, then, death, and is man merely a negative being? Here, it is true, Nature ends; here also ended the old religion of Nature; but the mind comes to revolt at the thought. If man is to live just in order that he may die, then the shorter the way to the end, the better. Such questions, some 400 years before Christ, were occupying those old heads down yonder in that grove of olives. Look at it; you can see their shades still wandering among the

trees; certainly you can still hear their voice. How the sun shines and the leaves glisten on that spot! But would you know the fruit of their speculation. It meant for one thing this chapel, which frightened away the Nymphs, and which now overlooks their own city, and their very grove. Let us now descend from this dizzy height, my friend; it is growing dark and we may get lost—give me your hand for a while in silence.

Athens, Dec. 18th, 1878.

At last your letter, the long-expected has arrived, bringing delight both by its matter and its manner. Of course I have read it over often, it conveys me all the information which I desired to possess concerning my own affairs and at the same time a most happy account of other things in which I take an interest. I have also read suitable parts of it to friends here in Athens, to their great enjoyment; so your name has been frequently pronounced in this classic air, which once was laden with so many immortal words. Thus far you are at least in good company.

I join with you in hoping that the inflation of the currency has met with its death-blow in the last election. If one wants to witness some of the beauties of a fluctuating standard of value and some of the trickery and moral corruption

to which it gives rise, let him visit Greece just at this moment. There are at least four kinds of money in circulation — all different in character and perpetually shifting in their relative values. First comes the copper coin, the most abundant and hence the cheapest; next follows the legal tender in paper, worth just now 12% more than the copper; then the silver, at 20% premium, and highest of all gold at 25% premium over copper. To make the matter more complicated, the different coinages of the silver franc (or drachma) also varies, so that Greece seems to present the worst financial muddle in the world. But the Greek shopkeeper rather prefers this state of things, for it gives him such a good chance to fleece the ignorant foreigner. For instance, I go to a hat store and agree to pay the hatter ten francs for a hat, after he has dropped two or three francs on the article, since all prices are here arranged for haggling. When I offer him the money of the country he refuses and says he must have gold francs, that is, he adds one-fourth to the price on the spot. This, of course, he does only to the man whom he sees to be a stranger; then he will drop to silver francs, and to paper francs, if he finds his customer refractory. After the most explicit agreement, the tradesmen try to play this trick; I have had old, grey-haired mechanics lie with the coolest effrontery about a few coppers.

Then when you hold them to the agreement, they put on a look of injured innocence, and with a shrug of the shoulders combined with a twitch of the lips, they try to imply that you have cheated them. Two or three times I have been provoked excessively; lately I took the white locks of an aged tailor in my hand and asked him why, with these covering his temples, he would lie for a few *lepta*. He coolly asked me to call again when I wanted any mending done.

Still do not think that I am disgusted with the modern Greek. I like especially his aspiration, there is an ideal element in him which one thinks is his chief heritage from the ancient world. Besides he has ability, great ability in certain directions, and I believe that he will yet reassume his place among the high peoples of the earth. But he must stop his lying and cheating; for he does not steal, since that is a sin in his creed. Some old lawgiver ought again to rise up who would hang the first man caught in a wanton lie. I can not but think that Draco in his severe code must have had some such emergency before him; and if I were entrusted with the making of laws for Greece at this time, the first one would be capital punishment for the liar. I know very well that falsehoods are also told in other lands, but here lying has become so engrained in the national character that it must be cut out surgically. One of the ancient branches of educa-

tion was, to teach boys to tell the truth; I think that it should be reinstated, if a professor can be found.

But I do not let these things trouble me; I take my flight into the other Athenian world, and the present one with its little annoyances disappears totally. For here at Athens it is easier than anywhere else to rise out of the disagreeable reality into the happiest realms of the Imagination; the transition is but a step. This second atmosphere, as it may be called, is the positive charm of the city; it is filled with the most beautiful forms which have appeared on this earth, and also with some of the greatest men. There is but little object in coming to Athens unless you can live in the past, unless you can transport yourself, body and soul, into that ancient world which once existed here in its full splendor. Amid all the changes, Nature has remained quite the same; she perpetually suggests what she once warmed into being on this soil,* she incites you to imagine things as they were in their glory. No one can walk over the Acropolis without the strongest impulse to restore it to its pristine beauty, and to take part in the worship at its altars, where this can be done only through the Imagination. I came to be an old Athenian for a time, not a modern one.

But, I confess, a portion of your letter caused me to drop from the clouds; on account of my

mad laughter the severe old Gods kicked me out of Olympus. So you have been compelled to read, listen to, and pass judgment on 13,000 lines of poetry — savage, death-dealing lines of poetry — and you are still alive? How did you escape? Tell me the secret, as I too may have use for it some time. I can see you now sitting in your arm-chair, with stoical fortitude listening to that stuff reeled off by the yard, seeking a little protection behind the cloud of smoke from your cigar. But you have one consolation; sin as you may, you are now proof against hell-fire and infernal torments. And you had also to deliver an opinion upon the production? Was it in your capacity of Judge that you gave decision upon this case of an author? My dear friend, I had intended to read you some lines of my own when I returned — not 13,000, however — but now I shall not, I feel that you have suffered enough.

But let me not laugh at that poor devil who has made 13,000 iambs, in the vain hope that that he had something important to say to the world; under all my merriment, I have a deep sympathy for him, his case is too nearly my own for me not to see myself, partially at least, reflected in him. So many verses he has hammered out, day after day, bringing them into some superficial jingle of rhyme if not into any deep inner harmony of song. With infinite labor

he has worked away at his task, cheered on by a lying fiend who in soft whispers has promised him—what? Money, fame, honor—ah, perhaps immortality. It is no fun to cut 13,000 verses out of the chaos of speech, adjust them with good walking feet and make them all jingle at the end. Great labor it is to construct them, but still greater to read them—alas, here lies all the trouble. People, as constituted at present, have too much of earth in their minds; they can not be borne aloft on Pegasus' wings, particularly if these wings are only made of pin-feathers or goose-quils. "O Poet," I would address him, "I too am of thy kind, and deeply feel with thy disappointment. Take now this advice of mine, expressed from crushed hopes: write for thyself and for nobody else; read not thy productions to unwilling listeners; publish them not to an indifferent world. On thine own slender pinions perchance thou canst rise into the very heaven of poetical ecstasy; but if thou undertakest to wing the multitude to flight from thy frail store of feathers, not only will nobody be raised with thee, but thou wilt be inevitably pulled down into the bog where they are lying."

This leads you to think of, and once to speak of my contribution to the printed Sahara of literature. Yet I was just about to ask you whether you had ever heard of a book called "The System of Shakespeare's Dramas?" I must say that

I know very little about it — the few allusions in my letters contain the sum of my information. Poor child of my brain, now just one year old; yet unable, I am afraid, to stand alone, still crawling on the earth. If it had prospered, I am confident that I would have heard of it; not to know, in this case, is ample knowledge. It was born just before the holidays, last year; not a word have I received from its godfather, the publisher; and I, the cruel parent, have from its birth been continually travelling away from it, right in the opposite direction, putting between it and myself space, time, and spiritual mutation. Now, looking back from Athens here, over the whole year, over the great seas and lands, over the changes within me, back, back to that babe, I almost feel that it has already become a stranger to me.

I believe that it was just this day twelve months ago that you accompanied me to the Union Station, as I set out on my journey. To me the year has been eventful, the most eventful of my life — but wherein I can hardly say. I seem to be sowing and scattering all sorts of seeds on a stubblefield that has raised one little crop already, and this has been reaped. What the harvest will be — wheat, straw, cockle, grain, lies beyond even my imagination. The time invites to retrospect, but I cannot now make it, I must wait to the end. I hardly do anything

consciously now, the demonic power urges me on and I do not resist or even question. Think of its driving me to Athens, to the extreme limit of my dreams, whence I cast a glance back at you, my friend, and wish you and yours a Happy New Year.

Athens, Jan. 10th, 1879.

With you the old year has passed away, and is already half forgotten doubtless; here it has not yet arrived. That is, the Greek calendar is twelve days behind ours, and somehow or other can not overtake us, though the spirit of progress is trying. Also my birthday has gone by, as usual without my thinking of it; this is now the second birthday that I have passed in Europe. I have been now a little more than two months in Greece, still I am not yet ready to depart. It will be hard to leave for many reasons, but only one reason I shall give you now, having just returned from my evening walk: I have become so used to looking through the columns of the old temple of Jupiter Olympius at the outlines of Mount Hymettus under moonlight, that this view has almost become a good slice of my daily bread.

This outburst sounds to my ears a little sentimental and I wish I had not written it; I would delete it were it not an honest part of me. But as I have spoken of this wonderful temple you

may want to hear something about its purport and present condition. The remains consist of fifteen enormous standing columns and one lying prostrate; this last one was thrown down some years ago by a storm. The first question that you ask yourself, as you walk under these mighty marble oaks is—what was the power that brought them hither? With infinite labor they had to be broken from the mountains, transported many miles and reared upright here—all for what? It was some power, clearly some very strong power it was—stronger by far than any power I see around me in this city at present. It must have been some deep conviction that nerved the arms which brought together and shaped in one harmonious form all these stones—what was that conviction? This may not be so easy to tell, but of its strength there can be no doubt, for here are the manifest signs. One feels the power of these arms as they hoist stone after stone upon the columns, and then cap them with an immense architrave. It was some honest conviction, for the work is honest; these columns are no sham, made of brick and rubble and then plastered on the outside into an appearance of marble, else they had long ago perished with their makers. It is strength, adamant strength, and I can not help adding strength of conviction—this is the inner power which is felt here and of which the outer structure is but the manifestation. See

whole generations of men tugging away at these blocks of stone, which must first be cut from the quarry, then carried on slow vehicles to the distant city, then hoisted to their place and chiseled into shape. And how many of them? The old temple must have had 120 such columns at least, without taking into account walls or foundation.

So much trouble do men take to express what is deepest within their souls; indeed this expression is the supreme occupation of life. What else is the human race good for, if not to utter in stone or in speech, or in some permanent form, its conviction? The old Greeks did then realize the thought that man had some higher end of existence than first getting and then eating his dinner. This was the temple of Jupiter, the Olympian ruler of Gods and of men; the artist asked and the people demanded: how can the edifice be made worthy of the highest divinity? From this conception flows the size of these columns, the vast proportions of the structure; it must convey the impression of power, since it was meant to be the suitable abode of the highest power of the universe.

The history of the building of the temple is curious, and reflects in itself the character of many epochs. It was begun somewhere about 500 B. C. by the Peisistratidae, tyrants of Athens, who beheld in Jupiter the type of kingly authority, and were therefore the great promot-

ers of his worship. The people were to believe in absolute power and gaze upon it with awe; this primal conception still looks forth grandly from these ruins. But republican Athens could not favor such a faith; the city, freed from its tyrants, neglected their unfinished temple, and their God. On the contrary, the Athenians concentrated their powers upon the Parthenon, which was to be the beautiful home, not of the Olympian tyrant, but of their special protectress, Pallas Athena — the temple built by Pericles, the great organizer of the Athenian democracy. It was also placed on the Acropolis, overlooking proudly the precincts of even Jupiter Olympius. But the Athenian democracy, in the course of generations, passed away, and absolute power returned — and with it, what? The completion of this temple, for Jupiter has again obtained mastery and is henceforth to be worshipped. The successors of Alexander begin anew work on the structure but it was completed by a Roman Emperor, Hadrian. Thus a world-ruling Monarch finishes the temple of the world-ruling God.

So is history written by monuments, which often have a better means of utterance than language. Six hundred years lay between the commencement and the completion of this temple; begun by one autocrat it had to wait so long before it could be finished by another. The

unity of the Roman Empire was typified in the unity of Olympus — and the Emperor sees the symbol of himself in the Olympian ruler. Just at this point enter the defects of the structure which render it so inferior to the Parthenon.

First of all, there is too much of rude power expressed in these columns. Notice how large they are, then notice how many there are, and how closely placed together; they have no architectural purpose and thus they seem the capricious, nay, the tyrannical, play of giants. You feel that the man who built them could do as he pleased with all human resources. Draw near to one of the columns and measure yourself with a single block of it, if you wish to see how small you are. You look up and you are inwardly crushed by the view. It is tyranny in architecture; let us hope that the tyranny which it represents has yet only these few columns standing in the whole world. How different is the effect of the Parthenon!

So, too, the ornaments seem out of place. Why decorate mere rudeness with some outside flourishes? Even the channeling or fluting appears to be some external thing on the huge body; but the acanthus of the Corinthian order is almost revolting — at least to my feeling. To make the graceful leaf sprout out of such a huge column — that leaf which signifies slenderness, luxury, even weakness — is a horrible dis-

cord, yet highly significant. What is here told but that brute force is covered over with some tincture of refinement, that the rude power of Rome has stuck in its dress some Grecian flowers?

Thus, of the old Greek temple there hardly remains more than the conception; in execution it is Roman, and Roman of the imperial age. Some of its harshness disappears when it is looked at from a distance in the transparent mellow light of this climate. Tyranny always looks better when you are far off than when you are directly under it. Still, it has its uses; one cannot pass beneath these columns without receiving a sound lesson in humility. I walk daily under them and tremble; here is visible that earth-controlling power which once hurled mountains on the old Titans, or made them carry mountains in order to build this temple.

As this letter has thus far been very architectural, I suppose it may as well be completed with architecture, and not left standing unfinished like the Olympieum just mentioned. For this purpose we shall have to ascend the Acropolis and take a look at the Parthenon, though, do not be afraid, this long look will only make my letter shorter. I shall give no measurements; these you can find in hundreds of books at your elbow, if that will do you any good. It is a strange thing about this measuring of the Parthenon,

which is still going on with infinite detail; yet no Architect has been able to reproduce it from his figures. The building manifestly refuses to be measured, numbers can not tell its secret.

First of all comes the magic of its situation. It makes no difference where you are, this building falls into the eye before any other object in the Athenian valley. From the sea, from the mountain, from the plain, all light seems to go to it and to come from it. I have looked at it from every direction and at all distances, from the bed of the Ilissos below and from the heights of Hymettus above, from the olive grove of the Cephissus, and from the peaks of Parnes—I have never caught it at any disadvantage or showing any weakness. On the contrary some new virtue would be revealed, some beauty which I had not before noticed. Even when it grows small by distance, there is no confusion to the eye, the harmony of its parts is still perfect. I have watched it till it quite disappeared, vanishing like the last notes of distant music among the hills. Also it stands up wonderfully; at nearly every point you can see it from foundation to top. Situation is first; then comes its happy magnitude, for it was certainly made to be seen from every part of the Athenian valley.

But let us ascend the hill and look more closely at the temple. Here is the wonderful structure

before our eyes, how can we work into the soul of it and listen to what it has to say? There is an outside crust which you have to toil through before you can reach the pure golden stream of its creative conception; you must wait patiently and after a time it will become vocal. I sat a whole day before it in the cold, well knowing that it was telling something, nay, that it was singing something, but I could at first only gather faint snatches of its music; the whole I could not put together. Finally it seemed to break forth into one complete harmonious rhythm, and now when I look at it from the most distant peaks, I can hear its voice. So it has been standing there these two thousand years and more in a perpetual song—and happy the man who has heard it!

Now I know that you are asking all this time, “What did it say? Tell us what it said.” Ah, that is the difficult point. The language is here of stone; alas, what translation into English can I make of that? Every person has his own way of expressing these things to others; some writers do not even believe in their existence. But I will tell you the image under which I like to think this temple, and which to me best expresses in speech its nature. These columns are a chorus of beautiful youths dressed in their decorous classic garments, whose folds fall down over their perfectly-formed bodies;

they do not stand alone, but they are joined together in lines around the sacred house of the Goddess; nor do they remain still—but, behold, they lean slightly forward and seem to be moving. How happy they look! they are celebrating a festival, an eternal festival to their divine protectress within; you may now see the dance and have the song.

Such is this colonnade; observe it closely, and you will see that it does not exclude, does not defend that which it encircles; but it is celebrating a joyous festival. Then notice the garland running around its forehead, whereon are sculptured in high relief the exploits of Theseus and of other famous heroes of antiquity. This gives or may give the theme of the song, as it did to the Greek poets of old. Next let us look at the building around which these columns are moving in such harmonious rhythm—this is called the cella of the temple, as you know, and is fully enclosed for the special seat of the Goddess. This cella has also a wreath bound around it above, on which is sculptured in low relief the so-called Panathenaic Procession—but what was this? A festival to the Goddess Athena; here are beautiful youths, some mounted on horseback, others afoot; maidens too are in line, bearing baskets, etc. Here then is a new expression—an expression in sculpture—of what architecture expressed, more faintly yet more grandly,

by its rows of enclosing columns. So the Arts lock hands.

Now if you are not too tired, turn to the pediments of the temple. The birth of the Goddess Athena, in the free group—from the relief do not fail to notice the transition—is announced first; with her, Athens is possible. Still it is a song and hints at those encircling columns. In the second pediment it is the victory of Athena—now comes the triumphal ode which runs through the whole structure. So each part becomes an harmonious echo of the other parts and of the whole. Thus it turns vocal all through and through, and sounds like a Pindaric ode, which in some respects is its best commentary. It is a glorious holiday for any man merely to sit down and look at it, completing it in his imagination and feeling as he muses solitary on the fragments of its pillars. When I was there, I heard the military band below in the streets of the city; may I say that its music fell far behind that which I was listening to there on the hill? I felt like shouting down: Musicians, play me this temple.

A heavy dose of stone you have this time. But at last good-bye.

Athens, Jan. 25th, 1879.

To-day the critical moment arrived, which I have already some time been expecting; the friend whose house I have been occupying for the last two months returned from his protracted absence, and I am again at the Hotel. I can now say that in about two or three weeks, unless something unexpected interferes, I shall begin to take the back track towards America. One object remains unaccomplished, I have not yet seen any of the country districts of Greece outside of Attica. To-morrow therefore I shall start for a short tour through some of the nearest provinces before I sail for Italy.

I feel on the whole highly gratified at the results of my Greek journey, though of course I can not yet tell what all those results are. One thing is certain: I have stored up in my mind many beautiful images which I can draw on at will when I am in need of some happy entertainment. I feel too the old classics will be far nearer to me now than they ever were before; I can always place them in the fair framework of Nature in which their picture belongs, and without which they can not be fully understood. If it were only to breathe this atmosphere and look upon the scenery here, it were well worth the trouble of the journey, to any lover of the old classical literature. One begins to see why the

Gods took up their abode here, though having quite the whole earth to choose from, and why they were so loth to forsake their happy home. I can say that four leading points have been attained, if not perfectly at least approximately. First, the Greek language, now begins to fall familiarly into my ear, and to pass into my mind instinctively, that is, without conscious effort; this was a chief end of my journey. In other words Greek has gone down from my head into my impulses and their expression; a result which only living speech can bring about. So I can now unlock more completely the greatest of all the monuments of antiquity—Greek Poetry. Secondly Nature and climate have revealed their forms and to a certain extent their secrets—for Nature remains quite the same. Thirdly, the people I have had a chance of studying—and though the modern Greeks are very different from the ancient Greeks, the former possess many of the old traits and customs, and suggest still more. Not a few doubtful points in ancient life and usage have been cleared up by observing the ways of a modern Greek peasant. Then fourthly, there are the remains of antiquity here—temples, statues, walls, etc—all of which have received more or less attention.

Thus like a bee which has gone from flower to flower and sipped up all sorts of sweet things, and moreover has laden its thighs with rich

material for the honeycomb wherein to store away permanently what it has gathered on a bright spring-day, and which after many circuitous wanderings through fields and through gardens, turns back towards the hive in straight flight, but still is tempted to stop by the flowers in its path and to add just a pin's point more to its honeyed stores—so have I, a little bee, flown around this southern European garden and collected till I can hardly carry anything more.

Not that I have gotten all that is here, but all that I can carry. Consequently at times I begin to feel tired, sated perhaps, yet even this feeling is very uncertain. For only a day or so ago, I went to the Barbakeion where some ancient pottery is kept; there a new impulse seized me. It was nothing else than to draw the ancient ceramic remains into my circle of studies—which I have not hitherto done. Suddenly I have become deeply interested in this branch of antiquities and can fully account for its fascination. There is a divinity here too who presides over these cunning works of clay, and inspires his devotees with a kind of infatuation. I confess then to have admitted a new God into my Pantheon already large: Keramos he is called, and I long to occupy myself devoutly with his worship. I regret having neglected him so long—it was a great sin in me for which I am now paying the penalty by poignant repentance. Still I feel his inspira-

tion, and hereafter I intend to become a frequenter of his temple and a participant in his service.

I had a classical race yesterday through the olive orchards of the Cephissus towards the famous pass of Phyle. As I was looking at some ancient objects in the lower part of the city, I heard a low rumble succeeded by a very heavy rolling sound; looking up I saw at a distance across the valley a dense cloud of white smoke ascending into the skies and assuming the form of a winged dragon or devil as it flew away to the South; I knew by its looks that it had done some mischief. The whole population turned out, I followed—what a rush of carriages, carts and pedestrians! A powder mill had exploded some three or four miles distant, but nobody was killed. I was repaid for my run by seeing the olive trees, beneath which I walked back to the city at my leisure, in most excellent company I thought.

You will probably be surprised when I tell you that to-day I rose early and attended morning prayers. That is, I took a walk to behold in the sunrise the temple of Theseus, which although of stone utters a perpetual hymn of praise. Its harmony is such that if I visit it early in the morning, it sets me in tune for the whole day—what other happier result can a prayer have? One only needs to look at it attentively and with-

out distraction, to be drawn into its rhythm which, I tell you, enters deep into the soul and harmonizes all its discordant elements. It is true that I have nothing else to do here but to give myself up to such influences, and hence comes my susceptibility to the beauty of these old structures and, I should say, to their religion. For if it be one of the prime objects of religion to make man within himself an organ of harmonious utterance in which all the feelings, passions and thoughts are attuned in happy concordance, then the old temples of the Heathens are for me at least the most holy objects in Athens.

My society here has been a very unusual one for me, composed as it is almost entirely of American Missionaries. Most excellent and friendly people I have found them, and moreover they have not troubled me with their proselytism. Conversion of Heathendom is hard, very hard in the presence of the Parthenon. The modern Greeks are, however, a Christian people and very religious; but one feels compelled to ask—what have you gained by renouncing the faith of the Marathonian Heroes? As one looks down from the Acropolis into the valley below, his eye passes from happy, harmonious Heathendom into Christianity and degeneracy. Those old fellows possessed something which has been lost to their people, if not to the

world. As to the Missionaries, my end is just the opposite: I would like to carry over a little of Greek culture to my native land, and to convert it in a certain sense to Heathendom, which has been such blessing to me. But I shall have to conclude this theme right here, lest it become discordant to you.

Athens, Jan. 26th, 1879.

In looking back through my Athenian stay, I can see that I have had one dominating passion, one never-failing undercurrent which has swept along within itself all my various studies in Art, Nature, and History. The classic mood still runs to epigrams which, however, seem to me to be tuned a little differently from what they were in Italy. A couple of dozen of them or more have insisted on completing themselves, leaving a hundred fragments, each of which is still throbbing to get born into one of these little sprites. I shall send you a sample which gives my attunement as I wander through this Athenian landscape.

Each faint rustle of branches above is a
Goddess' whisper,

Each petty murmur of brooks is a low laugh
of the Nymphs,

And a sweet little epigram steals from the
glance of each maiden,

Dewdrops hung on each leaf are the pure
tears of the Muse;

But the miracle is, thou too art becoming a
poem

In this clime of the Gods; wonder, O man,
at thyself.

I have come to believe that my deepest interest in things here hovers about two main ones: Parthenon and Hymettus. Very different these objects seem, one of Art and the other of Nature; still they have become connected, as it were twinned in my Athenian life, which is now nearly three months old. Really there is not much sculpture here of any great worth; painting hardly exists. In this regard Italy is far ahead of Greece, though the latter was the source. To be sure, architecture is supremely represented at Athens in the two remaining ancient edifices. Literature in modern Greece asserts a place, but has called forth no genius. The popular poetry of the peasant is a genuine utterance as far as it goes; it has been collected in several books, and I have been digging into it preparatory to my round through the provinces, using the Passow collection and getting my chief help in deciphering its provincialisms from Spiridion, my Ithacan cameriere at the Hotel. How easily this fellow weeps—as easily as an Homeric hero. Across the way is a little Greek bookstore whose proprietor has made a translation of the *Odyssey* into the vernacular, but it is in prose. This I have bought and am reading, to see how Homer's

Greek looks in the Greek of today. Instead of a translation it is a kind of transmigration of speech after twenty-five centuries and several more probably, one knows not how many.

But it is Hymettus that has been my chief delight, at least my chief inspiration to make something sing. Many times I have rambled over it and from it viewed towns, islands, seas. The result is that I have turned Hymettus into epigrams, which would always be bubbling up along my path. Unless I deceive myself, they came spontaneously. I would sit down to rest on a stone and take out of my pocket my note-book, jotting down an image present there before me, which seldom failed to word itself to a metrical gait. Strangely these multitudinous shreds, plucked during many visits and in many moods, at last began to coalesce into something like a world-view:

Now I look out on the world from the top of
sunny Hymettus,

Far below me it lies, all its mad struggle
unheard;

And its bounds on the farthest sea I hold in
my vision;

How does it seem? you inquire. Look in
these epigrams here,

Hundreds of mirrors I place them, ever return-
ing one image.—

The Delphic Loup.

Marathon, Jan. 30, 1879.

What do you say to the heading of this letter? Could you have dreamed of my reaching this spot when I left St. Louis? Still here I am at Marathon writing in a wineshop, after having run over the old battle-field all day. There must be thirty or forty denizens of this town now standing around and looking at me.

I still think of brigands, on account of the warnings repeated so often and so emphatically by my friends both American and Greek at Athens. Not one person would sanction this trip, and most tried to dissuade me. I yielded for a time to their admonitions. But finally I

resolved that I must make the attempt to see primitive Greece, which, as I had both heard and read, was still to be found in the Parnassian region. Athens had indeed given me much, but I was getting satiated; I began to be in a state of reaction against it as previously against Rome, after a long stay. I felt that Greece still had something which I had not, and which was not to be gotten at the capital, in the main a modern city. So another end has risen up, to be attained beyond Athens; I hardly know what it is or whether attainable. Nevertheless I am going to make the quest. To-morrow morning therefore, I shall start forward again, and I shall not turn back to Athens, not yet at least. [*Editorial Note.*—The details of this journey from Athens to the Parnassian region are given in the *Walk in Hellas*.]

Aulis, Feb. 3rd, 1879.

You will at once recognize this place as famous in Greek legend; it was here that the old Achæans gathered under the leadership of Agamemnon, and set out for Troy in order to restore Helen. Such a mythical atmosphere hovers over this little town, now Albanian and called Vathy. The ancient story comes up before the imagination and is wrought over with many a new turn and transformation of heroic shapes.

But I must tell you what has most strongly taken hold of me in this locality: Iphigenia, the daughter of Agamemnon and her sacrifice. She has thrown into the background every other mythical personage. About a dozen years ago I read and re-read Goethe's *Iphigenia in Tauris* and was strongly impressed by it in a number of ways. This impression was deepened by a conversation upon it with Brockmeyer, whose opinion about it I asked in a casual way. He at once started off into one of the finest dissertations on Goethe and on this drama that I ever heard from him or anybody else. He was at his best. You know that he does not and perhaps cannot control his supreme moods of insight and expression. These come and go on the most trivial pretext, often on no pretext at all. Some years later I read and studied Goethe's *Iphigenia* again, along with the two *Iphigenias* of Euripides. Again I asked Brockmeyer about this subject, trying to tap that wonderful fountain once more, but it would not flow except in unsatisfying droplets, and these rather turbid. If he could have written out and fully elaborated that first conversation, it would have been the best essay of its kind that I know of. I suggested to him some such thing, but no! he had plunged head downward into Missouri politics, where he still sticks fast, with his better parts neglected if not obscured, I am afraid. You

need not tell this to him, as it would probably cause a Vesuvian eruption. Still he remains the one genius of all men known to me personally—he is the one who ought to be taking this Greek trip instead of me and re-creating the antique world for modern, and especially for American life, which he, though a German, understands profoundly.

Thebes, Feb. 5th, 1879.

Another great name of an historic city I inscribe as the caption of a little letter. I walked across the country from Aulis, accompanied chiefly by one image, that of Iphigenia, who somehow would not leave me. Scenes of her drama, or rather of her two dramas (at Aulis and at Tauris) kept playing before my mind, and exciting now and then quite a little outlay of emotion. For how could I help putting myself into the place of that father who had to sacrifice his daughter, and being torn with sympathy for both, even in my imaginings? Let me confess to you, a kind of drama has outlined itself within me on this subject of Iphigenia different from the Euripidean as well as from the Goethean.

After sleeping a night in Thebes I wake up with a new figure in possession of me, namely the Theban lyric poet Pindar. A copy of his works I by a kind of premonition purchased in Germany, Dissen's edition with notes, which

give me needful help. Already in Rome I had a Pindaric spell, and worked into his lyrical spirit, of which I think I appropriated quite a little. He is a unique part of that grand totality of Greek Literature, a part different from its epic or dramatic phase. So I take him in hand early in the morning, and start up Dirke, the little runnel made famous by him, and I sauntered musingly toward the plain of Plataea where the great battle took place, which is so familiar to me from old Herodotus.

Lebedeia, Feb. 8th, 1879.

Rain-bound in this place after walking from Thebes, and after having a good time with old Hesiod, Helicon, and the Muses, all to myself, on the way hither. Lebedeia (or Livadia) is quite an active town with a trade life of its own. The Turks in their day made a good deal of it—under them it was the capital of Middle Greece. The chief center of the town, at least now (there is an election pending and politics are lively) is the large wine-shop, where the men come together, smoke and drink and talk. A stream, at present swollen with the falling showers, runs past the wine-shop and mingles the roar of its waters with the political buzz of the people. Between the two streams I am lulled to sleep in my chair till Ploutarchos plucks me by the arm to tell me that Lord Byron once stayed in this town, dressed in

fez and fustanella, like a Greek. Friend Ploutarchos (Plutarch in English) asks me why I do not put on the said costume, and thus "become as great a man as Lord Byron." I suppose that this comparison was provoked by his seeing me take out my note-book in the wine-shop and jot down an item. I answered carefully, that as far as I yet knew, I was not a poet like Lord Byron. And still I could not help thinking how different a mood from mine Greece inspired in Byron's poems, which have no epigrams in the old sense or form, no elegiacs, no classic rhythm but romantic rhyme mostly in Iambs as we see in *Childe Harold*, in the *Giaour*, and others. Byron, you know, traveled through Greece, and was stimulated by it to much poetizing, some of which was full of imagery and ecstacy. The best known sample runs:

Maid of Athens we must part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart.

Arachoba, Feb. 11th, 1879.

Unforgettable is the act of Demetrios Petrides who, seeing me to be a stranger, picked me up in an eating-house and insisted upon my going home with him to his family, entertaining me till I was ready to leave Lebedeia. The rain tied me up two full days, and my host and hostess never wearied in their friendly attentions. It

was my first experience of that hospitality—the love of it for its own sake—which the rural Greeks of the better class regard as one of the virtues. My entertainer was truly a friend of the stranger (*philoxenos*): he put into my hand letters to gentlemen of the same hospitable spirit who live in the towns through which I intended to pass.

And now I have come to Arachoba, a town of several thousand people lying high up the slope of Parnassus, not so very far from its peak. Actual, natural Parnassus, the old seat of the Muses, accordingly, lies just above me, visible as a real object, which has always been hitherto something imaged if not imaginary, a kind of bodiless symbol. One begins to feel that the idea is going to get incorporate in this Parnassian region.

A new type of people begins to show itself. You will be astonished to meet the golden-haired blue-eyed woman at the town fountain, along with her darker sister. The people still assemble in the ancient *agora*, especially in the adjoining wineshops for discussion. On Sunday after church, and on other holidays the young people and some of the old ones, can be seen hurrying to the *choros* or the place for song and dance in the open air. It seems to me that I have caught certain turns of Homeric speech which I have not heard elsewhere. This is not Athenian Greece, though there are some educated men here

from the University. I cannot help feeling a peculiar character in this lofty mountain town, as if I had come upon a primeval strand of older Hellas in these more remote and secluded portions of the country. A germinal Greek life appears to belong to this locality, having its roots far back in antiquity.

The occupations of the people have a primitive cast; chiefly they cultivate the vine and the olive, though there are also herdsmen on the mountains above. A native idyllic life has flowered out upon these hill-sides with its unsophisticated poetry. I watched the maidens going down into the olive orchards to their labor, it was to me a beautiful sight for its suggestiveness. Have I here really gotten back to the beginning of even antique Hellas, to the original germ of her art and civilization?

Delphi, Feb. 13th, 1879.

Yesterday I reached this place which the ancients deemed the navel of the world, the central and prophetic part of the universal organism. Last night I spent at the Metochi, a religious foundation which gives entertainment to strangers, and which is pleasantly situated at the entrance to the little hamlet, on the rill running down from Castalia. I have wandered about the place and seen the location of the old temple, of which only some of the lower stones of the wall are

visible. In its enclosure is the hut of an aged veteran of the Greek Revolution; with him I strike a bargain and take lodgment, for it has become already plain to me that I shall have to stay here some days. The Delphic problem has risen within me and is demanding some sort of answer before another step forward on this journey can be taken. What was anciently upon this spot anyhow? Of course we have often heard of the Oracle, the Pythia, and Apollo the God of Light. Herodotus has put prophetic Delphi into the very heart of his History, and revealed it as the center of the Greek world of that age, namely of the age of the Greco-Persian War.

Already I have been quite overwhelmed at the view of this Nature which appears before me. The physical setting of the old Oracle and of its temple cannot have changed much. Mountain, vale, cloud, Parnassus above, the rivulet Pleistos below, Castalia and its deep gorge are quite same, even if earthquakes have toppled down some rocks from overhead. Nature is still here with her primordial suggestion, whispering quite as she did to the original Greek when he created Delphi as the oracular home of his people.

I have brought with me the image of Iphigenia from Aulis, where she took strong possession of me, quite to the exclusion of everything else. Well, she has re-appeared here at Delphi in a

series of dramatic pictures, having returned from her long stay at Tauris. You know that the old legend brings her back to Greece, though there is no ancient poetic embodiment of this return of Iphigenia, as far as I am aware. But her life is certainly not complete, her destiny not fulfilled till she is restored to that Greece which has sacrificed her. Goethe, I believe, thought of an Iphigenia at Delphi, but never did much with the plan; if he were here now in his prime, having come by way of Aulis, he would have carried out his project. In my own brain certain scenes and characters keep dancing before me alluringly, as if they had a wish to be born into writ.

Delphi, Feb. 21st, 1879.

Eight days I have now stayed in Delphi, twice as long as I at first intended. On this spot there is a peculiar fascination, different from Athens different even from the neighboring Arachoba. Delphi is still a kind of oracle giving dark, yet often suggestive responses to its own multitudinous problems, some of which reach far back into crepuscular Hellas. In fact I find myself on a par with the earliest Greek who settled here and began to evolve that later Delphic world which we know best from the Father of History. Here is still the original germ of Nature; can I unfold it into historic Delphi, or

at least make clear to myself the main stages of that old Delphic evolution?

I know you will be asking me, how is your trilogy of Iphigenia getting along? Well, I shall have to confess to you, it has been supplanted by another more immediate, more insistent interest. As I wandered through the Olives down the Delphic slopes, looking at the ever-shifting aspects of this grandiose Nature, observing the customs of the people in this environment, and seeking to live back into the old from the new, I became aware of a change going on within me, a change of delights, of loves I may say. Iphigenia began to withdraw into the background, and a living shape, which I saw flitting through the Olives, slipped into her place. In fact the maidens, often grouped in a kind of natural bunch or bevy, often singly picking the olives to a song, became very soon the center of the Delphic world for me, having thrust both antiquity and modernity into the background, and having started me to making responsive strains to their ever-bubbling lays. So I answer the songs of the maidens scattered for miles through the Olives. Moreover my measures soon begin to gather about one name and one person of course.

Out of the hundreds one I select, altogether the fairest,

For without just the one hundreds and hundreds are none.

Now I am going to tell you that name, which persists in winding through all my fancies and their manifold cadences. It is Elpinike, which means the *Victory of Hope*, certainly a beautiful thought for accompanying a beautiful woman through life. There was an ancient Athenian Elpinike, the first one of the name, as far as I know; she was the daughter of the hero Miltiades who gained the battle of Marathon, and the sister of Cimon into whose history she plays, having won by her beauty the hand of Callias, the richest Athenian, who furnished the money for paying the fine of Miltiades. Look into Greek history, for I can't rehearse to you the rest of this. But what I wish to tell you is that among these modern Greek folks of Parnassus the name is still alive. I first heard it in the house of my host at Lebedeia, where it was applied to one of the daughters. So the old lives in the new here, preserving and re-vivifying the ancient names of persons, and possibly reaching back to sources beyond history. A Parnassian Elpinike may have existed long before the Athenian Elpinike was born.

Furthermore, I must tell you that my overflowing Delphic fancies still run into the elegiac mould, of which I have already said to you enough. But these growing distichs seem inclined to organize themselves into a new sort of a whole, into a form different from those which

have hitherto unfolded at Rome and at Athens. An idyllic tinge pervades this Delphic world and necessarily colors any picture of it, making the same quite distinct from an urban portrayal. When the matter develops, I shall be able to tell you more. It is enough to say just now that a new poetic life has dawned upon me at Delphi, with the strong impulse to attune it to the music of measured speech in the mother-tongue.

Great as is the delight and stimulation of this old-new Parnassian world, I have resolved to start out to-morrow morning for Itea which lies on the Corinthian gulf and is the seaport of Delphi. There I shall take the Greek steamer for Corinth and round out my little journey rapidly to a reasonable degree of fullness, taking a dip into the Peloponnesus.

Corinth, Feb. 23rd, 1879.

Again I address you from the site of a city famous in antiquity, and bearing a name which winds through all Greek History. I write this in an Albanian hovel with a very dim light from a paper wick floating on a little olive-oil. All day I have tramped over the Isthmus; nothing much is to be observed except the remarkable situation between two seas and two countries. It is plain that Corinth was more completely than

any other ancient city, the connecting point between Orient and Occident, and could have made itself the chief highway of commerce between Asia and Europe. Later Constantinople took its place. And yet Corinth was far surpassed in everything by Athens, which has a much less favorable site for naval and commercial supremacy. Moreover Corinth added almost nothing to the spiritual treasures of Greece in comparison with Athens. Whence comes this difference, I ask myself, rambling over the waste places of old Corinth (there is a new Corinth some miles distant). A few columns (seven) of a very old Doric temple are still standing; perhaps they can tell the story if compared with the Doric columns of the Parthenon. How heavy, unideal, sunk in their material do they seem, with their enormously protruding capitals, which make them look like toad-stools! Then the dominant worship of Venus suggests the deepest fact of the Corinthian character, as the worship of Pallas tells us what is the fundamental trait of Athenian spirit. An old Oriental (Phœnician) strain, reaching far back into pre-historic time seemed always to make itself valid at Corinth, indicated in the persistent worship of the Gods Astarte and Melkarth (in Greek, Aphrodite and Hercules).

I climbed to the top of Acrocorinthus, once the most important citadel of Greece—what

desolation! I think I must have invaded the nest of some eagles for several circled around my head, and one big fellow flew so near that I raised my staff for a fight with him. The view from Acrocorinthus is very fine; one sees the small neck of land between the two bodies of water, and thinks of the old canal for connecting them and of the old wall for separating the Peloponnesus from Northern Greece. But my chief thought, as I looked over the water toward the Athenian Acropolis, which I could see, took the form of this question: Why should the World's History turn away from this more striking and more favorable location, and choose that? This, being on the direct line of its passage out of the Orient to the Occident, is spurned, while that, being quite to one side, is chosen;—is there any discoverable reason for such an historic deflection? There is, I believe, and herewith enough of this, lest I may begin writing a Philosophy of History from the top of Acrocorinthus.

Mycenæ, Feb. 24th, 1879.

So it came about that under a bright afternoon sun I entered the Lion's Gate of golden Mycenæ, and inspected the citadel of Agamemnon, not neglecting to take a look at his supposed tomb and that of his wife Clytemnestra, along with the other sepulchres.

Here, then, we catch a glimpse of the Homeric, yea pre-Homeric time in these huge walls and ruins. The whole is but an empty and broken shell from which the life has long since gone out; still we may read in these remains something of the spirit which produced them. The wall, with its enormous boulders piled one on the other, means protection of the budding community, and of its God and king.

More strongly than even Homer, the image of Aeschylus as the poet of the Agamemnonian legend perches upon the citadel. The inner tragedy of the conquerors of Troy—the destroyers themselves being destroyed—reveals the blood-curdling Nemesis of his theme, in the course of which the terrible Furies are born of the guilty deed. But that noble trilogy (the *Oresteia*) has also the idea of atonement and reconciliation—a fact which gives to it a lofty place in the world's Great Books.

And still it is not this drama of Aeschylus but perchance an off-shoot of it, which haunts me as

I sit in the sun on these walls or kick up fragments of ancient pottery from this soil. I confess to you that the form of Iphigenia has again risen up here, with a new and coercive power. She had appeared before in my journey, at Aulis, but had vanished at Delphi, in the presence of a stronger image. Still here she comes again, with tenfold energy.

But the sun goes down and all the ways are darkened. I follow the path to the small hamlet of Charvati, which is not far off and where I lodge in the hut of the keeper of the antiquities of Mycenæ.

Argos, Feb. 25th, 1879.

To-day I have been rambling around in the Argive plain, and have landed here at its chief town, where I shall stay over night. Early this morning I again took a hasty walk to what I call Iphigenia's garden, under the walls of Mycenæ. But soon I struck out into the road for Tiryns, another dismantled city of the Homeric (or pre-Homeric) age. In fact, this entire Argolic plain had all its glory in the mythical period; its light seems to go out when history arrives. Moreover, the historical fame of Argos is not only small but bad; it sided with the Persians in the great struggle of Hellas with the Orient—which conduct is recorded against it for all time by the Father of History.

Tiryns has remained probably in its present condition since its destruction by Argos, which destroyed Mycenæ also about the same time (468 B.C.). The massive walls of Tiryns have always excited wonder. A strong protection they were certainly—but of what? Seemingly of that incipient communal life, which was destined later to work the grand Hellenic miracle. Tiryns, I would fain believe, is an early form of the Greek city, which as an infant had to be guarded and nurtured in this Cyclopean cradle.

A Scotch gentleman whom I knew at Athens drives up in a carriage not far from Tiryns. From him I get the latest news—the plague, the quarantine and other disagreeable occurrences in the world from which I have been cut off. I might have strolled over into Arcadia and Sparta, but I feel that I must return to civilization as soon as possible. So I trudge up the road, somewhat disquieted, till I come to Argos where I am now located for the night.

Mycenæ, Feb. 26th, 1879.

This spot insists upon another visit with greater emphasis than ever. You may laugh at me, but Iphigenia in this old Argive environment has driven out Elpinike of Delphi. What am I going to do with all of these Greek maidens, ancient and modern? This time I explored the gorge which bounds Mycenæ on one side. Here I plucked some flowers from Iphigenia's garden; I sat down upon a stone seat which was hers, or could have been. I wandered up to a small spring, near which I built the temple of Artemis who was her Goddess. In the distance the sea is visible, and on it floats the ship of Paris bound for Lacedæmon. For my own behoof I make a festival in ancient Mycenæ, at which Helen appears and meets Iphigenia. One is the sinner, and the other is the sacrifice for the sin. Here it touches strangely the Christ Story.

Thus I toy the hours away from early morning till nearly noon. Dear me! how the time runs off with me in this Elysium! And yet I have to reach Corinth to-night on foot or sleep out in the mountains. But I shall stop long enough, though it kills me, to tell you that I have planned an *Iphigenia at Mycenæ* as a stage of her career antecedent to her sacrifice at Aulis. There is no account of any such drama, or any separate story of it as far as I know. You see I am playing

the myth-maker in this old Greek world—rather a new part for me. That is indeed the final test of my journey—can I make that old mythical world creative, make it complete itself even in our modern unmythical time? Now I pick up my knapsack and staff and hurry out of the Lions' Gate.

Megara, Feb. 28th, 1879.

A brief note from this miserable town of moderate fame in antiquity, I must send you. The first trouble of my journey I had here, within a day's walk of Athens. An officious Greek soldier proposed to arrest me as a klepht. I turned away from him and went into an eating-house for a meal. While I was at the table, a man in fustanella, who declared that he was a policeman, entered and sat down in front of me, asking who I was and what was my business. I told him, but as that did not satisfy him, I added that I was an American citizen and showed him my pass-port. Of course he could not read it and said I must identify myself in some other way. I took this to be an attempt at black-mail and resolved to resist on the spot. I asked the man to give me his name in writing, and I gave him mine, and declared that, if he detained me, I would report him at Athens, and, if necessary, appeal to the American embassy. Therewith he let me go, but I could not help thinking he must have remembered that

American frigate which once appeared in the Piræus on behalf of an outraged American citizen, a missionary at Athens. After I went to my quarters, the fat landlady tried to extort from me a double price for my bed — which again I resented with emphasis and with success. So I have lost my Greek mood in the town of Megara, which already in ancient days must have deserved the punishment which Athens dealt out to it just before the Peloponnesian War. At least in that memory I am finding some consolation. But my chief delight is to recall old Theognis, who, though a native of Megara, has scored its shortcomings, holding them up for reprobation before all the future. He flourished here over twenty four hundred years ago (birth set down at 583 B.C.). And another co-incidence I cannot well leave out: he traveled through Greece and wrote epigrams in the elegiac measure. So I salute my hoary predecessor in reeling off verses and in damning Megara — and thereby get into a good humor again.

Athens III.

Athens, March 1st, 1879.

To the surprise of friends I dropped down upon them this afternoon. They did not know what had become of me, whether I was lost somewhere in the mountains or had been captured by brigands. Most of them shook their heads at the account of my solitary perambulations, and gave me credit for an amount of courage which certainly my exploits did not deserve. I did my best to relieve the hospitable country people from the stigma of brigandage, giving thus a small requital for their favors to me personally. Still the terror of Takos and his band, after nearly nine years, causes Athens to shiver a little in memory.

I was very glad to greet again two other friends to whom my attachment has become strong—Parthenon and Hymettos. These impersonal loves are now to be tested by the recent Parnassian experience, which has not quit me on entering the city. By the way I found here my old veteran, who gave me lodgment at Delphi, having come to Athens yesterday on business. He visited the family of Dr. Hill (the American Missionary) where he produced much merriment at my expense by mimicking me as I stitched my own garments, and as I would sit on a stone writing in a book, and as I would look at the girls going down into the orchards. The old fellow declared that I would rather wander about and see the *koritzi* (maidens) picking the olives from the ground and the trees, than sit in the wineshop among men and drink and talk politics. Certainly I was an oddity, of which he had been able to make nothing, and I imagine his opinion reflected that of modern Delphi, perchance of modern St. Louis.

Athens, March 1st, 1879.

Here I am again at Athens after a trip of¹ nearly five weeks in the provinces. But I find some changes; first of all I am quarantined out of Europe, I might say out of the world on account of the plague in Russia. I had intended to return soon to Italy—but who can say now what is to be done. I only tell you this in order to inform you that just at this moment I have no plan; external powers have interfered, I must cast about for something else. So I still can give no definite answer to your inquiries concerning my return. I hope that in a few days the quarantine will be removed—but this is merely a hope; in the mean while I can delight myself with pleasant fancies of home and of friends, when I can not possess the reality. But I have here agreeable acquaintances who are ever ready to kill an hour or so stone-dead with me.

The second change is in myself. I discovered it some hours ago on looking into the mirror—the vain fellow! It is that my complexion, never fair, has quite turned to that of a Hottentot under this Grecian sun. One white streak alone remains to indicate my race: that lies in my forehead where the forepiece of my cap gave some protection against the Africanising sunbeams. Imagine me climbing up and down mountains, passing over plains, threading through

valleys—always in a sturdy tramp, one, two, three, day in and day out—you will see that old Helios had a good chance to blacken me well. But he was otherwise very hospitable to the stranger; especially during the last week he never hid his face once in his cloudy folds in order to dash a rainstorm upon me, nor on the other hand did he in rage hurl down his showers of burning rays.

But what about my trip? I can not now tell you the details, it would take too long; besides, I want to have something new for you when I return. It was, however, based on two main principles: on foot and alone. That is, I walked the whole distance, except a small stretch by water, which I could not well walk; also I was without a companion of any kind. I saw the Greek people of to-day; slept in their cabins, ate with my fingers, sat cross-legged at their tables flat on the floor, flirted a little with their daughters; in general I felt their pulse throbbing live red blood, to the extent of my ability. The result is an image of the physical aspects of the country and an idea of the inhabitants which just at present refuses to let itself be expressed in language; wait a year or so and I may be able to utter it to you. I saw the scenes of the most famous conflicts in the world's history—Marathon, Plataea, Salamis, not to mention other places of lesser note—all still echoing, so the traveler

imagines, with the clangor of arms and the neighing of war-steeds and the clash of ships. Also Mycenæ I beheld—that grand palace overflowing with the poetry of thirty centuries, filled to-day with a crowd of heroic personages that still move along its ruined walls with a startling distinctness. Let me tell you a fragment of my delight: I spoke to Iphigenia, the beautiful Greek maiden, daughter of Agamemnon, when I saw her in her garden watering flowers just back of the King's palace.

But on the whole the region which attracted me most was the Parnassus, with its high mountains and beautiful valleys, with its rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed, joyous people. Here some voice commanded me to stop in my journey, whether it was the voice of one of the Muses from off the summit of Parnassus, I dare not say: for I may be mistaken, like so many good people in these days, who have thought that they heard the voice of a Muse whereas it is only the invisible cackle of a wild goose flying over. But I obeyed the command speaking down from the heights, and was rewarded. At Arachoba—a town just under the highest peak of Parnassus—are the prettiest women in all Greece; so I heard everywhere along the road from the Greeks themselves. There I remained some days; but I made the longest stay in the neighboring village of Castri—the ancient Delphi, where

bubbles up still in full beauty and transparency the Castalian fountain. Fourteen days about I spent in the Parnassian region—alas! now I look back and find that the time was altogether too short.

Here I found what is doubtless the original germ of the old Hellenic stock. It is only as yet a germ still undeveloped; nevertheless from it sprang the ancient Greek with all his culture, and under similar institutions he would again sprout into being. But modern education makes the Greek a European; thus the natural development of the original germ is thwarted, being turned aside into something foreign and destructive of its true nature. But cease thy speculation on matters remote and uncertain, says my guardian spirit: tell the young ladies about the dance on the village green, wherein thou, along with the youths and maidens of Arachoba, didst join in the chorus to the sound of the pipe and the drum.

Sunday afternoon the whole village turns out to the place of the dance; a circle is formed by joining hands and the movements begin. White and red are main colors both in the garments and in the faces—all of which now commence to wind around and through one another in light graceful curves. There is no wild extravagance in the measure, no labyrinthine intricacy in the figures; an easy delightful rhythm of body is

sought, which breathes a quiet harmony, almost repose. The eye catches the play of the movements and of colors, and is quietly rocked in cheerful unison with the vibrations of that ring of living bodies. You now begin to catch a glimpse of what the old chorus was in its bloom; the nature of the old Greek lyric poetry with its complicated meter dawns dreamily upon you, as you cast about for the ground of its existence expressed in this peculiar music and movement. Such was my state of mind when a friendly hand grasped mine and led me into the circle. After a modest protest I stepped along with the dancers, though my step and still more my dress were discordant notes in that harmonious company. It was not so difficult to catch the rhythm of their motions, and so I swung along without exertion to the sound of the music and to the sway of the bodies. But my dark long overcoat and cape and European pantaloons did not belong there. The incongruity made the whole assembled people laugh, but I danced on and laughed too at myself. The greatest advantage was that while moving around with the circle, I had a good opportunity to look right into the faces of all the pretty girls in the town, with roses in their cheeks and lilies on their brows. I looked eagerly and intently, for here in Greece I have everywhere been hunting after the ancient Greek type of female beauty,

that type which the old sculptors must have had before them when they made their Goddesses. I saw that old type, I am confident, but undeveloped, untrained, still in its primitive rustic garb. Many a face is here which contains the possibilities of what we now see in marble. Also I have seen in the faces of women working in the fields and picking up olives, the most finely turned lines as well as the most delicately knit features. Not all are so by any means, but some are, and that too women ignorant, poor, grubbing every day in the earth for a living.

This was not the only time that I joined in the dance during my journey: also on the Isthmus of Corinth I came upon the villagers delighting themselves with the melody of movement, and I at once took part in their happy and innocent pastime.

What do you think of such a climate? People dancing in the open air during winter, dressing themselves in shining white garments which set off their graceful forms and easy movements, with heads uncovered and tresses that fall in one braid down the back—the young maidens of Parnassus have certainly divine privileges. Bright and kindly shines the sun as I look on that company, everybody is comfortable and in happy mood; the day is a sweet embrace of earth and heaven. Yet look

up yonder above the town; there is snow and winter in the mountains; a two hours' walk will bring you to the climate of Canada. Take your choice of seasons; here they are not separated by the solstices, but only by a snow-line. In the valley below are olives and oranges; the almond trees are already in bloom; but above are bleak pine forests with limbs in a case of ice. Parnassus is the world, and weak man can here make the circle of the zodiac in a day, while it takes divine Helios a year to perform the same task. What wonder is it that this God concluded to come down from the skies and stay here in his favorite abode at Delphi, having taken the name and form of Phoebus Apollo?

I am afraid you may think that I am getting as dark in my utterances as the famous oracle was at that place. I shall break off at once to tell that I have enclosed this time a flower plucked from Iphigenia's garden. I found it growing in the little valley behind Mycenæ. To which there is an easy descent from the palace above; I have no doubt that it is a lineal descendant of the flowers of the Atridæ. It stood all alone with its slight modest form bent over, looking towards the ground; about it everywhere were only rude rocks that seemed to threaten with some violence the delicate, unresisting, beautiful shape. It was Iphigenia's flower, I have no doubt of the fact,

and its ancestors were reared and trained by her hands.

I also picked up some other treasures around Mycenæ which I would gladly send you by letter, but I can not, on account of their weight and refractory material. I mean, I have some fragments of Iphigenia's pottery, which, if the lands and seas between do not covet them of me, you shall have in good season, each one of you a piece. They are of no account, merely bits of burnt clay lying loose in the soil; their only value is that they once belonged to Iphigenia, were a part of her toilet, held precious unguents and perfumes when they were entire. Behold the vases; there they stand arranged in her room; she takes first the one, then the other down from the shelf when she is making herself beautiful for the dance, to which she, the King's daughter, descends from the high palace. But I must leave you, my dear young ladies, to complete the details of the picture, since you are far better acquainted with the mysteries of the toilet than I am!

It seems to have given you some trouble to interpret my meaning when I told you I had eaten of the honey of Hymettus—that famous classical diet. But now I shall have to add to the fog instead of chasing it off with a sunbeam: I have also drunk of the water of Castalia—that famous classical draught. What can he mean?

I hear you cry—Is our dear teacher going crazy all alone, so far from home? No, it is only the influence of the Delphic oracle which still exerts a subtle mystery in those mountains. Wait, wait, and in time the priestess will give a clear answer to all of your perplexing questions. But I must stop, the fog is growing too thick; we shall never find our way out unless we turn to the end right now.

Athens, March 7th, 1879.

It has now been about a week since I returned from the provinces, and I already am thinking of resuming my trip. Athens can be unpleasant, which is the case just now; there is a strong wind, and one can not go into the streets without being enfolded in a cloud of blinding dust.

If I could give you a picture of myself at this moment, I would bring myself before you, as I now sit in this rocking-chair enjoying a hearty laugh. For this thought will intrude itself upon me in a comic light, with a very reflective undertone: why did those Greek country-girls exercise such a fascination upon me? It is a ridiculous question, yet my actions were equally ridiculous; I am just now looking back at myself and find that I was a comic character. Imagine me roaming through olive orchards, standing for hours along the road, summoning into activity every faculty that I have for attracting people—all

for what? Just in order that I may see and in some fortunate cases may converse with rustic maidens dressed in the rudest garments of the peasantry and sometimes in tatters, ignorant beyond measure, not being able to read a syllable of their maternal tongue, who have never been outside of their native valley, who go every day into the fields and work like men; what do you say to that? Laugh along with me that I, only within a few steps of forty years of age, should do such things. If you have seen any better comedy recently, you are a lucky man. Notwithstanding my own consciousness of the ridiculous situation, I was absorbed in the chase, highly excited and several times roaring mad with disappointment.

Now I ask myself the serious question: Why is this? Moreover I find that some other men have occasionally been afflicted with the same disease. They have made themselves ridiculous by chasing after the country girls of Parnassus. It is, then, a not uncommon impulse, shared often by those who have no right to love—which at least is not my case, as you know. People with an ideal instinctively ask after and look for the woman in Greece. It is the old story, they want to find Helen who still fascinates the world; when they come here the first question that they ask is, where is Helen? They wander through the streets of the capital and do not find her;

often their imagination tricks them for a little while, but the final unwilling conclusion is that she does not live at Athens. So off they go to the provinces, and I believe that nine travelers out of ten will say that in the Parnassian region may be seen the possibility, though not the reality, of the old Greek ideal.

Here, my friend, I have been on a search, I may say, for some living embodiment of Helen. Can you wonder then that I looked into the face of every Parnassian woman and girl whom I met? It is strange how the whole world is hunting for this lost ideal just now. Art has again become a necessity for human beings; it furnishes props for the drooping soul which religion seemingly can not give; many would like, for a time at least, to throw themselves back into that old Greek world and be again whole and happy. And it can be done; we can still enter the temple of beauty, restore the statues of the Gods, and to a certain degree worship, that is, we can be filled with reverence and joy. So everywhere we seek Helen, the eternal woman of beauty, and sometimes we catch a glimpse of her form darting through marble colonnades or reposing in the sunlight by a fountain.

Somehow or other in Greece alone do we expect to find Helen—not a wife by any means, but quite a different entity. The simple country people, however, can not understand the nature

of this strange pursuit. They at once imagine that the foreigner has come into their rocky abodes to get married. Such at least I judge to be the case by the repeated offers made to me of a Parnassian spouse with a handsome dowry of olive trees. The peasants saw the interest with which I regarded their mountain beauties, having come all the way from America just to see them—what could they help thinking? That impalpable Greek ideal which enchants the whole world and beckons to it afar just from these summits of Parnassus, they can not see, though right under its snowy peak to-day. So they thought, when I looked so long and intently on the sweet little peasant girl Marina, that I intended to carry her off across the ocean. Something far different would I like to carry off, could I but lay hold of it.

Of those two ways which man takes in order to express what is deepest within him, Religion has as its supreme type a masculine being—a God—while Art employs for its supreme type the feminine in some form. People will turn away, in certain frames of mind at least, from the God, from the masculine ideal; it is too just, too severe and heroic, perhaps too intellectual. That which gives solace and happiness is the woman; in contemplation she becomes the ideal of Art which thus is the true mediator of man. Do you know that I feel a secret restoration here as regards re-

ligion? An old inclination has been intensified through the comparison of ancient and modern Greece, which is here forced upon the mind.

But the chief enjoyment which my Delphic trip imparted was the glorious mood which this Grecian scenery everywhere calls forth. It may partly lie in the associations, but it also partly lies in the climate and in nature to inspire the happiest harmony of the emotions. All the while a kind of unwritten music was playing within me; there was such a concord between earth, sky, and sun, that it attuned the soul; even the voice sometimes felt impelled to give a slight utterance to that which was going on within. What is this invisible influence which seems to come down from the tops of Helicon? So I asked myself, as I stepped along the road, alone, on foot, entirely resigning myself to the thrill of this peculiar harmony. It must be that subtle power which the ancients called the Muses, and located here and built for them a sanctuary with song and sacrifice—a hymning power that takes possession of men and makes them utter these harmonious things. So they invoked the Muses to breathe into their strains this joyous concordant spirit; such was the old Poet. He then became a holy instrument of song, because he could put into the word the unuttered promptings of this glorious Nature. All men heard that power

speaking in his song, like oracles which they had before merely felt in the mountains.

Of course this is not all which one meets with in such a trip. The ancient poetical types rise out of the deep, those divine shapes which seem eternal on account of their beauty. At Aulis who does not think of Iphigenia; nay, who does not make a new Iphigenia, adding another to those already in existence? Such a power has this shape, everlastingly reproducing itself in the new ages, which pour their own spirit into it, and thus Iphigenia remains ever young. Such is the company which that solitary pedestrian has had all through Greece.

Athens, March 12th, 1879.

This is my last day in Athens, to night at 12 o'clock I shall set out for Delphi again. This may be considered as the day on which I turn around in my journey, turn around and set my face toward the Far West, toward Home. But the return will be slow, and like other wanderers in the skies I shall gradually increase in velocity as I approach that grand luminary called Fatherland, which now will shine in my face every day. I can not yet tell the exact day or month of my arrival; this is beyond my mathematical calculation, but from present appearances it will be some time between the beginning and end of

summer. I feel that I have plucked the chief fruit of my travels; I have climbed to the highest points of my little tree, bent over the last sprig and grasped the apple at its summit; now I have nothing to do but to descend and cull a little fruit on my way down through the branches.

A day or two ago I went out to the Hymettus for the last time. No object of inanimate nature, certainly no mountain has ever seized hold of me so strongly as this hilly outline. I have often taken a walk to its summit and along its sides, and from the city many times a day I have looked up at it lying calmly and clearly in the soft blue haze; what is it in the wizard that transforms the soul into his own mild image of repose? But this time there was a new tinge in the emotions, caused by the reflection: I shall not, friendly mountain, soon see thee again. It is not a high precipice, not a deep gorge, it is nothing extravagant; it is simply an harmonious work of Nature with all the noble moderation and serene ecstasy of Greek Art.

This may be only a classic memory which takes a bare rock and transmutes it into a miraculous hill of poetry. Very well, let it be merely a fancy. I am content provided we get the poetry; Hymettus still remains a wonderful stone which Mineralogy can not classify. As far as prosaic science goes, what is it but a conglomerate

mass of rock and brambles? Many other masses far surpass it in quality and quantity, still they have no song, and evoke no song. What are the genus and species of Hymettus? You laugh at the man who would look into a scientific book to answer such a question. Hymettus is not amenable to science: only can it be seen when reflected in the fountain of the Muses. A biologist hearing my praises of the mountain, might ask me if I had found the bones of a new species of monkey there, thinking probably that Hymettus might furnish the missing link.

So we mortals dance through this phantasmogory called the world, each of us has a little inner Paradise of our own at the same time, thus we are and thus we seem to be. It is but too manifest that what many people call solid facts are only a foundation for the gorgeous palaces of Spain.

Of course what can I do to-day but pay a visit to the Parthenon, the first and last object in the eye and in the heart of the stranger? I pass through the old theatre of Bacchus and still try to see the actors and the audience, and to hear the old poetic strain. What could it have been that made just this spot overflow with the world's fountain of beauty? Look down across the plain toward the sea, behold the blue waters and the clear skies, with the hills and their olive trees lying so quietly but so joyously in this spring

sun; here is the mood of the Greek Muse and you feel her subtle breath. So the audience from these stone steps looked out into the open air, all the while hearing the echoes of this beautiful Nature from the words spoken on the stage. Not confined in a close room by gaslight, they were poetically attuned by a glance into the distance where they saw that harmony which found its supreme utterance in their Art. But a somewhat pensive color darkens my mood to-day, which even casts a slight shadow against the sun: this is the last time that I shall look upon the scene.

But, my friend, I am detaining you and myself too long at the foot and on the sides of the hills; let me at once pass by all other lesser glories and enter the Propylæa. This is the Portal, and it has become a type of entrance into the realm of the Beautiful, being itself one of the supreme products of Art. The happy man who is being inducted into the higher regions of the Acropolis, stops and looks; he would fain stay here for a long time, as it suggests in the most subtle yet transparent manner all the glories which lie within. The beautiful Gate unto the Beautiful—that is the Propylæa.

Now we pass through this Gate—then looking up we behold in the fullest revelation the Parthenon; all at once it breaks out of space on the view at the most favorable point for grasping it as a

whole. The columns are all seen in their totality moving around the temple, the metopes above show various phases of human struggle; the sculptures would come out in the boldest relief if they were here and not in London, whence they must at present be supplied by the fancy. But I can not talk to you about details, to-day I hardly looked at them; I only beheld the entire structure. Why should I study like a pedant the last day, the day of final separation? So I remained several hours there just looking at the face and form of the beautiful virgin Parthenos. Here too a melancholy tinge clouded my feelings, as I reflected, indeed spake aloud to my fair companion of marble: we shall not soon meet again.

Turning about one beholds another noble work, yet of a very different kind—the Erechtheion. But I must be off, the sun is declining; it is time to say good-bye. One more look at the Parthenon! weak-hearted wanderer, why dost thou delay? So I break away from my enthrallment with many a pang, with many a glance back as I pass out, thinking this is the last. So too, my friend, I must break loose from this distracted letter written amid farewells to friends, to ancient monuments. Supply the missing words, rectify my errant fancies and think with me *Auf Wiedersehen*.

Return to Delphi.

Delphi, March 14th, 1879.

Well, here I am once more, to my own amazement and no little mystification. Really I am somewhat dazed at my own labyrinth of movements, quizzing my demon about what he intends to do with me and whither he is leading me. I had not been in Athens a week this last time before I began to feel an intense need of going back to Delphi and the Parnassian region. When I left here three weeks ago, after quite a little stay, I hardly thought of returning, even if I may have sometimes wished it. My original plan was to go back to Athens, say good-bye to friends, then take the steamer at the Piræus on my way homewards. But I soon felt an influence which

kept growing more imperious, till my destination was, when the boat steamed out of port, to get to Delphi again by the straightest route. So I am once more lying down along the hearth of my good Greek veteran, whose cabin is in the enclosure of Apollo's ancient temple. I am resolved to stay till I work through my Delphic mood, throwing it out of me into some kind of writ, and thus freeing myself of that ancient demon who has gotten such a grip upon my very soul. Nor do I know how long I shall stay — possibly forever. What do you say to that, my friend? I confess to you that the conception has come up to me that I may never be able to extricate myself from this Delphic world, and so never see you in St. Louis again, unless upon a chance visit to the Father of Waters. Still do not shed any tears, at least not yet, for I think that after some weeks, by diligent seeing, rambling and scribbling, I shall succeed not only in freeing myself of the tyrannous demon, but in actually nabbing him who now has nabbed me with such violence. Perhaps I can even cage him (in words), and carry him across the ocean to show him to you, making him also dance a little in his chains for your delectation.

I come before myself now as having departed from the modern world, even from modern Greece, and as having gotten back into the living presence of antiquity. While at Athens I

bought the History of Tricoupis, a much-praised work whose theme is the War for Greek Independence (1821-30). It did not take me long to find out that I could not read such a book now, though its author was declared to be the new Thucydides. The truth is Athens had become too modern for me. Then I am free here of another Athenian discord, which, though suppressed, was quite real. My chief associates at Athens were the American missionaries, of whom there are four different sets, and who did not fail to see and express the shortcomings of one another. But to me personally they all were very friendly and hospitable, though our aims were so different. On the basic point both sides soon found each other out, and preserved a rather ominous silence; only once did one of the more zealous ladies lecture me just a little for my too great "heatheness." We had much pleasant intercourse; still through it all ran that undertone of dissonant purposes. By the Greek Christian population these Missionaries were shunned, and they were very unpopular. I recollect that when I first arrived at Arachoba, and said that I was an American, people wanted to know whether I was "one of those American Missionaries down at Athens." I obtained the Arachobite good-will at once by saying that when I became a Missionary, I would certainly not come to Arachoba, but would go across the

border and try my hand on the barbarous Turks.

Delphi, March 14th, 1879.

So you are inclined to laugh at me, my dear little girl, for going so far away to get into Greece, which, you think, I could easily have found at home. But the two words which sound so much alike to your ear, are very different in meaning, though I have no doubt your little head and your little hands also are far better acquainted with *grease* than with *Greece*. Spell the two words now, and when you go to school, ask your teacher to tell you the difference between them. Sometime you may want to visit Greece too, I mean this Greece where I am, not that which you know at home. Possibly when I come back again to this Greece, you will be along.

Delphi, March 21st, 1879.

Before my veteran's cabin lies the drum of one of the columns which colonnaded the old Delphic temple. It tips down into the soil, in which one-half of it lies buried and makes a good seat, though with edges broken here and there, and with weeds clambering about its sides. I can read in it a pleasant Greek salutation from antique Delphi, though I have to ask: What hit

you so hard, and why? Let these questionings pass for the present, and build up anew the old temple which you can from the diameter of this columnar drum. Out of the one measurement the whole structure flows in all its members. But not simply the single edifice but the entire Delphic world I am trying to reconstruct as I sit on its fragment of stone, which is an integral part of it, and which seems to peep out at me from its covering of ages, and smile, as if getting ready to speak. It has become for me a symbol of the ancient city, which can be seen with the sympathetic eye everywhere taking furtive glances from this soil.

My host, Paraskevas, the veteran, has built his hut in the sacred enclosure, about the center of it as I measure the matter. I fancy every night that I stretch myself out to dreams on the very triangle where anciently stood the famous Delphic tripod, from which the Pythia uttered her responses under the influence of that prophetic exhalation which has so troubled antiquaries as well as theologians. So the problem comes up to me now: Cannot I, too, here on this spot, snuff a little of that divine vapor, and get sufficiently intoxicated on it to throw off some Delphic oracles in the old measures? Let me confess to you secretly, my friend, that is just what I am doing, and ere long you may get some of these

modern responses uttered in a spell of Delphic inebriation.

Still there is a modern world here, and to-day I was plunged into it down from Parnassian heights in a way that made me shiver. The mistress of my cabin, whom I may call my aged landlady, the wife of the veteran, was born a Mohammedan, but was baptized when a girl, into the Greek Christian fold. I had not been in the village twenty-four hours when a gossipy fellow at the wineshop informed me of the fact, with a malicious teehee which I did not then understand. Last evening at supper I casually dropped my information when there came an explosion which shook the hut, as if a spark had fallen into a keg of powder. The old woman flew into a grand rage, and even the grizzled veteran showed anger in his question: "Tell me the man who has been talking about my wife—I'll make it hot for him; he is worse than a Turk. She has been baptized these forty years." I apologized humbly, and fortunately found an intercessor in the old man's son, but a step-son to this his second wife, who does not like him. She sulked to-day till evening, when I gave her a few pennies for some tapers which she wished to light at church before some saint, whose festival is being celebrated. This seemed to reconcile her by giving her an opportunity of showing to the village women how good a Christian she is. But this modern

religious hate nearly blew me up, hence I shall try all the more to keep in that ancient serene world.

Arachoba, March 28th, 1879.

After staying two weeks at Delphi I have come over to Arachoba for a change, distant only a good hour's walk. The town has its own distinct life in which I take a peculiar delight. It is not modern, but ancient, still it is alive and throbbing. That is what it means to me: an old Greek town truly, yet full of living human activity. Somehow I imagine it to have been lifted out of antiquity, whirled through twenty-five centuries, and set down to-day on Parnassus, quite as it was born long ago amid these mountains. It would seem that the heights and valleys with their recesses and caves were places of secure refuge for these people and preserved them through all the invasions and revolutions which have swept over the lowlands. On the whole it is the most fascinating piece of antiquity which I have come upon in all my travels. Could I have ever expected to see my desiccated Greek Lexicon spring into living speech! and my Dictionary of Antiquities, with its vast stores of carefully dried, arranged and labelled specimens suddenly whisk into ruddy reality! Soulful indeed it is to behold the labyrinthine *hortus siccus* of classical erudition actually bloom and put forth fresh flowers once more! Imagine me, my friend talking face

to face with Homeric, or perchance pre-Homeric Greeks, in their own dialect, saluting by name Ulysses, Paris (Alexandros), yea Venus herself (Aphrodite). Am I not getting back to the beginning? Yet all this, which sounds so dreamy, is here the most natural thing in the world, in fact a daily prosaic occurrence.

Arachoba, March 30th, 1879.

While at Athens, I talked a good deal about Arachoba and the Parnassian region, of course with a considerable outlay of gesticulated enthusiasm (as is my wont, you know). The result is that some few people are straying hitherwards. The Cincinnati boy who has wandered over so much territory afoot turned up the other day at Delphi. I did not see him there, but Paraskevas tells me that he did not stay long, and that he had no *papoutzi* (shoes). He also claimed to have been captured by brigands on Mount Ithome, but was turned loose again because he had no money. So his lack of cash saved his ears and nose and possibly his neck. But the great visit in these regions has been that of the ambassadors with their grand reception by the people, and with an address by the mayor Pappayohannes. They came over from Delphi, and entered the town in a spectacular cavalcade. I got pushed forward into the presence of the German Embas-

sador, who said that he had heard about me—which was probably a diplomatic truth. I laughed to myself as I thought: “Now I have more fame on Parnassus than I ever had before or shall ever have again.” [*Editorial Note.* An account of this visit of the Ambassadors at Arachoba is given in the *Walk in Hellas*].

But just think of it! An American Missionary has also come hither on a trip and has hunted me up in Arachoba. It was of course not hard to find me, as every man, woman and child in the town knew me. He was not one of the Missionaries located at Athens, who are not liked in the provinces, but he belonged to a place in Asiatic Turkey, and had come to Athens chiefly to learn Greek, where I had made his acquaintance. He tramped into Arachoba in a pedestrian's rough outfit, having come by steamer to Itea, whence he followed my track to Delphi, where he expected to find me. Paraskevas put him in the road after me, and now I have found for him a room and bed, which have to be looked up in this town.

Of course we took a long walk through the Olives, but I did not entice him into the wine-shop, where these Parnassian Greeks let themselves out best, pouring out their souls with *recinato*. I took him to see my favorite views, and pointed out the main objects in the landscape. Very congenial was our intercourse; I

could see that the Missionary situation at Athens was as discordant to him as to myself, though for other reasons. Chiefly we talked of Greek things, old and new, of customs, costumes, of Greek men and women, touching now and then upon America. At last we encountered a group of maidens picking olives; I began telling him what that meant to me, but here he drew inwards. "That" says I, "is a glimpse into the old Greek world, long before the birth of Christ, perhaps even before Homer." He was somewhat astonished at the proposition, probably wondering what he, as a Missionary, was going to do with an idea like that in his head. But I went on talking, and unfolded the beauty of this Parnassian world, till at last I pointed directly at one of the group, exclaiming, "There she is, the central figure! That is Elpinike." He looked and looked again, but did not see her, whereat we both turned about and walked up the slope to town where a good dinner awaited us. In the morning he started off on his journey toward Lebedeia, wondering what it was that kept me so long in Arachoba. Once I clapped my hand to my pocket and drew out my note-book, with the design of reading to him one of my Delphic hymns, which were singing themselves every day over the Parnassian slopes like music in the air. But my hand was stopped by the thought that the good man was used to a wholly different

kind of hymnody, and that mine might produce in him a discord at parting.

Arachoba, March 31st, 1879.

What a wonderful dip backward into the old Hellenic fountain! It seems to me that I to-day came upon traces of the ancient Greek Mythos still alive in the mouths of the people. And the village bard or rhapsode is certainly here, not now ready to rehearse some episode of the Trojan War, but of the conflict with the Turk. One thinks of him as the lineal descendant of the Homeric *Aoidos*, like Phemius and Demodocus of the Odyssey. In the present case, however, the rhapsode was a woman, long known as the chief depository of legends, fairy-tales, ballads, the primordial literature of the people.

There are two schools in the town, both of great interest to the teacher. A third very small one for little girls I have visited, which is taught by a woman. I asked her if she knew anything of the kindergarten, but she had only heard of it. I often go to hear the youths of Arachoba construe Xenophon, after whose style modern Greek seems to pattern itself as a literary tongue. At this point, however, the edge is entering. Modern civilization is creeping in through education, these youngsters will all be able to read the newspapers from Athens, and thus will share in

the movement of the world of to-day. Isolated Arachoba will be whirled into the stream of the ages, and be assimilated slowly to the rest of Europe.

In fact there is at Arachoba just now quite a little conflict between the two sides, the supporters of the old and of the new. Said one of the schoolmasters in fez and fustanella: "This costume of mine is vanishing; in twenty years more it will be a rarity. The great majority of people here still wear it, as I do; but the other schoolmaster, you see has thrown it off. In like manner the rest of our old ideas and customs are bound to disappear. I have seen great changes in my own time, greater still are coming. I have held out so far, *alla ti na kamo*."

At these words he gave a significant shrug of the shoulders, as if he too were in the clutches of the inevitable Fate which was hanging over old Arachoba. Since he knew of my intense delight in the town as a survival of Greek antiquity, he went on: "You have arrived just in time; ten years hence you will not see half so much. You would have seen a good deal more ten years ago."

Such was the gloomy vaticination of my fellow-craftsman at Arachoba, foreboding that his world would soon pass away, being already caught in the grip of Destiny. Do you know what he recalled to me vividly? The old Greek Fate, which was always hovering over

Hellas and the Hellenic man from Homer down, and which finds such a tremendous expression in Athenian Tragedy. And what else indeed is that Laocoon which I pondered over so often at Rome in the Vatican Gallery, where it stands as the most overwhelming utterance of Greek antiquity concerning itself—and that too in its own supreme art, namely sculpture? Little did I then expect to find that statue in a manner re-incarnated and still alive.

This was truly a new experience of the ancient life here represented. So Arachoba deems itself doomed, yet it goes its way with serenity, yea with joy and many a happy festival. A little green island I image it, lodged on the slope of Parnassus, saved from the wreck of a world. And with it has strangely survived that antique idea of Fate, imbedded so deep in the old Greek consciousness, which really therein saw and foretold itself. History has recorded the grand cataclysm of the Hellenic world, but here comes a little piece of *flotsam* from the colossal naufrage, this Arachoba, upon which you must picture me to have leaped, and to be now seeking to live its life, very old yet also very young.

Delphi, April 4th, 1879.

Back again to Delphi in the hut of good old Paraskevas, the veteran. I fell into a longing for this spot yesterday, since it gives something which Arachoba cannot furnish. Here is the actual wreck of antiquity broken to ruins and humbled into the dust of the earth; still its spirit glances forth everywhere from its fragments. The blow of Fate which smote that antique life is seen and even felt still in this place; the tragedy of old Hellas is impressively present, and can be read when you learn the hand-writing. And that is the ever-recurring interest, the interest of the tragic.

Delphi and Arachoba have become two worlds for me, or rather two stages of the Hellenic world. I can pass from one to the other in an hour's walk. Both must be appropriated and uttered. You know that Homer has two worlds, an upper, Olympian, of the Gods, and a lower terrestrial, of men. And so it is here.

The people of Castri (the modern name for Delphi) are an humble peasantry, who live in a faint wonder about their town and its ruins. It is the antique shell into which I try to put the life of Arachoba. The two thus belong together, at least I think so. So I often pass and repass between them, as each furnishes its own different material for the structure I am building. Really

the Arachoba of to-day is pre-Delphic, it shows the bud out of which Delphi flowered in the olden time and with it civilized Greece. Can I again make these ruins spring out of their original living germ? This is my problem, which keeps me so long in these Parnassian regions; I have come to believe it to be the stake of my whole European journey, which I have just now reached and am grasping for, though I had no such concious end at the beginning.

Delphi, April 4th, 1879.

While I was at Rome, Davidson gave me a minute account of his trip in Greece, starting from Athens, going around the Peloponnesus, to the excavations at Olympia (which I must yet see), and returning through Northern Greece. His company was a large one—ten or a dozen, if I recollect aright—having their own guides, donkeys, and utensils, and cooking their own provisions mainly. Such a company would see places and people on the outside, and have experiences of their own, if that were the object of the trip. I was much interested in Davidson's account, as I thought already at Rome that I might wish to do something of the same sort. The incident which impressed Davidson was a Greek mother who took off her shoe and poured some goat's milk into it, which

she gave to her child to drink. I, eating and sleeping in the huts of the common people, have seen no such thing, though that does not invalidate it. I heard Davidson repeat the incident three or four times at least, while at Rome with him. Indeed he showed something of a reaction against the Greek world through his stay in Greece, which must have disillusioned him. In St. Louis, you know, he was fond of calling himself a Greek Heathen with a kind of badinage, I always thought. To be sure, his reaction against the Germans was far more emphatic and bitter. Then his catholicizing tendency may have quite neutralized his former "heathenesse."

All this has been brought up to me because Paraskevas tells me that he recollects very well the company, and that it found less than a day sufficient for Delphi. The next time I see Davidson I shall say to him if the subject comes up: "You never really saw Greece in that donkey cavalcade of yours—how could you? Greece is its people, and they would hold aloof from you all the journey. The only way is *afoot* and *alone* (*monos kai pezos*); then the people will come out of their shell and associate with you, so that you can find them out. You never saw the old Greek world in the modern, when you rode on your donkey through Delphi and Arachoba—it cannot be seen in that fashion, though it be present and also alive. Nor could you see it even

in your year's stay at Athens, for there it is not present, at least not in its original life." [*Editorial Note.* Many years afterward I saw a good deal of Davidson at Chicago during the Literary Schools, but this Greek subject did not rise to the surface, as other matters were uppermost in the minds of both of us. Once I pointed out to him on the street there a Greek fruit-vender, whom I knew, and whom he addressed in the native tongue. His milk story, however, I heard from him again in a company].

Delphi, April 5th, 1879.

I have been here so long that I often think back upon my trip, wondering what it all means to me both as present and as future. But to one conclusion I have come, which you may deem fantastic: This Parnassian world in which I am now abiding, is what lies back of all the Art I saw at Rome. This is the original reality out of which that evolved. Of course this is but a small fragment of the total Hellenic world from which poetic and artistic Rome sprang, as we see it to-day. So I flatter myself that I have followed the stream to its fountain-head at which I am now daily sipping in solitary ecstasy.

Moreover I have been attempting to give expression to what I find here, quite as I did at Rome and on the way hither from Rome. But

the background is very different; there is no art here, no developed feeling for it, all is still a possibility. The character of the country and of the people is what may be called idyllic; still these utterances of mine are not strictly idyls of the cast of Theocritus and Virgil, both of whom fled back to a simple pastoral life out of their respective civilizations, Greek and Roman, from which they were in a manner estranged. Shakespeare has repeatedly made such a flight to an idyllic life the subject of a comedy (see for instance *As you like it*). My mood, on the contrary, is not that of flight from, but of advance to; I seem returning, not leaving.

So these new productions I have concluded to call Hymns, whose setting is ancient Delphi, peculiarly the abode of the God, the ancient theme of many Hymns, and also the home of the Muses, inspirers of all song. Moreover these Hymns move still to the elegiac measure, which for me at least, has become native to all this classic world reproducing itself in English. To be sure it takes a different color in a different environment and with a different subject-matter, which is here the immediate poetic life out of which Hellas arose milleniums ago.

At Delphi I can not help thinking that Nature took a primordial part in shaping the inner Hellenic world of old. She is to-day what she was when the hoary Pelasgians first debouched

into this valley on their long Aryan migration. By repeated contemplation one gets to making here *Natura* a kind of person or Goddess endowed with life and a peculiar individuality. Now it is Spring over the Delphic slopes, and Nature appears before me as a fair Greek maiden dressing herself for her marriage. Of course no mortal man in such a case can keep his eyes off, but will modestly peep at her ways of disporting herself at her Parnassian toilet :

Over her body she draws in her triumph a flowing
green garment ;

Emeralds under her touch burst from each bud
on the bough ;

Garlands of blossoms she winds round her
bosom, velvety, vermeil,

Here they are white with her hand, there
they are blue with her eye.

Ha! the bright face of the bridegroom peering
just over the mountain!

'Tis the new Sun from the skies, flinging his
gold on her path.

Now her song she begins, her sweet passion trills
over the olives,

With her each bird on the twig chants its own
bridal refrain,

And the Parnassian pilgrim, tuned to the beams
of the Sungod,

Chants responsive a hymn rocked to the roll
of the heights.

Delphi, April 6th, 1879.

There is no doubt that the name of Lord Byron is more familiar to the Greek people than that of any other European. Not that they know his poetry, or that he was a poet; to them he is a kind of hero who descended into their world from above to fight for their freedom. That deed has made him more famous than his verse, which, however, is still very interesting to one who visits Greece at present. He passed through this Parnassian region, and in the first stanza of Childe Harold he declares, in speaking of the Muse:

“Yet there I’ve wandered by thy vaunted rill,

Yes! sighed o’er Delphi’s long deserted shrine,
Where, save that feeble fountain, all is still.”

I can say, not still to me, but endowed with a voice and even happy. The conflict between the Turk and the Greek took strong hold of Byron who reproduced it poetically in various ways, and finally lost his life in that same struggle of races and religions. My old veteran (if I understand him) thinks that he as a youth saw Byron, who died fifty-five years ago at Missolonghi. At Athens there were many legends about him, particularly about his loves. In his way he was enthusiastic for the old Greeks; but he never seems to have gotten a glimpse of classic form;

certainly he did not try to reproduce it, but thrusts everything Greek into his fore-ordained Anglo-Saxon poetic mould. So I feel here at Delphi, recalling dimly his works and their impression upon me a good while ago. Still of all the Philhellenes he is the greatest personage, according to the Greeks themselves. A good subject for future study would be Byron's Hellenism, its worth and its limits; I can not help contrasting it with that of Goethe, though the latter never got to Greece, but only as far as Greek Sicily. I have often wondered what our friend Brockmeyer would do with this Delphic world, if he were here. Would he make it over with that unique creative power of his, and put it into shape? Or would his work in this case too remain a huge torso, unfinished and unfinishable? No person whom I have ever met has shown such a keen appreciation of Greek Art; "it is the only Art as yet," I heard him once say, after a magnificent exposition of Antigone. "What a keen sense of Greek form" I thought—and still he never forms. I know at least a dozen pieces which he has begun—poems, romances, dramas, apologues, adventures in a Rabelaisian vein of humor—but they all break off somewhere before the middle, remaining Titanic fragments. Of course in his present political office he may not be able to do much literary labor; but I watched the ten years pre-

vious to his election and often urged him to complete something, such as *Reynard in America*, or *Hans Grotznoot*, or his philosophical treatise on the American Constitution, of whose spirit he knew more than Story or any other writer within my knowledge. I have some right to say this, since I, as teacher of the Constitution in the High School, read quite a little speck of the literature of this subject. Now I am going to impart to you, as the friend of both of us, my Delphic impression: Brockmeyer, who has exerted such a mighty influence upon the deepest currents of my existence, is a genius, but unrealized and probably unrealizable, he can not give to himself a form—even that form which he appreciates so highly.

I have also reveried over what Goethe would have been inspired to write, were he here in my place. It is my judgment that he is the greatest reproducer of the antique that ever lived, greater than the old Roman poets. Certainly his elegiacs have more poetic life than any Latin ones I have come across in Ovid, Propertius and Tibullus. It keeps buzzing through my head that he would have created his chief classic masterpiece in a drama on *Iphigenia at Delphi*. Perhaps, however, this Arachobite life would have impelled to produce a throbbing idyllic epos after the kind of *Hermann and Dorothea*, but with a Greek, not a German

setting and content. It is a surprise to me that he could be satisfied with Rome and Sicily, mere echoes of the original Hellenic world. Why did he not make a push for Greece? Certainly such a trip was possible in his time. Some limit inside of him must have kept him back, the nature of which I have not yet made out.

Still Goethe is the genius who forms, and cannot help himself, whatever be his material—Teutonic, Classic, Persian, or even Chinese. And as to the great admirer and English interpreter of Goethe, Thomas Carlyle—I have interrogated the Oracle here about what his genius would make out of this Delphic world, Goth that he is. I can hear only the response: he would knock it to pieces in writ, doing over again what the original Goths and Vandals did really to the Classic world. It is true that he once reviewed Goethe's *Helena* appreciatively, but he never struck into that path afterwards; he never, like Faust and like Goethe himself wooed Helen, the elusive Greek beauty. He remained a Northern barbarian to the last, and even improved on his barbarism. Certainly he would not be the architect chosen to rebuild the ruined Delphic temple.

Arachoba, April 8th, 1879.

I have again come over to Arachoba, that Greek infant 3,000 years old, but lively still and kicking. Not simply ancient civilized Greece, but the yet older Greece lying back of it I live in afresh, having walked out of the Delphic tomb, which, nevertheless, is later or younger. What a time-upsetting world is here, if one not only incorporates it, but actually insouls it! This Parnassian life reverses the ages; the oldest folk still lives infantile, while the progeny is long since dead and its sepulcher is in ruins. Aged Time, having traveled downward for æons in succession, picks me up just here and whirls me backward in a sort of recession, bearing me suddenly round to his Hellenic beginnings. On this spot the reality is so ghostly and the ghosts are so real that you have to get used to a new kind of universe, and even set it to music, for it certainly has its own song.

For the third and probably last time I went and stayed nearly a day in the Corycian Cave, which has had a great name in this region from antiquity till the present. In the old legend it was deemed sacred to Pan and had its special Nymphs called Corycian. It is full of the strangest stalactite forms, which in a remarkable way suggest sculpture. There was a multitude of masks leering out at me everywhere from the walls and

ceilings. Many statuesque shapes would just outline themselves and then seem to dart back into the limestone. They would overflow one another, and make groups in a kind of relief. A mother and child (one would say) were given in a striking attitude; certainly I thought of Niobe and the Madonna. Here I would fain see Nature as the original sculptor, and my delight was to find in this Cave the original art gallery, which met me at Rome, Paris, London, in fact along the whole course of my journey. My fancy capers with joy at seeing this lovely Parnassian Mountain pregnant with such a happy line of beautiful progeny streaming down through Europe till America. And not only Sculpture but Architecture is strongly suggested, especially the column which drops from the ceiling to the ground. Again the embryo of the Greek world in one of its most notable phases I seem to find here; Nature shows the Greek artist in what way and in what material he is to make his sculpturesque forms, which will even rival the Gods coming down from Olympus.

The Corycian Cave has also been the source of much mythologizing. Still to-day it has its elves and sprites, which I hear strangely called Nereids at Arachoba. As I sit down in the Cave I try to recreate its divine population of little deities, and feel their influence. I creep through its secret chambers large and small, and light my

taper to see the ever-changing shapes. Once I have to lie down flat and squeeze through a hole which fits my back very closely. Then I ascend to a room in the second story and strike a light. In it I saw the God Pan and also felt him. For there came over me a kind of panic, I thought for a moment that I must retreat. Quite exhausted I sank down on a rock and found at my feet a drink of water: the stone had been hollowed out into a little cup which caught and gathered the droplets trickling down from above.

The first time I visited the Corycian Cave I had Dimitri as guide, with whom I became acquainted at Delphi, and whom I often met as I sauntered over the hills. More than any other human being he has become to me the incarnation of the Faun, also an old Greek conception lying back of civilized Greece. It has won great fame through a statue by Praxiteles, of which there are several copies in existence. In fact there was in the Cave, a stalactite form which seemed to have some resemblance to Dimitri himself. [*Editorial Note.* See for further details the chapter called the Delphic Faun in the *Walk in Hellas*].

Arachoba, April 14th, 1879.

A peculiar sensation has come over me to-day: it is that I have reached the summit. My whole trip seems to have flowered out to a finish this afternoon, yea this hour, which is verily the most beautiful hour of this beautiful spring in this beautiful world. I once heard Brockmeyer say that a young maiden has her most perfect day, aye her most perfect minute, and that he could detect it. I doubt if I could, but I have felt some such premonition in my own experience to-day, rambling and gazing over the roll of the Parnassian tops, as they vanish into the distant haze. But after the culmination comes the decline, and this feeling also stealthily creeps along underneath the supreme efflorescence of my Delphic mood. And now I am going to send a little elegiac outburst, which seeks to describe this day of days, or rather this moment of moments which I call my Delphic Moment.

All the year has suddenly bloomed in this day,
in this minute;

The whole world is a flower fragrantly blowing
just now.

Every rise of the Sun hath seemed in some joy
to look forward,

This is the moment it saw far in the glow of its
eye.

All the days of the year have been climbing above
to this summit,

Now each tick of the clock sadly must knell
their decline.

But thy journey of life has now reached its most
beautiful moment,

Hold it fast in thy heart—that is thy conquest
of Time.

Delphi, April 15th, 1879.

Once more with my Delphic veteran in his hut. I have come to like old Paraskevas, partially perchance out of comradeship, for you know I am a veteran too, and have my budget of soldier's experiences. The old fellow's son was recently caught by the conscription and the father was wrought up a good deal over the matter, though there is no war at present or in sight. I begin to feel the regret of parting from him and from Delphi; his hearty invitation at meals *phage* (eat) I shall miss, but get over. To-day the feeling of near separation overshadows me, I seem to be looking at familiar scenes for the last time, the olives are nodding good-by to me, and Castalia gurgles a low farewell.

Really I have now plucked the topmost fruit of my European journey, though I thought so before, particularly after my two stays at Athens. But my two stays here in this Parnassian region, especially the last one, have given me what I now know I came to Europe

for, even if I was totally unconscious of any such object at the start. This modern island of old Hellenism I have pretty well explored, having gone over it and around it and through it a number of times; especially I have resided at its two central points, Delphi and Arachoba, or the ancient in the modern and the modern in the ancient. I thought at first a week might suffice, but at the end of it another week was exacted, even at the end of the third week there was an inner coercive voice saying, not yet, not yet. So it came about that the demon imprisoned me here the fourth and the fifth week, giving me, however, bounteous entertainment all the while. But for a day or two I have felt him relaxing his grasp, and this evening he said, Depart on the morrow. Thus I deem to-night my Delphic apprenticeship done, after a service which I imagine I shall not soon forget.

The last evening it was that I saw Elpinike at
Delphi,

Softly her words in mine ear throbbed the
low strain of a hymn,

After I had come home and lain down on my
rugs at the hearthstone,

There I lay down by myself filled with her
musical speech.

Always my thoughts were lingering over her
tones and her glances,

Till by degrees I had strayed into the realm
of the dream.

[*Editorial Note.* What this last Delphic dream was, being too long for quotation here, can be seen in *Delphic Days*, where it is printed as the last poem of the book, under the title of *The Outlook*].

[As the stay in the Parnassian region has had some literary results in the author's life, it may be permitted at this point to mention them to those interested. Nearly thirty years have passed since then; some of the old friends may wish to have their memory refreshed, and some of the new friends may wish to know a little about these matters.

1. The first and most immediate fruit of the Parnassian abode, and of the trip to Greece and indeed of the whole European journey, was the book called *Delphic Days*, printed at St. Louis in the spring of 1880 (second edition with a good many needed corrections in 1891). It is made up of eighty-four poems in the elegiac measure, which are named Hymns (as before stated). This is the part of my journey which insisted on expression first, and got itself fairly completed before anything else. It was almost done when I reached home. Still many a fragment had to be left behind, refusing to be finished, or contented to stay down in the realm of prose. For instance, a poem on the Delphic Oracle was repeatedly schemed, but it would dance off into something else, or break loose from the measured gait of

the Hymn. Here is a shred never before printed, which I have come upon while rummaging through my old papers:

Oracle, show me, grave prophet, the source of
thy Delphian vision;

Let me but look on thy face beaming full into
thy face;

Bend thy oracular countenance back to itself
as a mirror,

I would see thine own glance doubly beholding
itself.—

Asker, thy question is mine, I now voyage my
world to discover,

I have, like thee, O man, never yet found
out myself.

With this response of the Oracle, the conclusion was reached and the poem would not move farther, having wound itself up into something like an Epigram rather than a Hymn, which latter was the poetic form of the book.

2. A product of this same trip to the Parnassian regions is *The Walk in Hellas*, which gives an account of the traveler afoot and alone as he journeys from Athens to Delphi. It was written out from notes for friends who wished to hear of the author's experiences. First part printed at St. Louis in 1881, second part in 1882; the whole reprinted in 1892. This book is in several respects the counterpart in prose of *Delphic Days*. The two worlds of Parnassus,

represented by Delphi and Arachoba, and so strongly impressed upon the author, found utterance in two books, without any such thing being intended or thought of till accomplished. It may also be added that both move to same Parnassian region, but from opposite directions.

3. Slower in coming to maturity was *The Epigrammatic Voyage* which is the collection of the Epigrams which kept bubbling up along my path when I once struck into the classical world at Rome, and thence on the way from Rome to Athens, and also while at Athens. (see preceding pp. 166, 169, 186-7, 248-50, 310, 362, 403, 414, 425, 431, 434, 485, 487). Thus they continued streaming through my whole journey from Italy to Delphi, where they stopped for a time in the presence of a stronger bent. Still at home they would occasionally rise to the surface and have a little carnival, especially when I read them to a small circle of appreciative friends, who would talk back at them. Here is one never printed which I have just dug out of its hiding-place of a score of years; it is American-born evidently, and sprang up from some occasion not now remembered:

Reading these epigrams starts between me and
thee a keen ball-play,

Listener, thou must take part, else the whole
game will be nought;

Do not simply look on, but hold up thy hand
like a catcher,

Fling back at me the ball, then I another shall
send.

The epigrammic mood ceased, or rather began to be transformed into something different in 1886, when the book was printed as a sort of farewell to a departing phase of one's life. About 200 have found a place in the collection, though many a little shred had to be sheared off and many a little motive left unfinished.

4. Another direct fruit of the European journey was *Prorsus Retrorsus*, the product of my three stays at Rome, lasting all together more than five months. These, for want of a better word, I have called by the traditional name of Elegies, which have that city and specially its ancient art-life as the background. Thus they are quite distinct from the Epigrams and the Hymns, though in the same measure. But they were the last to get finished, some of them staying by me in an incomplete state till 1892, when they were banished out of me into a printed book, and thus gotten rid of, not having troubled me since. Still they were a long, long delight, bringing before me living persons, scenes, and experiences set in a Roman framework of multitudes of statues peopling for me that old world.

5. I have already sufficiently indicated that in this trip through Greece, the conception of *Agamemnon's Daughter* rose upon my mind, at first in the form of a dramatic Tetralogy, which afterwards changed into a romantic poem, when the intensity of the classic mood had subsided. About my personal relation to this book I have spoken elsewhere. Printed first in 1885; reprinted with an appendix in 1892.

6. The present work, which embraces the whole ground traveled over, is now to be added to the above as one of the direct results of the journey. As to the indirect results they show themselves in the author's various writings on Homer, on Greek Philosophy, on Architecture, etc. But the foregoing six books all belong properly to what may be deemed a classical itinerary].

Homeward.

Patras, April 18th, 1879.

When I sprang on board of the little Greek steamer at Itsea (the landing place for Delphi and Arachoba on the Corinthian Gulf) and the vessel faced about to the West, I felt that my journey homeward had actually begun at last. I knew that I had gotten the boon which I came for, as far as I could get it, and which for many months had lured or rather driven me on to the end. What that boon is, I should find it very hard to describe now; I imagine that I shall spend years in trying to describe it and to impart it, and then I may not succeed very well.

But while on the vessel I had a crushing misfortune. A Greek sailor who had been in the

naval service of England, taking me for a Britisher, I suppose, came up to me and addressed me in English. I was at the moment jotting down an item, but I closed my note-book and put it into my side pocket, as I thought, when it slipped down to the floor and rolled over into the sea. That book contained all my Delphic inspiration for weeks—scenes, observations, images, motives for hymns. I felt at first as if I would have to jump into the water after it. But I did not, and a pang came over me which made me for a while a soul damned: I thought I had lost my boon. Ere long, however, I recovered myself enough to set about recalling and writing down again everything that plunged overboard in that book. I have been staying two days at this place engaged wholly in the work of memory. A few things have refused to come back; at least in that form of words in which they first leaped out of the mind.

I cannot describe to you the anguish which overflowed me for a full day; I wandered about forlorn, plunged suddenly into a Hell out of my Parnassian Paradise. But now I begin to feel that the visitation was a trial of my faith, and perchance a blessing. It has compelled me to re-think, to re-imagine, and to re-enact before myself that whole Delphic experience, by an intense and desperate effort of Will which has stirred me up from the bottom. I could not have other-

wise known how deeply that sojourn had taken hold of me. Though such a re-creation of it, doubtless it has cut deeper grooves than ever in the bed-rock of my being.

But at present the lost is pretty well restored, and with it myself; some gaps there are still, which may yet be partially filled, and some improvements have been made in the rescript. So to-morrow I shall internally be calmed down enough to look outside of myself again. But I did have an Oceanic tempest inside, which utterly prevented my journey to Olympia where I must be again serene, in order to view with delight and profit that new phase of the old Greek world recently uncovered by the German excavators. To-morrow, however, I hope to be off again; if not then, the day after.

Olympia, April 25th, 1879.

The German excavation of this far-famed locality is still going on, and I have seen the gangs digging and finding a few little objects. Some four years the work has been prosecuted, so that the temple and the main area are practically uncovered. From the village of Druva, which lies on an eminence nearby, I can look down into the ruinous shell of the chief religious center of Greece dedicated to Zeus Olympius, the supreme God. It was a satisfaction to stand on

the spot where was placed the ancient statue of him by Phidias, about which such rapturous reports have come down from antiquity. The Athenian artist, it seems, had the power to make the much-divided Greek people feel its oneness, as they looked upon his revelation of their common highest divinity. Such was and is the chief function of Art. Phidias united all Hellas as no Greek statesman or conqueror ever did or could, and the act of unification was felt on this spot in the mighty epiphany of the God. But alack a-day, it remained only a feeling, or at most an inspiration; it never rose to be a reality in an actual institution. But the statue itself has completely disappeared, possibly some fragments of its pedestal may be lying around in this rubbish.

Still quite a little bit of sculpture has been dug up, and is now collected in an open shed on the grounds under the charge of a Greek keeper of antiquities, who is very polite. Of course I start to work at it immediately, and find many suggestive fragments to keep me busy in trying to reconstruct that old sculpturesque world. But there are two works which are the main centers of attraction. First is the Hermes of Praxiteles found on the spot where it was described by ancient Pausanias. Dr. Treu gave me a vivid description of its first discovery. On the whole this must be pronounced the most perfect work

of art which antiquity has transmitted—not the greatest, not the strongest, but the most flawless. Next in importance probably is the *Victory of Paonius*, which shows the stone getting over its own weight, the statue flying against gravity; thus it indicates how early Sculpture was in a struggle with its own limits.

The chief interest of Olympia now is that it shows us, fragmentary as it is, the art-world of Hellas concentrated in one of its most noted localities. It differs from Rome in having works at first hand, not a reproduction, or a reproduction of a reproduction. If Athens could get back the Elgin marbles, people would have to go to Greece to see Greek Art in its highest primal efflorescence. Naturally I compare Olympia with Delphi, which may be excavated some day with pick and spade. But I have a preference for my kind of excavation into the soul of old Hellas through the still pulsing life, speech, manners, customs, and world-view of the people. I think I caught glimpses back of Olympia in what I saw at Arachoba. At least that is the strong impression which I am carrying with me homeward. But what a cluster of temples stood here, what a forest of statues! Why should all Hellas concentrate itself on this spot, and express itself in art, games, poetry, and religion? Nature at Delphi is far more suggestive, varied and colossal. In the great

conflict between Greece and the Orient, Olympia seems to have taken no part, and it never had a Herodotus like Delphi, to tell of it.

The visitor will be interested in studying the excavation, the greatest and best organized of all yet undertaken. It is truly a German work in its thoroughness and system. I watch the laborers—more than 200 it is said; they are Greeks who are now paid good wages for digging out their own things, which they are to keep in the country. One watches the implements throwing up dirt, to see if a treasure of some kind may be unearthed; it has the interest of a game of chance. A German overseer tells me that these Greek laborers had to be drilled to their task; they had a tendency to do things separately and in their own way, spading a little here and a little there, individually. Well, that was their old trouble. Now they proceed with the discipline of the German army. Report runs that the appropriation may not be granted next year by the Diet; if this happens, I shall have come just in time again.

Very hospitable was Dr. Treu, the Director of the work; at his invitation I dined several times with his family, and with his German assistants, whose autographs I still find in my note-book, namely, Dr. Ad. Furtwängler, Dr. Wilhelm Dörpfeld, Dr. Richard Borrmann. These were young fellows busied in one way or other with

the archaeological details of the excavation. But my feelings and memories chiefly hovered around Dr. Treu's little daughter; the mother observing my interest, asked me if I had *ein kleines Mädchen*. I answered, "yes, and about of the same age and *Wesen*." Whereat came a very cordial invitation that we should visit them at Berlin ten years hence, when both the daughters would be young ladies.

I have my own room in a separate house of the village where I sleep and work. Every day I go down into the plain of Olympia, watching the laborers and studying the remains, even taking little excursions in the neighborhood and up the two streams, the Alpheius and the Cladeus, to whose overflows and sedimentary deposits the preservation of what we now see, is due.

Four days have passed pleasantly enough, but I cannot get out of Olympia my Delphic enthusiasm. Prosaic archaeology is now dominant, and to it I feel that I have done my duty and must be off. When I was in my room alone, the Parnassian hymn would begin to jingle in spite of me, and to sing little radiant snatches of itself. To-morrow I shall walk to the lively business town of Pyrgos; thence to its port called Katakolon, where I shall board the Greek steamer again, which will wind through the Ionian Islands to Corfu, whence an Italian *piroscafo* will land me at Brindisi on the back track toward home.

Naples, May 2-5, 1879.

Of course I went straight to the Museum again, for the purpose of seeing the Pompeian pictures. They are still beautiful, but not quite so attractive as they were before. Some remain the same, but on the whole one feels that Art was sinking in the Pompeian world, and was becoming the degraded slave of the senses, not their transfigurer. What an enormous quantity of pretty graceful figures seeking to amuse their conqueror! How different from the Parthenon and its spirit! Still more remote does this Pompeian manifestation stand from the Parnassian. It seems to be a kind of anesthetic for the Roman world-pain (*Weltschmerz*) of the imperial time. I peeped into the forbidden room in which is locked from the general public the night-side of heathen life and art. I could not help chuckling at an old priest who gazed intently at an undraped Venus. The Pompeian dancers and swaying figures seem to be the great favorites, if one may judge by the number of of their copyists.

I went out to Pompeii itself and spent another full day in seeing and renewing my former acquaintances. I found them all quite the same as before. The excavation is going on here too, though slowly. Pompeii still remains for me the colossal image of ancient Fate which finally over-

whelmed the Greco-Roman world. Olympia, too, received the same blow though in a very different way. When I was tired of rambling, I took out my note-book and read my Pompeian epigrams, for I had, when here before, an epigrammatic fit, which found relief only by indulgence. I confess that I have no such creative tendency now, for the Delphic bent continues the undertone of all my productive moments. Still I have renewed the memory of my former mood by re-reading some little elegiac turns like

Ages on ages were working in Rome the mighty
destruction

Which Pompeii befell in but a moment of
Time.

Pompeii persists, in spite of its reality, in being *symbolic* above anything that I have seen in classic lands. The whole appearance impresses itself upon my mind as a *symbol*, betokening not merely what it is by itself alone, but what its world is—that old world of which it is only a little part. Nature (in Vesuvius) seems here actually to *symbolize* through her own inner necessity. She speaks in her way and foretells in a tongue which utters, to me at least, the same meaning as that of Greek Tragedy:

Language of Destiny, lettered in furious flames
on this mountain;

Alphabet mighty of Fate carved on this town
long ago.

I cannot again ascend to the mouth of Vesuvius, as the old Titan has shown himself very restless in the last few days under his enormous terrestrial burden. The result is excursionists are not allowed to go up to the cone, let alone descend into the crater. I desired once more to enter the jaws of the monster and take a peep down his fiery throat, but of course I don't want to be swallowed by him, or to leap into his flaming belly as the Greek philosopher Empedocles is reported to have done at Ætna. Looking at the smoke-wreathed mountain in the distance from Pompeii, and soliloquizing upon its peculiar symbolic promptings, I put together some odd fragments of an epigram from my note-book, piecing it out thus:

Destiny smiteth one with her scepter, that all
be forever,

Slayeth this moment of Time that so Eter-
nity be;

Evil she is to the moment, but to Eternity holy;

Wrecked she Pompeii then, hence thou
beholdest it now.

Rome, May 6-16, 1879.

As I entered Rome for the third time on the way back from Greece, the emotion was strangely altered, I may say, reversed. Coming from Paris or Germany to the Eternal City, one seems to be swimming up stream, against the current of civilization; but passing from Hellas to Italy I am floating down stream, along with the sweep of the World's History. I have been, as I believe, at the head waters of Europe's culture, and have taken a dip there to the extent of my powers. That little Parnassian world is or represents the germinal microcosm out of which Time has unfolded the present civilized macrocosm, which of course reaches out to America. Now I have come down to Rome (not come up to it as before) in the descent of the ages, as Greece herself once flowed over this way long ere the Christian era began. Thus I feel myself to be making the round of European civilization, on its ascending and descending arcs, the latter being now my path homeward.

Quite instinctively I knocked at my former landlady's door; she came and again she put me into my old room, for the third time after separation. Also there is another change in her, which has taken place during my six months' absence: she appears before me now transformed into the happy mother with babe at the breast.

Of course I am delighted; "that just suits me," I exclaim, "now we shall have the Madonna and Bambino alive and at home, instead of having to go to the picture gallery for them or to the church."

At once I began to get ready for another dive into Rome, bringing together my books, charts, drawings, etc. As I laid out my scribbled Delphic papers in considerable quantity upon the table, my landlady happened to come into the room and to take notice of them—a thing she never did before. "What is all that writing?" she asked naively: "is it *roba d'amore*?" I confess I was puzzled for a reply. She wanted to know if it was all about love, and I could not exactly say yes nor no, for I had not settled the question in my own mind. The baby cried, and out she ran without quizzing me any further; thus the little drama got solved by a new *Deus ex machina*.

At my quarters I am in ear-shot of the Fountain of Trevi, to which I soon went for a sight and a drink. There I met my young Italian friend Giovanni, the devoted admirer of Leopardi, who has been called the Heine of Italy. Whether the comparison fits I do not know. We went off together to a neighboring restaurant and had a dish of macaroni washed down by the wine of Albano from a wicker flask. All this was in memory of old times. I asked after

our common German friend from Magdeburg, the Pythagorean, who started for Naples and Southern Italy on foot about the time I quit Rome last year. "He is in town" said Giovanni. Then we shall see him this afternoon on the Pincio where he always attends the concert, and hear something about his experiences.

I visit the Vatican Museum of Sculpture and salute all my old friends there, to whom I have grown affectionate, though they be of cold stone. Particularly I am drawn toward the tragic Laocoon, which seems to me now more prophetic than ever, after I have seen ruined Hellas at Delphi, Olympia, Athens. That premonitory Greek Fate like a serpent comes down upon me again, and actually bites me to pain, since I have become so deeply Hellenic. I re-read my former notes upon the Laocoon, amounting to ten closely written pages of letter-paper; I studied again the lengthy account of it in Overbeck; what is all this writing compared to that visible commentary written in the ruins of Greece? Overcoming is the sympathy; I too have to feel myself to be tragic, in so far as I am Greek. Hardly can I live outside of the World's History, which is so impressive here at Rome. Indeed one has on this spot to die vicariously with antiquity and then be resurrected.

At the Capitoline Museum also I renewed my marble friendships. Who there allures me the

most now? The Faun of Praxiteles, not the artist's own work, but the best copy of it extant. Still I had to say to it, dialogizing inwardly with myself: I know you better than I did when here before. "I have seen you alive at Delphi, on the sunny Parnassian declivities, inside the dark Corycean Cave; I have talked to you in rural Greek, and even addressed to you a Delphic hymn in English. Your original, the statue of Praxiteles I have not seen, but I have seen the original of his original, back yonder in that Parnassian world." So I speak to the Marble Faun on the Capitol, but behold in him the living Faun in his happy primitive Delphic environment

A beautiful urn, which I recognized as having been already a favorite of mine, I look at again with the old delight, contemplating the merry scene depicted on its sides, though it seems to have contained the ashes of a youth. Already I have noticed this ancient contrast to our gloomy view of death, and its peculiar influence over me. I was led to write an epitaph upon this strange gravestone, which ran as follows:

O fair boy, around this urn where thy ashes are
resting,

Nymphs are dancing in glee to the mad flute of
the Faun;

Joyous was ever thy life, each day was the bloom
of a banquet,

Through this gate of the tomb on thou dost
leap with a laugh.
Still with this rout of merry musicians and
dancers around thee,
E'en old Hades will smile, all his dark grot
will be lit.

This is in the form of the epigram (or inscription), which reminds me that the epigrammatic bent with its utterance in elegiacs began here at Rome about one year ago. It throbs up now and then, but the Delphic mood is what still dominates me creatively. But I am chiefly engaged in the prosaic task of refreshing and reviewing all my former Roman work, which task keeps me busy at three main matters: to see the objects thoroughly again, to read my former notes upon them and make new comments, finally to consult the necessary books.

At my quarters two recent arrivals I may note. The first flea appeared an hour or so since; I have a greater terror of him than before because of a Greek experience. Wandering through Attica one day, night overtook me and I stayed in a little hamlet called Heracleon, a settlement chiefly of old Bavarian soldiers of King Otho's time. Next morning I counted 64 red gouges on my wrist alone, the battle having continued all night. The second arrival is the rapper, whatever he be, making a pother over my head in the garret late at night. I again asked the land-

lady about it, but she professed ignorance, though I could see by her color and action that she knew somewhat. She turned away as from a forbidden thing, and of course I dropped the matter. I shall have to suffer it to remain as an unsolved problem along with some other Roman mysteries, for instance that of the great Michael Angelo himself. Let it stand as a symbol of that Rome which I did not see—doubtless a very considerable fragment of it.

But the hour has come when I must leave Rome finally, though I have repeatedly made and unmade my resolution to stay a week, a month longer at this vast ganglion of antiquity, into which all once came and all once went out. I am, however, on the descending arc of the World's History, and also of my European Journey—and this must now get itself done. Pretty well I have connected Rome with the past in its monuments. The Colosseum, for instance, that enormous shell of the Roman Empire, now lying here broken, with the living thing gone out of it which made it and of which it was a mighty manifestation, I have linked backwards with Pompeii, with Olympia, even with the Parthenon. The line for me at present always runs on till it reaches the Parnassus, the little living cell which existed long before the rest of the huge body, and still exists in primordial activity. The old Greek seems to have had some far-off presenti-

ment of its destiny by making it the seat of the Muses, who are immortal. Thus I am now always looking backward while going forward, interlooping the end with the beginning.

This is the last afternoon of my Roman stay, ere I take the evening train for the North; I long to see the whole city again and I go out for a view from the Pincio. Rome lies before me in all her sunlit grandeur, and reveals her most majestic moment, but the sun yonder, the source of the grand illumination, is rapidly dropping seaward. I sit down on a stone bench under an ilex, and start to elegizing him in accord with my mood. It is the last elegy written in Rome, where the first bubbled up more than twelve months ago in a way which still makes me a puzzle to myself.

Stay, O Sun, in thy course, restrain the mad
flight of the Hours!

Look from thy chariot on high, ponder the
glories of Rome;

Nothing so great ever rose up under thine eye on
this planet,

Thou, I know, hast seen all, measuring
bloom and decay;

Stop thy steeds for to-day, let them rest on the
slopes of the mountains

Ere thou fling thyself down under the waves of
the sea;

Pour thy fiery glances over the grand Colosseum,

Burnish anew the old fanes with thy warm
shimmer of gold.
—For a moment methought the Sungod answered my prayer,
Suddenly into one glance flashing Rome's
present and past,
Letting me see with his eye all at once her ages
of glory,
Showing her last best look as he sprang under
the sea.

Paris, May 18th to June 18th, 1879.

I enter my old stopping-place again in Rue Vivienne, seventh story, and find my Swiss-French landlady quite the same as I left her, whose husband is still the bed-maker for the lodgers. She thanked me for the people I had sent her along the path of my travels. At once she brought out of the closet the French books which I had left in her charge some fifteen months ago, when my face was turned in the opposite direction.

The first days I have spent in looking over Paris again. Bernhardt is still the rage, and I go to see her rendition of Victor Hugo's plays, especially those in which I saw her before. What a quantity of theaters in Paris, yet each with its own peculiar character! I run after them all, often without much result. The piece which has produced

the strongest impression upon me is the *Tartuffe* by Molière. I knew the play as an old acquaintance, but the actor of the main part, that of the religious hypocrite, was the best expositor of the meaning of this drama I have ever seen. The building was packed and the audience was anti-clerical; every hit against the priests received a thunderous response, in which particularly a large number of women joined. Once I thought there might be a riot, but the uproar toned down, as there was no opposition. It was interesting and very suggestive to see irreligious Paris having a little picnic.

I have been going a good deal to the University for the purpose of hearing three lecturers, some of whose books are known to me. Mezières has written acceptably about Shakespeare, and is now discoursing upon Don Quixote. With a fair amount of good-will and application I can not get much out of it, except a laugh now and then which really belongs to Cervantes. M. Caro I have heard upon the classic French Tragedy (Racine and Corneille) which I also try to see as often as possible on the boards. I cannot say that I have yet become sympathetic with it, in spite of all my repeated efforts. Is it that my long study of Shakespeare (Voltaire's drunken savage) has warped me? Still I like the old Greek drama, which is declared to be the origin of these Franco-classical plays. Caro is an eloquent

and also a very handsome man: it is said that the fine ladies, who flock to his lectures to see him more than to hear him, have re-baptized him *Carissimo*. Another lecture which I took pains to attend on account of St. Louis associations was given by M. Paul Janet, a neat dapper little fellow with a buttonhole bouquet and with a very precise enunciation. I remembered him from his attack on Hegel, which Harris reviewed in a telling article which he read to the philosophical group on Salisbury street. Afterwards the article was printed in an early number of the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*.

Of course I have often gone to the Louvre Galleries, and saluted my familiars there. I was astonished that I knew them so well after my considerable absence. Still I shall have to confess that the first keen edge of interest was a little worn. The statues had a tendency to go back to Greece, and I went with them; the Diana of Versailles for instance, protecting her fawn became intimately associated in my mind with Iphigenia, who was sacrificed to her at Aulis. Therewith came up again my Greek tetralogy, which haunted me for several days. But particularly in this distant sculpturesque world my Delphic Moment rises as the end toward which I from the first was tending (though I did not know it), and from which I am now returning. That is now my real genetic Self, so that, if I

write anything creatively, it drops into a Delphic Hymn, of which I have produced at least a dozen samples here at Paris.

Still I have tried to do something else in a kind of desperation. My distinctive local study has been the old classical drama of the time of Louis XIV, which once played such a high part in European Literature. It is a modern reproduction of the Greek drama. Thus it might give me assistance in building my Iphigenia edifice of four dramas. It is largely this which has caused my month's delay in Paris, where the environment is favorable and where the old French dramatic tradition still prevails. [*Editorial Note.* The author's travail over Iphigenia never produced a drama at all. After years of incubation, which may be considered an evolution, the legend insisted upon eschewing a dramatic and even a classic form, and finally got born as rhymed Tale of a romantic cast.]

And I have had here another little deflection from the Delphic bent. Sauntering through the Latin Quarter one day, I came upon the business house of Didot, the great publisher of Greek and Latin Classics. I yielded to the temptation of buying his edition of the *Anthologia Palatina*, with Latin translation, though I had already two other editions, and was besides overburdened with luggage. I carried the volumes to my room and delved in them for several days, having caught another little spell of the epigrammatic

fever. The many epigrams or rather epitaphs upon Anacreon attracted me specially, written by a number of Greek poets of different ages, and celebrating various sides of his poetic character. Two of the best of these poets were Simonides of Cos, who is said to have perfected the epigram, and the much later Leonidas of Tarentum. To this fact should be added that modern poets have taken up the same theme, the most celebrated being Goethe, who has also left his epitaph upon Anacreon in elegiacs. Herder likewise is said to have busied himself with this subject, by way of translation into German, though he was a preacher.

As to Anacreon himself he seems to voice in song the sensuous side of the Greek world taken by itself. All art indeed has this element, though not for its own sake in the highest works. Anacreon, therefore, represents a phase of Greek life and art, though not the loftiest phase. Still his fascination has always been great. I recollect that as a boy I read some of his pieces in Bullions' Greek Reader and was captivated. At Rome I picked him up again, and even made some verses after his pattern, as I also tried my hand at reproducing in English some of Horace's meters. But the elegiac stream soon swallowed all these little rills.

Here at Paris I too have written an epitaph on Anacreon, in audacious rivalry with the old Greeks and with Goethe. In fact Paris is a

stimulating environment for such a vein, this city being famous for its Anacreontic character. The sense-life is here fully unfolded and portrayed, chiefly in the form of the novel. To me Anacreon is intoxicated not simply with wine but with every form of sensation, his own poetry even works on him like an intoxicant. I appreciate him the better now, since I have become a little inebriated on my own epigram. But enough! toss it off and be done with it, and therewith be done with gay Anacreontic Paris.

Merry Anacreon, many an epigram tells of thy
joyance,

And thy epitaph too ever is written afresh;
Wine and Love and the Muse made thy life one
intoxication,

Even thy death is a feast lighting grim Hades
with joy.

All made thee drunk—the twitter of swallows
the chirp of cicadas,

Love of maiden and youth, gift of mad Bac-
chus as well.

Nature becomes a melodious roundel reeling in
verses,

Roses and ivy and vines twirl in thy lines with
a laugh;

But the most maddening draught to thyself and
to me is thy poem,

A true singer thou art, on thine own song
thou art drunk.

London, June 19th to July 1st, 1879.

Not far from Victoria Station is the Shakespeare building in which I had my quarters when I first came to London. I rap at the door; behold the same landlady, who says: "you can have your old room." It seems to be a mark of European stability that these landladies never change. On this back track already at Naples I found my former hostess (a German by the way, Frau Zepf-Weber). So it has been at Rome and Paris.

It was not long before I found myself in the British Museum taking my old positions for viewing fully the Elgin Marbles, the other half of the Parthenon which has been transported to London. Artistically my European journey has lain between these two halves of the most perfect Greek temple, the sculptural and the architectural halves. I started with the first here in London eighteen months ago, traveled on to the second, and have circled back to the first again. Externally, and in a way internally I believe I have united the disrupted Parthenon, the type of the Greek world, putting together the members of its beautiful organism from the extremes of Europe. Of course I feel my attitude now to be different from what it first was: I seek to join both the Arts, Sculpture and Architecture, together, as they were anciently conjoined; then I try to behold each of them, diverse as they are,

rising from a common conception. This was the divine epiphany which was shown in the central figure of each pediment, whose triangular form indicates a gradual ascent to the Highest. Here is the one genetic source from which flow both the statuary and the temple.

I am repeating myself again, as everywhere on this back track of mine, reading my former notes, which are quite extensive, as well as re-perusing my Overbeck. I have to laugh at some of my previous observations on the Elgin Marbles, hardly more than desperate struggles to dive into the heart of the refractory stone. I seem to read between the lines of my own writing: "Not now, not now: you must go to Hellas first and then come back." Really I have a mind to believe that good-fortune led me into the best way; genetically the statue, or the divine appearance, is first, and calls forth a dwelling-place expressive and worthy of the God whose habitation it is. Architecture creatively comes after Sculpture, not before it, where it is usually placed in the ordering of the Fine Arts, for instance by Hegel and his followers. Moreover we are not to forget that the original divine appearance reaches back to Homer of whose poetry it is the center and directive agency. The group of the pediment, and indeed all highest Sculpture is Homer realized, materialized, his Gods being transformed into visible objective shapes.

Thus the Elgin Marbles have caused me to look back to the Parthenon through the line of Greek Art along which I have passed. Still there is something which they cannot bring with them: the climate, the atmosphere, the harmonious Nature out of which they seem to bloom. They cannot bring Hymettus smiling down upon its own artistic world in a kind of visible attunement:

Look! on this side Parthenon lies, on that side
Hymettus;

If thou canst hear with the eye, both of them
chime to one note,

The clear temple doth echo along all the lines of
the mountain,

And the mountain of stone throbs into temples
unbuilt.

Still less do we catch any note here of that Parnassian life which, as we think, lies back even of the Elgin Marbles and of Phidias, and is the far-off prelude of their coming. Naturally I travel back through them to my Delphic Moment, reproducing in a kind of Neo-Platonic ecstasy, the original creative idea of the Hellenic world.

Undoubtedly the plaintive sigh of these marble exiles for the sunny land of their birth I still hear, but my feeling toward it has changed. Formerly strong sympathy led me to wish for their immediate restoration to the home from

which they were torn in an unhappy time; this restoration is also the fervent prayer of the modern Greek, for I have often heard it from his lips. But I have come to think of them as missionaries to us barbarous Northerners, preaching the evangel of Greek culture and beauty. So I have now to respond to their home-sick cry: "You are in the right place, where the beneficent Powers have brought you; you can do more good in London than anywhere else, directing us, as you do, significantly to the source of European civilization. I lean to the opinion that unless you had been here in England pleading your cause, Greece would not have been free to-day; an English admiral would not have destroyed the Turkish fleet in the bay of Navarino, and Lord Byron would not have gone to fight for Greek independence, taking all ideal Europe with him. Your eloquent forms, though battered and broken and crying the distress of a crushed world, have been and still are all-persuading through their revelation of eternal beauty. On my own part let me say to you that unless I had seen you here at the start, I doubt if I would have ever seen your Hellas, and have renewed my own youth by a fresh dip in the youth of the world. And what is true of me is now true of thousands, and is going to be true of millions. Starting from you here in London they will make, in one way or other, the grand Greek loop, sweeping round

to Hellas through Europe and back again, in thousand fold itineraries, which embrace the cycle of European civilization."

Such, at least, has been my loop of Europe, quite unpurposed but now concluded, having swung from this initial push to the Parnassian El Dorado with its culminating Delphic Moment, and then having vibrated back again to its starting-point. Moreover I cannot help noting that this one greatest loop has had a tendency to curvet about in lesser loops, large and little. But after all the loop is not yet ended, though it has taken up Europe; it must still reach out to America, even to St. Louis on the Mississippi. To-morrow I shall board the vessel on this last stretch of my journey.

St. Louis, Aug. 1st, 1879.

Having arrived early this morning I hastened from the Railroad Station to the corner of Fifth and Market, waiting for my friend Judge Woerner [to whom many of the foregoing letters, probably the most intimate ones, were addressed]. Soon I saw him jump off the street-car, and I went up to him, as he walked toward his office in the Court House. After a hearty greeting, we spoke together of matters of mutual interest, not failing to have a word about our common friend Brockmeyer, whose influence has gone so deep

into the lives of both of us. "But you," he said "have taken quite a turn in life, since I saw you off two years ago this coming December. You seem the same, yet are not." "I suppose so," I replied, "but I do not know what it all means myself." "Well, you have reached the end of it safely anyhow," he added. "Yes," I replied, "the end of it but also the beginning. Indeed I am thinking that the end of it is so complete that I shall have to begin all over again."

Postscript.

St. Louis, September 1907.

Certain editorial notes which have been scattered through the preceding book, have doubtless hinted to the reader this fact: an author is here editing his own letters after a considerable lapse of time. Let it be added, that this final letter is addressed "to whom it may concern," a person not hitherto on the list of correspondents, but for whom above all others the present book is now to be taken out of its long storage in manuscript and put into type.

If the date of the first letter be compared with that of this last one, thirty years lacking a few months will be seen to lie between them. The general reader will be apt to ask: Why print

such an old lot of scribbling so far behind the time? The answer is, that the book is not intended for the general public, at least not primarily; not every book is for everybody, very few are for many, not one is for all, and very many are for nobody. The present collection of fluttering leaflets has been stamped in printer's ink and sewed together for the author's pupils and friends first of all — for those who may wish to see him as he was nearly a generation ago in a pivotal act at a pivotal time of life. The public in general cannot well have any such interest, though of course it is not prohibited from reading the book, and finding as much fault with the same as it pleases. We repeat, the book is now addressed to *whom it may concern*.

The main ground for its existence is, then, personal, biographic — at least such is the author's own view of the matter. The prime object is not to give information about European lands, though the contents may not be lacking in some information for earnest seekers.

The letters were written to about a dozen different persons, of different ages, creeds, sexes, nationalities, and world-views — also of different grades and kinds of culture. In each letter probably there is some sort of spiritual adjustment to the person to whom it is written. To my own father, then living, I wrote frequently; I could send to him an account of the old German

Pythagorean hailing from Magdeburg, but he would not be much interested in Greek sculpture. Another correspondent was quite the reverse both in temperament and knowledge. The reader may have sometimes to take this adjustment into account. But at any rate the whole thing is honestly mine, and that is what must finally hold its flying atoms together.

In performing the editorial function for myself, I have made a number of excisions upon my own productions. Some readers will doubtless think that I ought to have been more pitiless, and to have cut out this and that passage offensive to somebody for this and that reason. Certainly I have left in the text a number of things which I would not write at present. But the prime duty of this book is to give a picture of myself as I was thirty years ago, not as I am now; it must show enough of the good and the bad to make the likeness fairly authentic. The psychology of the total life should be finally the main interest; hence the data must be reasonably accurate, if anybody wishes to see the entire evolution of the man and his works.

The materials of the preceding book are contained chiefly in a series of letters written from Europe and preserved in copies and originals. But I have also drawn upon two other sources which should be mentioned. The first is a quantity of note-books, diaries, items which

were written on the spot, brought across the ocean, and stored away in a safe nook till they were exhumed from the dust during the present year for the present purpose, never having been read as a whole by me before on this side of the water. Many were the surprises which they gave me, recalling old forgotten things, some of which were buried so deep in Lethe's stream that I cannot now recollect that they ever took place, though they must, as they stand definitely recorded in time and locality and circumstance. On the other hand the second source is that of pure memory, which has retained and kept alive numerous characteristic facts and events of which there is no contemporary record in the letters or in the diaries. Such a curious sport and support our memory furnishes us: what we neglect to set down in writing at the moment and in presence of the object or event, is often the weightiest part of it, which, however, we remember, and call up when needed and thus keep fresh by a kind of traditional transmission. From the first month after my arrival home I began to narrate the incidents of my Greek trip to friends and even to little audiences; of some of the most significant of these incidents there is no trace in the original accounts. So I have supplied them from Memory, which has not only preserved them but kept them in activity through repeated rehearsals.

I have asked myself the question: Were these letters intended for publication when written? The reader has probably had a similar query. After so long a time the mind refuses to give particulars in such a matter; but so much can be affirmed: they were left to wait till the later life of the author had given to them their place and value. Otherwise they would have been burned, or perchance printed as soon as the *Walk in Hellas*, before which indeed they had been written. As far as can now be remembered, that which has happened to them, was in a vague way purposed from the start. Time had to approve their appearance, ere they could be born into print even for those who may now have an interest in what they record.

I may add that the diaries and memories had to be re-written, and adapted to their connection. The facts, however, all belong to the one period, and are bound together in the unity of the one experience.

But I can at present say, looking backwards through these past thirty years nearly, that this European journey was an episode wedged into the center of my life. Such a statement could hardly be made till now, when the lapse of time has put the fact into its central place. I was thirty-six years old when I set out, was thus about "in the middle of the journey of our life," according to Dante (who started on his very

different itinerary at thirty-five). Some other antecedent facts I may state for the reader's assistance, without going into biographic details. My profession was that of a teacher; I had been connected with the St. Louis High School for the previous ten years. My first book had just been published, under the title of *The System of Shakespeare's Dramas*. I had been connected with the St. Louis philosophical movement, which was chiefly, though not exclusively devoted to the study of Hegel, but whose inspiring genius for me was Governor Brockmeyer. So I had philosophized a good deal; but another fact was that I had also poetized a good deal, though in a rather suppressed way — a tendency which likewise asserted itself in this European journey. A moderate classical training I had obtained in my youth at a fairly good College; but its instruction I supplemented by studies of my own, never letting them drop, so that my Latin and Greek were not rusty when I touched Italy and Greece, their original homes. Not without some preparation as well as some predisposition has this book turned out essentially a classical tour, a movement toward and perchance into the heart of the antique world, or, if the expression be taken aright, an *Itinerary to Hellenic Heathendom*.



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